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ARISTOTLE—HIS WORKS AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Ἀριστοτέλης τῆς φύσεως γραμματεὺς."
"Aristotle, Nature's Secretary."
Suidas.

FIRST PERIOD.

So universal has been the influence exerted by Plato and Aristotle upon the philosophical systems, dogmatic theology, upon the political life and art-culture of succeeding generations, that we naturally revert to them as types of the two categories under which human intellect may be classified, the ideal and the real.

It would be no easy matter to estimate which of the two men has exerted the greater influence upon dogmatic theology. As soon as Apostolic Christianity in its first simplicity, that of the New Testament, of Clement, Barnabas, and the other apostolic fathers, was brought into contact with western philosophy, more especially of the Alexandrian school, it underwent a change which can only be apprehended by an

investigation into the works of those men who, from the nature of their position, and their peculiar relations, on the one side by their conversion to Christianity, and on the other by their intellectual training to the Platonic philosophy of the period, were compelled to assume an attitude which has distinguished them as the apologists of Christianity.

They were all members of philosophical schools, they had been converted to Christianity, they were unwilling to abandon old predilections,* and their effort to harmonize the two modes of thought—the philosophical and the theological—produced that first great system of theology whose impress is in the works of Justyn, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus, Irenæus, Clemens, Origen, and Tertullian; also forming the whole tendency of the teaching of Minucius Felix, Arnobius, Lactantius, and others; but still more particularly to be traced in the vast system, or rather the varied systems, of Gnosticism, which arose out

* Many of them, though they became priests, retained their philosopher's cloak.

of the contact of Christianity with the philosophical Judaism of Philo and heathen Orientalism. The germ of the whole of this philosophical tendency, manifested as it was in so many ways, lay in the philosophy of Plato, as it was taught at that time. During the whole of the period from the beginning of the second century to the council of Nice, Platonism was in the ascendant.

From the time of Anselm to the Reformation, the period of Scholasticism, when the Church passed over to the School, Aristotle reigned supreme; and so great was his influence, and so universal the admiration of the great churchmen for his philosophy, that it gave rise to the adoption of the word, first used by Roger Bacon, as an appropriate expression of the feeling, "*Aristotelemania*."

As we shall hereafter examine into that period more minutely, with regard to his influence upon the mediæval studies at the University of Oxford, we shall pass on now to treat more especially of the sources of his philosophy, and the history and characteristics of his works.

Perhaps no two men could be found who more completely reflected the influence of the age in which they lived. In the time of Plato, the chief characteristic was the realization of ideals—the period of his life may be said to be coeval with the realization of the Greek ideal in art, social life, and general culture; and this highest stage of Greek development is reflected in his works. But a change had come over Greece during the life of Aristotle; to an age of production and consummation succeeded, in the natural order of things, an age of reflection and classification; and in Aristotle we have the keen critic, reviewer, and classifier of all Greek knowledge. Before he had reached the prime of life, Greece had attained the turning point in her career. The hostile power of Macedon, which had long been increasing, struck the fatal blow to Greek freedom at Charonea in 338. Four years afterwards Aristotle settled in Athens, and began his philosophical career, and that work of summing up, as it were, all the attainments of Greek philosophy, science, and art, at the shady avenues of the Lyceum.

In this we trace the operation of the

universal laws of human development. A form of state arises out of the necessities of a band of people who have gradually come together in a certain naturally conscribed space, or have migrated to a certain spot. Under such circumstances there would arise with the division of soil an instinctive necessity for combination and self-subjection to law for mutual protection of property; then the instinctive yearning of humanity for development through religion, domestic life and occupation, would make up the factors of its political development. And as these yearnings were being gradually realized, there would arise out of the peculiarities of individuals a general principle, or rather peculiarity, which in time would become a national characteristic, and for a certain period, that is, during the time of its further development, would exercise an influence upon every individual, amounting simply to the reflection of the universal in the individual, just as the Greek reflected Greece, and in the Englishman of to-day foreigners recognize England.

Such a state of things reached its climax in the lifetime of Plato. But almost coincident with the realization of the national ideal a change comes over the state. There arises not only in the mind of the general body of the nation, but in that of individuals, to such an extent as to create a new epoch, a simultaneous self-consciousness, and tendency to self-examination; they begin to review their lives, and the past life of the state; things which, in the heat of development, had been at once accepted and adhered to, are now subjected to criticism and proving; it is an age of revision and correction, of generalization and concretion, when religious forms, art and science, are passed through the ordeal of criticism and reformed. Such a period was it when Aristotle began his work at the Lyceum.

Unfortunately we have very little reliable information concerning the life of Aristotle, though no biography would be more acceptable or beneficial to literature than his. The few facts universally admitted are, that he was born in the town of Stagira, a border town between Macedonia and Thrace. The date of his birth was in the first year of the 99th Olympiad, or 385 B.C. His father,

Nicomachus, was physician to Amyntas, the King of Macedonia. It is thought that to the circumstance of his father's profession Aristotle owed his first longing for natural science; the probability is strengthened by many allusions in his works to physicians and their mode of operation.*

He came to Athens at the beginning of the 103d Olympiad (368 B.C.), where, for twenty years he studied under Plato, who noticed his philosophical genius, and the tradition that Plato distinguished him as the soul of his school, and called him the Reader,† is rendered probable from the fact that Aristotle's works bear upon them the evidence of great erudition. We feel they are the works of a man who has read almost everything upon his subject, both of its matter and history.

When Plato died Aristotle and Xenocrates went to Hermias, the ruler of Alarnia, after whose death Aristotle was called to the court of Philip of Macedon, to instruct the Prince Alexander (Olymp. 109, 2d year).

Upon the accession of Alexander Aristotle retired to his native place, Stagira, and remained for some time, when he returned to Athens, and began to lecture at the Lyceum, from whose shady walks (*περιπατικός*) his school derives its name, Peripatetic.

Here he taught thirteen years, but shortly before his death a charge was made against him of corrupting religion, and being unwilling to follow in the footsteps of Socrates, he left Athens, and died at Chalcis, in Eubœa (Olymp. 114-3) 322 B.C.

Before we enter upon the subject of his philosophy and its peculiarities, we must first endeavor to give some clear account of the only sources of that philosophy—his works.

When we reflect upon the few and probably imperfect works which have come down to our times, and the number registered in ancient catalogues as the productions of Aristotle, we cannot help feeling that we should exercise the

utmost caution in forming any estimate of his teaching, or in coming to any definite conclusions as to his system, if indeed he had any settled system. Andronicus, the Rhodian, has estimated his works at 400 βιβλία. Three inventories have come down to us from antiquity. One in the work of Diogenes Laertius *de Vitis Philosophorum*, v. 1; another by an anonymous Greek, whose biography of Aristotle was published by Menage,* and the third inventory is from the author of the MSS. "*Bibliotheca*," of Arabian philosophy, discovered in the library of the Escurial, and published by Casiri.†

Each of these inventories has a different source, each names works not in the others, and every one of them is deficient in books which have come down to us. We may draw some light from the quotations in the works themselves of other works of Aristotle, for instance, the *Physics* are quoted in the *Metaphysics*, four times in the *Posterior Analytics*, and in the *Meteorology*. The *De Anima* is quoted in the *De Interpretatione de Generatione*, *Historia Animalium*, *De Sensu*, and other works.‡

From these varied sources we should conclude, though it is unsafe to come to any conclusion upon sources so uncertain and contradictory, that Aristotle must have written at least between 400 and 500 treatises of different lengths. We cannot help feeling, and in fact it was also hinted at by Ammonius, that many of these works attributed to Aristotle were spurious, were not his, but were written upon similar subjects by Theophrastus, his successor, by Eudemius Rhodius and Phanas, and inserted in the lists of the genuine Aristotelian works.

The fate of Aristotle's genuine works, of which however we can get no list, is one of the most remarkable phases of literary history, and will throw some light upon the probable state in which they have come down to us, such few of them as we have. There are only two

* See his account of the rise of science and art in the *Metaphysics*, lib. i. sec. 6; *Politics*, lib. iii. cap. 6, sec. 8; vii. cap. 2, sec. 8.

† The life of Aristotle appended to the Commentary on the *Categories*, by Ammonius, says "και τούτου ην βοήθειαν ἐπιμελείαν ὥστε τὸν Πλάτωνα τὸν οἶκον τοῦ Ἀριστοτέλους οἶκον ἀναγνώσαν καλεῖν."

* Animadv. ad Diogen. Laert. Tom. ii. sec. 35, p. 201.

† All printed, with critical notes, in the Bipont Edition of Aristotle. Tom. i. p. 19-42; 61-67.

‡ For a complete list of these repeated quotations of previous works, which will be of use to the investigator, see Ritter *Geschichte der Phil. Aristoteles*, vol. iii.

sources for this information, the statements of Strabo and Plutarch. We will give their own words:

Strabo says,* "The Socratic philosophers, Erastus Coriscus, Neleus, a son of Coriscus and disciple of Aristotle, and Theophrastus, were natives of Scepsis. Neleus succeeded to the possession of the library of Theophrastus, which contained that of Aristotle, for Aristotle gave his library and left his school to Theophrastus. Aristotle was the first person with whom we are acquainted, who made a collection of books, and suggested to the kings of Egypt the formation of a library. Theophrastus left his library to Neleus, who carried it to Scepsis, and bequeathed it to some ignorant persons, who kept the books locked up, lying in disorder. When the Scepsians understood that the Attalic kings, on whom the city was dependent, were in eager search for books, with which they intended to furnish the library at Pergamos, they hid them in an excavation in the ground. At length, but not before they had been injured by damp and worms, the descendants of Neleus sold the books of Aristotle and Theophrastus, for a large sum of money, to Apellicon of Teos."

"Apellicon," says Strabo, "was rather a lover of books than a philosopher.

When, therefore, he attempted to restore the parts which had been eaten and corrupted by worms, he made alterations in the original text, and introduced them into new copies; he moreover supplied the defective parts unskilfully, and published the books full of errors. It was

the misfortune of the ancient Peripatetics—those after Theophrastus—that being wholly unprovided with the books of Aristotle, with the exception of a few only, and those chiefly of the exoteric kind, they were unable to philosophize according to the principles of the system, and merely occupied themselves with elaborate discussions or commonplaces. Their successors, however, from the time that these books were published, philosophized and propounded the doctrine of Aristotle more successfully than their predecessors, but were under the necessity of advancing a great deal as probable only, on account of the multitude of

errors contained in the copies. Rome also contributed to this increase of errors; for immediately on the death of Apellicon, Sulla, who captured Athens, seized the library of Apellicon. When it was brought to Rome, Tyrannion, a grammarian, who was an admirer of Aristotle, courted the superintendent of the library, and obtained the use of it. Some venders of books also employed bad scribes, and neglected to compare the copies with the original. This happens in the case of other books, which are copied for sale both here and at Alexandria."

The statement of Plutarch is, that when Sulla was at Athens "he got himself initiated into the mysteries, and from that city he took the library of Apellicon the Teian, in which were most of the works of Aristotle and Theophrastus—books at that time not sufficiently known in the world. When they were brought to Rome, it is said that Tyrannion the grammarian prepared many of them for publication, and that Andronicus the Rhodian, getting the manuscripts by his means, did actually publish them together with those indexes that are now in every one's hands. The old Peripatetics appear, indeed, to have been men of curiosity and erudition, but they had neither met with many of Aristotle's and Theophrastus' books, nor were those they did meet with correct copies, because the inheritance of Neleus the Scepsian, to whom Theophrastus left his works, fell into mean and obscure hands."

These two accounts of the fate of Aristotle's works agree tolerably well, and from them we glean that they were passed over with the library of Theophrastus to Neleus, whose descendants buried them, and ultimately they were sold to some wandering Grecian bibliomaniac who undertook to fill up the sad gaps which the worms had made in the body of the Aristotelian philosophy. Then we find that afterwards they underwent another purgation at the hands of one Tyrannion, also a Greek, who was at Rome when Sulla brought the Aristotelian manuscripts to that city.

We naturally feel anxious to know something of these two great men who set themselves up as the revivers of the Aristotelian philosophy—who and what

* Lib. xlii. cap. 1.

was Apellicon, and who and what was Tyrannion?

We are not predisposed towards the former from the language used by Strabo, who characterized him as a bibliomaniac rather than a philosopher, and Athenæus confirms our suspicion. He says of him, "He was a Scion by birth, but had become a citizen of Athens and lived a most whimsical and ever-changing life; for at one time he was a philosopher and collected all the treatises of the Peripatetics and the library of Aristotle, and many others; for he was a very rich man, and he had also stolen a great many autograph decrees of the ancients out of the Temple of the Mighty Mother, and whatever else there was ancient, and taken care of in other cities, and being detected in these practices at Athens, he would have been in great danger if he had not made his escape; and a short time afterwards he returned, having paid his court to many people, and he then joined himself to Athenion, as being a man of the same sect. It appears also that he was sent to Delos by Athenion with soldiers, but he failed in his mission." Athenæus says—"He lived at Delos more like a man exhibiting a spectacle than a general of soldiers, and placing his guards in a very careless way on the side of Delos, leaving the back of the island unguarded, not even putting down a palisade in front of his camp, went to rest. Orobias, the Roman general, hearing of this, watched for a moonless night, led out his troops, and fell upon Apellicon and his soldiers, who were asleep and drunk. He cut the Athenians to pieces, like so many sheep, to the number of six hundred, and took four hundred alive."

As to Tyrannion, all that we know of him is, that he was so called from his domineering manner, his original name being Theophrastus. He was a pupil of Dyonisius at Rhodes, was taken captive by Lucullus, which accounts for his presence at Rome, where he spent his time in teaching and literary employments.

When we reflect upon these circumstances, we cannot be astonished that the few works of Aristotle we have, appear, some of them, fragmentary; others are full of incoherences, contradictions, and repetitions.

This confusion may be traced back to the earliest times when the first collections of his works were compiled.

In the hands of such men as Apellicon, portions of single works and transcripts of other portions would be thrown together,* then certain portions which belonged to a whole, but had been torn away, were treated as distinct subjects. Some of the works of Aristotle which had become disarranged, were probably compiled into one work, because they happened to lie together, so that there may be an element of truth in the very doubtful report that Alexander Aphrodisiensis gave those works which are also thought to be the work of Aristotle, on First Philosophy, the title of *Metaphysics*, *μετὰ τὰ φυσικά*, because the original MSS. were found attached to the *Physics*. It is more probable that the name was given from the fact, that Aristotle spoke of this work as being supplementary to the physical speculations, though it was really naturally the first, being an investigation into the first cause, and therefore called by him *πρῶτη φιλοσοφία*. It is also probable that they treated as complete works what were merely collections of materials, notes, extracts, and rough sketches, problems, essays, and jottings of subjects for future investigation. Other works, in later times, were also interpolated into the canon, such as treatises upon the same subject by his followers—as we know was their practice—such as those of Eudemus of Rhodes, Phanius, and Theophrastus.

We cannot in any other way account for the immense discrepancies and contradictions between the catalogues of Aristotelian works, in different periods, from the fact that we have works of undoubted genuineness not mentioned in the most ancient lists extant. In no other way, too, can we account for the extreme obscurity of some of his works, the gaps and want of connection, but by this early and continued corruption begun by that light-minded, reckless, capricious Greek of Teos and his follower, the pedagogue Tyrannion.

We cannot here go into the question of the authenticity of our Aristotelian canon. The best source of information

* The *Metaphysics*, in which the *Categories* are evidently interpolated, is a proof of this.

upon that subject is the rich treasure of histories of philosophy, and investigations into the origin and development of the different systems contributed by the Germans.

The sum of the criticism may be said to be, that the "Magna Moralia" are not genuine, neither are the Eudemian Ethics. The latter work was never cited by Aristotle himself, who cites nearly all his works in different places; nor were they by the Greek commentators. The 4th, 5th, and 6th books are, with a few exceptions, one and the same with the 5th, 6th, and 7th of the Nicomachean Ethics. The "Politica" is full of gaps and corrupt passages, and out of the 8 books of the "De Republica" only one is extant. This was probably the last work written by him, for he mentions in it the taking of Babylon by Alexander, which happened in Aristotle's 55th year, and the murder of Philip, which happened when he was 49. His work called *πολιτεία* which the ancient catalogues tell us contained a review of historical accounts of 150 Law and State systems, before his time, is utterly lost to us—a few broken fragments only remaining. In the Metaphysics it is thought that single books are genuine, but the order is very problematical. None of Aristotle's works has caused so much speculation as this. It has been thought that it is a compilation of fragments of the lost work on *πρώτη φιλοσοφία* and other works known as *περί αἰσθητικῆς*, *περί πῶν πολλαχῶς λεγομένων*, *περί ἀνάντων*, that the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 11th, and 12th books have no connection with Metaphysics, and the Categories appear to be repeated in it to no purpose.

Still, with all these disadvantages, and defective as those works are which have come down to us, yet we have sufficient to give us some idea of what a broad and complete system the whole of the Aristotelian philosophy would be. We have sufficient to persuade us that Aristotle stands alone in antiquity as the most sagacious, severe, uncompromising investigator and classifier of nearly every branch of human knowledge; that his zeal for truth was the absorbing principle of his life; sufficient to show us, whatever we may think of his system in relation to Plato, that we may trace up to him the whole method of modern

scientific investigation; that even many of the sciences really founded by him and others, which had been treated only slightly by former philosophers, were by him first reduced to a system.

We are astonished at the universality of his genius, manifest even in the scanty portion of his works which has come down to us. He labored in almost every department of human knowledge, from the formation and habits of the insect to the foundation of the social and political life of man. He investigated the inmost recesses of his nature, his soul, his position in history; he penetrated the dark secrets of nature, engaged in the search after an absolute, a final uncreated cause, and not only this, but during the course of these manifold investigations he laid the foundation of new sciences.

In this way he has been accredited with the founding a systematic system of logic; the principles of such a science existed however before him in the writings of his predecessors, but he was the first to reduce their confused notions into forms, and a symmetrical system. He laid the foundation stone of a philosophical system of natural science; when we read his history of animals and think on the absence of materials from predecessors we cannot help marvelling at the immense amount of information concerning the habits, the structure, the food and the generation of animals; at the masterly classification of his own materials and of animated nature, a classification which has ruled all subsequent systems.

He was the first to hint at a scientific botany, though that branch was completed by his successor and pupil, Theophrastus.

To practical philosophy he gave an impetus by his own keen and positive method, a method also displayed in his great work on Ethics, and that extraordinary and profound investigation into the rise of state systems, the Politics, a book which alone would have immortalized him, from which even modern statesmen may gather valuable information; which Arnold recommended as an almost infallible guide, and which he could repeat verbally.

Enthusiastic admirers have even given him the credit of laying down the first principles of grammar. The four cate-

gories (substance, quantity, quality, relation) we are told correspond, the first to the noun, the second to the adjective of number, the third to that of quality, the fourth to that which expresses a relation, the fifth and sixth (where and when) to the adverbs of time and place, the seventh (position) lays the base of the form of the intransitive verb, the eighth (possession) is the Greek perfect, and the ninth and tenth (action and passion) that of the active and passive.

He certainly was the first to set the example of a history of philosophy by his many reviews of the investigations of his predecessors.

He has been called a sceptic and an empiric from his well-known habit of resting his investigations upon the labors of his predecessors, and his peculiar method of seeking for solid ground by examining all that had been done in any branch of investigation before him, and adopting what he could as a basis for his own work. But in some respects he is speculative, and in no way empirical. It is that essentially practical spirit in which he sets about an investigation, his cautious doubtful manner in exhibiting facts and drawing conclusions; that utter freedom from superstition and external influence, that want of credence and that peculiarity for which the Germans have an untranslatable but expressive word "Scharfsinn" which has often brought upon Aristotle the charge of scepticism and even of Atheism, though during a certain period of the middle ages he narrowly escaped being canonized as a saint, with a place in the Romish calendar.

His peculiar method of procedure will perhaps illustrate what we wish to convey. His first step is to give some clear notion of what the subject is. He commences his Nicomachean Ethics by stating the broad principle which permeates his whole philosophy, that every scientific system and in like manner every course of action seems to aim at some good. So also in his politics, he starts upon the same principle that every state is a society, and every society is established for the sake of some good end, and he sets out from the first phase of social life, and therefore of every state, the union of the male and female, the foundation of the wholesystem. He commences

his Metaphysics upon the simple fact that all science arose from men's wonder at the phenomena of nature, and that such wonder, engendering a consciousness of ignorance, drove them to the search after truth. He begins with imitation as the foundation of all art, and his first question when venturing upon the nature of the soul is, under what category can it be placed?

After thus stating what his subject is and what is its end, he advances to the *ἀπορία* of the subject, the statement of difficulties: this is one of his most characteristic features; he never shrinks a difficulty, on the contrary, he collects everything in the shape of one, and endeavors to clear them away first, to make a clear course for his own treatment. Then he looks about him for some footing, and this he generally finds in the efforts made by others before him, which he subjects to a sharp criticism, and retains what may serve as a solid footing, discarding the rest. He then proceeds step by step, never losing a link in the chain of reasoning; and in the development of his thought he uses no ornament, selects the most expressive words, and the least number to convey his meaning, frequently employing a sort of short-hand method of expressing the rapid and creative processes of his mind, which has given to his style a hard, dry, and mathematical precision; the reader feels that his previous knowledge of much is counted upon; the matter of whole sentences is expressed in a formula of a word or two, and the thought follows link by link in such close and unbroken continuity that if he lose one link he must sooner or later go back and resume the whole. True, now and then a line of poetry comes out, but it is never quoted for ornament nor for beauty, but solely that it fits in like a link in the course of thought passing through the writer's mind. He requires the most unceasing, patient, submissive attention, the strictest thought, and if the student be prepared to abandon himself to the master, the reward is great. This mathematical precision is the secret of the extraordinary training influence of the study of his works upon the mind.

We shall only have space in this paper to notice one or two vital points of

his philosophy.* The knowledge of the causes of things was described by Aristotle as the only real science: to know a thing *τὸ ὅτι* as a mere existence is a lower kind of knowledge than to know it *τὸ δι' ὅτι*—the cause of its being. That this knowledge of causes is the highest form of science is evident from the very history of science and art. Both arise amongst men as results of experience. When from many experiences a general principle is deduced applicable to similar cases, that is the rise of art. But this empirical knowledge is not necessarily a knowledge of causes, it is only a knowledge of things as they exist "*τὸ ὅτι*," but the higher knowledge is that which knows why they exist "*τὸ δι' ὅτι*,"—the knowledge of causes. "Therefore," he adds, "we think that those who know first principles are more to be estimated than the handworkers, because they know the causes of created things, but the others, the handworkers, do things like inanimate beings, just as fire burns. Inanimate beings perform their acts from a certain nature, and the handworkers through habit, so that those who know first principles are not wiser as regards the practical, but from their knowledge of causes."

Upon this basis Aristotle built his *Physics*, in which branch he inquires into the causes of the phenomena of nature: explains the transition of abstract matter into concrete form of potentiality into actuality. But there was still a higher science. In the *Physical Auscultations* his students would learn the causes of things, but the higher, nay, the highest of all sciences, was that which investigated the "*causa causarum*," the final cause of all these subsidiary causes.

Aristotle is driven to this further investigation by his physical studies; he

comes to this conclusion, after inspecting the phenomena of nature, and we recommend it to the modern speculative schools of science. "It is evident," he says, "there must be some first principle, for the causes of entity are not infinite: it is impossible to pursue the progress of causes to infinity, *there must be an end*, and that which is the first and eternal cause cannot be subject to corruption, for since generation is not infinite in ascending progression, that nature must needs not be eternal, from which anything has been produced as from that which is primary, and which has been subject to corruption—this is impossible."

The final cause is the end: it does not subsist on account of other things but other things subsist on account of it. An infinite progression of causes would destroy all possibility of knowledge, for we can understand nothing till we come to individual things, and we cannot apprehend infinity in this sense.

If there were nothing universal besides singulars there would be nothing cognizable by the mind, "therefore there would be nothing eternal and immovable, for all things sensible are in a process of corruption. *But truly if there is at least nothing that is eternal neither is it a thing possible that there should be generation*, for there must needs be something—namely, that, which is produced and that wherefrom it is produced, and of these the last must be ingenerable if the progress of successive production is to stop at all" (which Aristotle has already said must happen or there can be no science), "and if generation from nonentity should be a thing impossible."*

This investigation into a final cause Aristotle says is a divine and not a human science, and he adds—"We ought not to consider any other science more entitled to honor than the one under consideration, for that which is most divine is also most worthy of honor. This will be so in two ways, for that science which the Deity would especially possess is a divine one amongst the

* For a concise view see the summary in Maurice Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy (Ancient), more completely the analysis by Buhle in Ersch & Gruber Encyclopædie; still more elaborate Buhle Geschichte der Phil., vol. ii.; Zeller Philosophie der Griechen, vol. I.; Tennemann Geschichte der Phil., vol. ii., and Hampden's Fathers of Greek Philosophy, who may be consulted on the contrary view to that we have taken as he maintains that Aristotle has not borrowed from Plato, though Hegel, Zeller, Tennemann, Buhle, and the latest Schweigler are against the Bishop.

* If the modern development theory be right, Aristotle must be wrong; but it would appear from the passage quoted that he had approached the verge of that precipice, looked over, and retired.

sciences, and if there is any such science, it would be a science of divine things. And this science, as we have described it, alone possesses these characteristics; for to all speculators the Deity appears as a cause and first principle, and such a science as this either God alone, or He principally, would possess."

Upon this high ground Aristotle places that investigation which he and the older philosophers called "*first philosophy*," but which his commentators called, "After the *Physics*," *μετα τα φυσικα*, and we "*Metaphysics*." Aristotle himself may have hinted at such an arrangement, for he remarks that this science, though the first in the order of nature and history of human thought and speculation, yet should be preceded by a study of physics.

From this it is clear that Aristotle saw through the fallacy of an infinite progressive development as a solution to the problem of creation, and came to the most reasonable conclusion that at some point there must have been a *creative act* by some ungenerated cause, and he regards this as an absolutely necessary postulate to true science.

We have no time to go into the question which naturally arises at this point, about Aristotle's *Atheism*, a charge brought against him by those who cannot really know what he thought, and who do not make allowances for the time in which he lived. Atheism in the time of Aristotle must have been a vastly different thing from Atheism viewed from our standpoint. If we accept as the canon of Atheism simply the non-belief in a Divine First Cause, Aristotle was no Atheist; but if we regard the non-belief of a *personal* God, a Moral Governor and Judge, a Father, as manifested in Revelation, then in these days Aristotle would be certainly an Atheist. But these days are not his days; and it is a gross injustice to father upon him the wretched superficial pantheism which is so prevalent amongst us now.

We may also remark here, that as a philosopher he had no occasion to go into a theological discussion (though his commentators have called this treatise a theology); but, as a scientific man, he has clearly declared that an infinite series of causes would destroy all science, or, to adopt the apt illustration

of Coleridge, if the infinite series of blind men (causes) which stretch across the universe has not some one at the head of them who can see, we must console ourselves that infinite blindness atones for want of sight.

It is in the work "*De Mundo*" that we find the most clear and elaborate definition of Aristotle's theology, and as these sentiments are very striking, and may almost be construed into a definition of the Deity as a moral Governor, we shall here collect them.

Aristotle, like all educated men of his day, had abandoned the old fabulous deities of his countrymen. In this work he adds, "Some of the ancients say that all things are full of gods, presenting themselves to us through the eyes and every sense, which assertion is indeed degrading to the divine power, but not to the divine essence; for God is indeed truly a *saviour* of all things and generator of whatever contributes to the perfection of the world, yet he is not liable to weariness like a manual artificer or a laborious animal, but he employs an unwearyed power, through which he exercises his dominion over things which appear remote. Hence he is allotted the highest and first seat in the universe, and is on this account denominated Supreme, and, according to the poet, is established at the highest summit of the heavens.

It is, therefore, more venerable and more adapted to his nature to conceive that he himself is established in the highest region, but that his power, pervading through the whole world, moves the sun and moon, circumsolves the heavens, and is the cause of safety to terrene natures. For he has no need of contrivances or the administering aid of others in the same manner as rulers with us require a multitude of hands through the imbecility of their nature. But this is a thing of all others most divine—to give completion to all the various forms of things with felicity and a simple motion. These things also it is proper to conceive respecting the Divinity, that in power he is most strong, in beauty most transcendent, in life immortal, and in virtue supreme. Hence, being invisible to every mortal nature, he is to be perceived by his works. In short, what the pilot is in a ship, the charioteer

in a chariot, the coryphæus* in a choir, law in a city, the general in an army, that God is in the world, except that dominion to the former is attended with labor and anxiety, and abundance of motion, but to God it is without pain, without labor, and free from all corporeal imbecility; for he being established in an immovable receptacle, moves and convolves all things where and as he pleases, in different forms and natures, just as the law of a city, being immovable, demonstrates everything in the souls of those who use it conformably to the nature of the polity."

These words may, without distortion, justify our accrediting him with something more than a mere notion of God as a moving power; the law is a moral power; and Aristotle, by using it as an analogy to the power of God in the world, must have recognized a divine moral government. This is still another evidence of how impossible it was with him to thoroughly rid himself of the great influence of the divine Plato; the soul of that great master works now and then in Aristotle, and carries him beyond himself.

"In the city," says Aristotle, continuing his notion of a moral government, "different things being performed by different persons according to one mandate or legal authority, are the salvation of those by whom they are genuinely performed. Thus also ought we to conceive of the larger city of this world, for *God is to us a law admitting of no permutation or correction*, being far more excellent and stable than the laws written on tables. He, therefore, being the immovable harmonious leader, the complete order of heaven and earth is perpetually administered, which order is distributed into all natures through appropriate seeds, and into plants and animals according to genera and species. For in obedience to the secret laws of divinity, the vine and palm, the persea (tree resembling a beech), the sweet fig and the olive are produced, as the poet says—

* The chorus in Greek comedy, as the dramatic art progressed, was divided into two parts, each having its coryphæus or head, who stood in the centre. The chorus entered the orchestra from the right side of the theatre, and danced across it to the left.

"The alder, poplar, and, with fragrance fraught,
The cypress tree."

And also those trees which bear no fruit, but are subservient to other uses, such as the pines and the docks, together with those that in autumn bear sweet fruit, but are preserved with difficulty,

"The pomegranate and fair apple tree."

In obedience, likewise, to the same law, tame and savage animals that derive their nutriment in the air, on earth, or in water, are generated, arrive at maturity, and sink into corruption."

He then mentions that this unseen power, which sways man and nature, which conducts the mysterious operations of birth, life, and death, which orders, preserves, and upholds everything, has been called by many names—Zeus, Dia, Saturn, Time, the Lightner, Fate, the Ethereal, the Saviour, and the Liberator; and he concludes, appealing directly to Plato, in these emphatic words—"But all these things are nothing else than *God*," as the illustrious Plato says, "for God, indeed, according to the ancient saying, possesses the beginning, end, and middle of all things, everything proceeding in a rectilinear path, according to nature and justice, always follows after him as an avenger of those who desert the divine law."—*Plato's Leges*.

The main point we wish to dwell upon here, which first strikes the student of Aristotle, is the polemic against Plato, which occurs in some of his works, especially in the *Metaphysics*. First of all, we must abandon that notion of a personal controversy, ending in mutual hatred, which is sufficiently refuted by the intimacy of Aristotle, after Plato's death, with Xenocrates, Plato's favorite scholar; besides, though Aristotle differs on some points from Plato, he always speaks of him with respect. But as to the polemic itself, it appears tolerably clear that, as regards Aristotle, it is in some measure a case of reproducing a refuted opponent. Let us endeavor to justify this explanation.

Plato's definition of creation was that it was the realization of an idea or ideas of a Creator; these ideas he called archetypal, and creation was therefore a participation of matter in these ideas; just as the idea of a house pre-exists in the mind of the architect before its re-

alization in form. But we will give the words of Alcinous, a philosopher who, in the second century, wrote a work called "De Doctrina Platonis," in the introduction to which he says—"Since of things which are perceptible to the senses, according to nature and individually, there must be some patterns defined—namely, ideas from which sciences and definitions are produced, for besides all men a certain man is thought of, and besides all horses a certain horse; and generally, besides living beings, a living Being not generated and indescribable; in the same manner as from one seal there are many impressions, and of one man ten thousand likenesses upon ten thousand, the idea itself being originally the cause of each being such as it is itself. It is a thing of necessity that the world should have been fabricated by the Deity as the most beautiful composition while he was looking to some idea of a world as being a pattern of this world, made as it were after a resemblance of that idea, according to which it was, after being assimilated and worked out; while the Deity came by the most wonderful forethought to fabricate the world, because he was good. He fabricated it, therefore, from matter which moved about in no order previous to the generation of the heavens; taking it away from its disordered state, he led it to the best order, and adorned its parts with becoming numbers and forms, so as to discriminate how fire and earth exist at present, with reference to air and water."

But the difficulty of this system of Plato, the realization of idea in form, is to account for the mode of union between the archetypal idea and the material form. Aristotle dwells upon this difficulty in the opening chapter of his *Metaphysics*, and insinuates with more than his usual humor that Plato's theory is burdened with a ridiculous necessity for a third man to mediate between the ideal and the real man. This is the ground tone of Aristotle's polemic against Plato. Let us now see how he proposes to remedy it.

His own system of creation is based upon a transition of abstract matter (*ύλη*) into form (*εἶδος*). Here we have nothing fresh but the counterpart, or if not the counterpart certainly something very

similar to the dualism of Plato. On the one hand we have abstract matter, which, after all, is an idea, and in its very nature, according to the teaching of Aristotle, not realized, but being in potentiality (*δυναμις*) not in actuality (*ἐνέργεια*), and then, after complaining of Plato that to bring matter into form he invented a *tertium aliquid*, he remedies the difficulty by inventing a similar *tertium* to bring about the connection of his own two subjects, matter and form, and this is done by motion of four causes. In other words, all objects must have existed first in potentiality; and Being was the transition of this potentiality by the operation of these causes into actuality. But we cannot verify, we can scarcely imagine such a thing as potential existence; we know only of forms and actual existence, and it is equally difficult to imagine the potential horse of Aristotle as the ideal one of Plato; we can only conceive of actual existences. So that Aristotle's theory, though it modified the ideal notions of Plato and gave them a more scientific form, yet left the unsatisfactory dualism of Plato unabolished, and the great question of the mediation between matter and form, or in other words, of creation, unsettled, as it remains, as regards philosophy, to this day.

Upon this point it has been admirably said that "Aristotle chose another way from Plato to define the idea of philosophy." Both agree in one point, that philosophy was a science; that it was also a science of things, or of everything which is complete in itself and does not rest upon the changing representations of men. But Plato sought the distinction between philosophy and other kinds of knowledge in the origin and diversity of the idea, whilst Aristotle, on the contrary, sought it in the especial treatment of the idea. According to each, philosophy is a system of rational ideas (*Vernunftbegriffen*) through which things are recognized in their complete being, because they are the forms in which God has formed them, and philosophy is therefore a science by which matter and form are comprehended by the reason. But, according to Aristotle, all knowledge of matter arises from *experience*, so that he could not, like Plato, so represent the character of philosophy as being a system

of pure ideas, but that it was a knowledge based on principles. To know anything from principles is the especial peculiarity of science, so that philosophy and science are one and the same.

Still we repeat, the ideal system was not abolished by Aristotle, and we can do no better in concluding this part of our subject, the real state of the polemic against Plato, than to cite here the opinion of Schwegler, one of the greatest historians of philosophy in Germany, who thus confirms this view :—

“From the critic of the Platonic ideas there directly result the two main characteristics of the Aristotelian system, and which together constitute its cardinal point: they are form and matter. Aristotle for the most part, it is true, when he aims at completeness enumerates four metaphysical causes or principles, the formal, the material, the efficient, and the final. In the case of a house, for example, the building materials are the matter, the idea of it the form, the efficient cause the builder, and the end (final cause) the actual house. These four principles of all being, however, will be found on closer inspection, to reduce themselves to the single antithesis of matter and form. In the first place the notion of the efficient cause coincides with that of the two other ideal principles (form and end). The efficient cause—namely, is what conducts the transition of potentiality into actuality, or the realization of matter in form. In all movement of an inactual into an actual the latter is the logical *prius* and the logical motive of the movement itself. The efficient cause of matter is consequently the form. Thus man is the efficient cause of man. *The form of the statue in the understanding of the sculptor* is the cause of the movement through which the statue comes into being. But the efficient or first cause is equally identical with the final cause or end, for this (the end) is the motive of all becoming and of all movement. The builder is the efficient cause of the house, but the efficient cause of the builder is the end to be accomplished—the house. In these examples it is already evident that the principles of form and end also coincide, so far as both are conjoined in the notion of actuality. For the end of everything is its completed being, its

notion or its form, the development into full actuality of whatever is potentially contained in it. The final cause of the hand is its notion, that of the seed the tree which is the true nature of the seed. There remain to us therefore only the two principles which pass not into each other—matter and form. This (the foundation of the Aristotelian theory of nature) is the conception first come upon in the analytic method of observing nature—that all nature is an eternal graduated conversion of matter into form, an eternal breaking out into life on the part of this inexhaustible primeval substance in higher and higher ideal formations. That all matter should become form, all possibility actuality, all being, knowing, this is indeed at once the impracticable postulate of reason and the aim of all becoming, impracticable, since Aristotle expressly maintains that matter, as privation of form, can never wholly attain to actuality nor consequently to understanding. So then the Aristotelian system ends in an insurmountable dualism of matter and form.”

The next point we have to notice is Aristotle's treatment of the important subject, the nature of the soul.

The ancient schools before Socrates had vague and unsatisfactory notions on this subject. Thales thought it a moving principle; the Pythagoreans that it was a number and an emanation from the central fire; that it would combine with any body, and was destined to pass through several. Heraclitus taught that its chief excellence was its freedom from aqueous particles. He may be almost said to have been the first to hint at consciousness, for he said of the soul (which probably suggested the thing to Aristotle, who notices this observation of Heraclitus), that by virtue of its connection with the divine reason it is capable of recognizing the universal and the true. Leucippus thought the soul was nothing but a mass of round atoms. Democritus thought it consisted in globular atoms of fire, imparting motion to the body. Empedocles believed in the transmigration of souls; in fact, his doctrine is a foreshadowing of the later Gnosticism. He believed in a universal pervading Deity, from whom demons emanated; that man was a fallen demon, and there would be an ultimate return

to unity. But the soul consisted of a union of the four elements, and its seat was in the blood; so also Critias placed it in the blood, and so did Protagoras. From Socrates and Plato we get a vastly different teaching—a stride so far in advance that we cannot account for it by any law of progress. From these vague and unsatisfactory speculations, we come to a teaching of a soul endowed with high moral capabilities, equal to the subjugation of the flesh and its desires, to a purification of the life, and an elevation by that purifying to a personal immortality. It was a revolution in thought, unaccountable, and certainly could not have sprung from any foregoing speculations.

But when Aristotle adverted to the subject he treated it in a vastly different manner, dispersed the vague fancies of the pre-Socratics, and opposed the transcendentalism of Plato.

The work which has reached us, the *De Anima*, in three books, has probably come down more complete than any other. We have in it, therefore, a fair specimen of Aristotle's style. He begins, as we have pointed out, by stating the subject and its vast importance; he then states the difficulties, passes in review all former speculations, and develops his own theory, in a close, concise style, divested of all ornament, only two or three scraps of poetry; a vigorous, rigid adherence to the principle of linking each thought together; sometimes adopting a shorthand method of expressing conclusions so elliptical as to tax the utmost powers of the reader's attention.

He starts upon a principle which disappoints us at the outset. Instead of contemplating the human soul alone, he contemplates the universal soul of nature, of which he makes three grades, the lowest being the soul of plants, the next of animals, and the next of man; so that the soul is shared in different proportions by all organic beings; thus plants have simply a nutritive soul, animals a nutritive and sensitive, and man has a nutritive, sensitive, and cognitive soul. The plant is simply nourished, but neither feels nor thinks; the animal is nourished and feels, but does not think; man unites in himself these two characteristics, but is distinguished from and elevated above all nature by his

possession of a thinking soul. We begin already to feel that we shall not get much out of Aristotle in the way of immortality, or the relation of the soul to the moral and spiritual life.

We must first see what sort of thing it is, whether it is a substance, or quality, or quantity, or under what of categories it can be classified; and he then defines it as the first entelechie of a physical body, having a potentiality of life, the efficient principle of all life being to the body just what the sight is to the eye: the power of seeing is the soul of the eye: the soul is the life of the body. Consequently, although the soul was not a body, yet it could not be without a body; it was to be found only in a complete organic body, which was absolutely necessary to it for its manifestation.

When united to a body it manifests itself by nourishment, and under certain circumstances in certain capabilities which we shall examine.

The nutritive property of the soul is that on the operation of which any animated organism is kept alive, the matter taken into the body in shape of food is changed by the soul through the medium of warmth into bodily matter, which being absorbed, also contributes to the activity of the soul. (The whole tendency of the treatise is to develop the utter dependence of the soul upon the body.) The ultimate end of this process of nourishment in animated organism is generation, which is the most complete act of being: to reproduce itself in a being like itself rests upon a natural struggle for continuance, and in obedience to that decree of nature, that though every individual must perish, the species shall continue. Sense and sensibility are also manifestations of soul; it is through the senses we derive our knowledge of external objects; their forms pass through our senses to the soul, which receives their impression as figures: the forms being there, but without the matter. These forms are then submitted to a still higher sense, which unites them into a whole, and this sense is called by Aristotle the "*κοινή αἰσθησις*," the common sense. Sensibility is the consciousness in the soul of the operation of sense; every sensation leaves either a pleasant or an unpleasant feeling. In his *Nicomachean Ethics* Aristotle says that

pleasure is attendant upon every act of sense, the greater pleasure always accompanying the act of sense, which energizes towards the best object; in that case the pleasure which ensues also elevates and perfects the energy, not as a result of mere habit, but in the same way that the freshness of youth preserved in maturity gives pleasure to life.

But all these qualities of soul are common to both man and animals, still the soul of man is distinguished as we saw at the outset by the possession of a thinking faculty. Aristotle then proceeds with his usual cautious and keen manner to analyze the phenomena of thought.

Like sensation, thought has a capability for receiving the forms of external objects, but it was distinguished from sensation in this, that it required no help from the body. The seat of sensation he placed partly in the heart and partly in the brain; but thought was the only portion of the human soul which existed independently of the body, and in that distinguished the human soul from those of animals and plants; and as if this were too great a concession to make, Aristotle adds that still without sensation there can be no thought, the senses being absolutely necessary to the maintenance of animal life, and through that to the furtherance of the higher and intellectual.

The imagination is not a thought or a perception, but a combination of both. All perceptions leave behind them, in the organs of sense, traces of those impressions, and an inclination to renew them, but as mere recurrences to former modifications of the mind, they may be either false or true, but when they are recurred to as copies of former representations, then it becomes an act of memory, another faculty of the soul, which, by recalling one of a series of representations, may recall others connected with it. From the idea thus recalled into the consciousness it passes on to others either contemporary or similar, or even opposite to it, because the modifications of the soul which preceded the recalled idea are also contemporary, or similar, or contrary to the other ensuing ideas.

These are the main points of Aristotle's treatise on the soul. As regards the great question of immortality, he

says little, and that little in a very vague manner. He divides the reason into two divisions, the "*νοῦς παθητικός*," or passive reason, and the "*νοῦς ποιητικός*," or active reason, and this brief portion of the human soul, if any, is that which cannot be extinguished.

Perhaps we are scarcely able to judge of his opinion upon the subject. The style of this treatise is so essentially scientific, that he may not have thought it an appropriate investigation to an inquiry into the essential or phenomenal nature of the soul. His work on Immortality, dedicated to Eudemus, has not reached us; but the fact that he had devoted a special treatment to the subject, induces us to think that he omitted it in the treatise *De Anima* for the reasons suggested. In any case it is difficult to draw a theory of Immortality from his vague and doubtful expressions. He declares emphatically that the soul is dependent upon an organized body for a sphere of activity, that after the death of the body, sensation, nutrition, imagination, all fail and perish, and even the passive portion of the intellect, that which receives ideas, perishes also, and thus the only spark which can possibly survive the wreck of the organism, is that active portion of the intellect which operates independently of the body, and makes things intelligible; this may be indestructible.

From these brief and hesitating hints we cannot conclude that Aristotle had any belief in a personal conscious immortality; the last vital inextinguishable spark which he allowed to survive would be absorbed in the great source of all being.

The best proof of this may be found in an extraordinary observation he makes in the *De Anima* (lib. I. c. 2) where he speaks of such a thing as a resurrection as an absurdity. The power of motion, he says, in its strict sense, that of change of place, cannot possibly be a property of the soul, for if so it might leave the body to which it is bound at pleasure, and return to it, when in such case the dead would live again, which is impossible.

His earliest commentators were of opinion that he did not believe in the immortality of the soul, Aristoxenus Di-cæarchus Strato, Alexander of Aphrodi-

seus, and in later times Averrhoes, unite in the opinion that Aristotle taught the dependence of soul on the body, and that it could not survive its destruction.

Yet we find in his other works expressions which appear to refute this opinion. In the Nicomachean Ethics he says, "Respecting the dead and their participation in good and its opposite, it appears that from these observations, if anything reaches them, whether good or evil, it must be weak and small, either absolutely or relatively to them; or if not this it must be of such extent and description as *not to make those happy who are not already happy, nor to deprive those who are happy of their happiness.*" And further on in the same work he remarks, that a life of intellectual energy is one more freed from human cares than any other; and adds—

"But such a life would be better than man could attain to, for he would live thus not so far forth as he is man, *but as there is something in him divine.* But so far as this divine part surpasses the whole compound nature, so far does its energy surpass the energy which is according to all other virtue. If, then, the intellect be divine when compared with man, the life also which is in obedience to that will be divine when compared with human life. But a man ought not to entertain human thoughts, as some would advise, because he is mortal, but as far as is possible *he should make himself immortal, and do everything with a view to living in accordance with the best principle in him.*"

We wish to point out here that Aristotle, by dividing the intellectual part of the human soul into two divisions, the active and passive, once more follows closely after Plato, who also taught of the soul that it was "*θυμηχή*" and "*ἐπειθυμητική*." We also point out that this division made of human nature, what in psychological language is called a trichotomy, *spirit, soul and body*, and what is more remarkable, that in this they were both in keeping with the teaching of the Scriptural account of creation. All living beings, according to what we are taught in Genesis, are animated with a soul (*anima*), the principle of life, so also man; but man is distinguished at the outset of creation by the fact that

the Creator called all other creations into being by his word: but he *made man* (plastically) from the dust of the earth, and *breathed into him* his own spirit, by which he was distinguished from all other created things, inasmuch as they merely had *life*, and that he had *life, soul and spirit.*

We find this distinction also clearly and pointedly maintained by Paul: amongst many other passages the most emphatic is 1st Epis. Timothy, v. 23. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, "*ὁλοκαίῃ*" (through and through, as Luther has it), and I pray God your whole *spirit and soul and body* be preserved. Again, in Heb. iv., 12, he speaks of the Word of God, "*dividing asunder the soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow;*" again *spirit, soul, and body.*

It is quite clear that if the six chapters of his work on Physiognomy which have come down to us are genuine, we may attribute to Aristotle the foundation of that science which has been followed in modern times by Carus, Lavater, and Spurzheim. Its genuineness has been questioned, but it appears in the earliest lists we have of his works, and there is no internal evidence of any consequence to suggest its spuriousness; we recognize the method and style of Aristotle, though some of the words are unusual; but still we certainly do not find such a clear effort to reduce the manifestations of character and spirit upon the features to a scientific system in any subsequent writer of his school. The science of physiognomy has been neglected amongst us, but has found many students in Germany; besides those already mentioned we may add Hegel, amongst whose MSS. was found an immense mass of material upon the subject, gleaned from such works as Zimmerman on Solitude; Meiner's Letters on the Swiss; Wunsch's Kosmologische Unterhaltungen; Rousseau's Confessions, and Nicolai's Travels in Germany. It appears to have been a recognized study in his day, and he had collected a whole system of physiognomical characteristics of the Germans, Bavarians, Brandenburgians, Viennese, and Tyrolese, and it is probable that out of these physiognomical researches into the manifestation of spirit through the coun-

tenance, arose his great work the *Phänomenologie des Geists*.

As regards the genuineness of this fragment of Aristotle, we may mention that in some of his works there are many hints of such a science sufficiently pointed to convince us that it had occupied his mind. In the *Nicomachean Ethics* he remarks that "those who are ashamed grow red, and those who fear death grow pale," both, therefore, appear in some sort to be connected with the body.

In the *Rhetoric* he compares the development of oligarchy as a disfigurement to flat or hooked noses. He says, "a democracy is not only weakened by remissness, so as to end at last in an oligarchy, but also from being overstrained, just as hooked or flat noses, if left to themselves, not only approach the mean, but become excessively hooked or flat, and so shaped that they do not look at all like noses." In the same work he says that long hair is a badge of freedom, "since it is not easy for a man with long hair to perform any servile act." When we remember what the Lombards, or long beards, did we shall recognize the truth of this remark of Aristotle.

"Beauty exists," he says, "only with good stature, for little persons may be very pretty and well proportioned, *but cannot be beautiful*." "The step of the magnanimous man is slow, his voice deep, and his language stately; for he who only feels anxiety about a few things is not apt to be in a hurry, and he who thinks highly of nothing is not vehement, and shrillness and quickness of speaking arise from these things," but he adds, "vain men are fine in their dress and gestures." His canon of beauty is as follows:

"The beauty of youth is having a body capable of enduring toil, being at the same time pleasant to look upon: the beauty of man at the prime of life is having a body capable of enduring the toils of war, pleasant to look at, yet attended with a degree of awe. The beauty of the old man is to have a body strong enough for such labor as is absolutely necessary, and free from pain, by reason of having none of those infirmities by which old age is disfigured." One of the most striking characteristics of Greek culture is, that they not only developed

the soul but the body also; gymnastics formed a portion of the education of youth as well as music; so that we are not surprised when Aristotle makes the perfection of race to consist in numerous and virtuous youth. "Fair offspring will be where there is youth, numerous and virtuous; virtuous first in reference to the virtue of *the body*, which is stature, beauty, strength, and ability for the games; second, in reference to the virtue of the soul, which is temperance and courage." The virtue of females also was vitally necessary to this perfection of race, as well as to domestic felicity. "For those states in which the condition of woman is bad, as with the Lacedæmonians for instance, they hardly enjoy the half of the happiness."

He based this science of physiognomy upon the principle that the soul and body naturally affect each other: it is evident from intoxication and sickness, fear, love, anger, the soul suffers a change from the passions of the body, and the body reflects the passions of the soul. The soul and the body are so consensually affected towards each other, as, in fact, to become to each other the cause of most of these passions: for an animal is never so generated as to have the form of one animal and the soul of another, but it has the body and soul of the same animal, so that a particular disposition must necessarily follow from a particular body. Further, those who are skilled in nature are able, from the form of the body, to survey in each the passions of the soul, because they are reflected in the body, and if these things be so, there will be a science of physiognomy.

We cannot here enter more deeply into the development of this science than to remark that it is carried on in the genuine Aristotelian manner, and an extraordinary mass of facts gathered together upon the subject. Historians, novelists, ethnographers, all exercise such a science unconsciously, but it is only amongst the Germans who suffer nothing to escape them that Aristotle's hints have been developed and systematized.

We must conclude this paper by following the fate of Aristotelian philosophy as reflected in the Peripatetic schools, from the death of its founder down to its disappearance.

Theophrastus succeeded and presided over the school for thirty-five years, and after him came Eudemus of Rhodes. These two men kept tolerably true to the Aristotelian philosophy, the latter however more than the former. Theophrastus followed more particularly the investigation of nature, especially of botany; and we still have a work of his called "Characters," which investigated the expression of the varied dispositions of humanity. They wrote commentaries on Aristotle's works, and other works bearing similar titles, none of which save the *Ethics* of Eudemus has come down to us. The other members of the first group of Peripatetics are Phanias Aristoxenus, the musician, Dicaearchus, Heraclides of Pontus; Strato of Lampascus Demetrius; Lyko, Hieronymus of Rhodes; Kritolaus, Diodorus, Staseas, and Kratippus. These followers turned away from metaphysical speculation, and directed their attention partly to natural studies and partly to a popular form of ethical teaching. A still later school of Peripatetics revived in a certain degree the genuine Aristotelianism by commentary and interpretation. The most distinguished among these are Andronicus of Rhodes (circ. 70 B.C.), who arranged the Aristotelian writings; Boethus of Sidon; Nicolaus of Damascus; who taught in Rome in the time of Tiberias; Aspasius and Adrastus of Aphrodisias (about 120 A.D.), and still later (200 A.D.) the better known Alexander of Aphrodisias, of whose *Scholias* we have some choice portions, besides works on *De Anima*, *De Fato*, &c. He was followed by Porphyrius in the third century, and Simplicius in the sixth.

The fate of Aristotle's works after the death of his immediate successor will account for the meagre contributions of the Peripatetic schools; the gradual decay of Greek life from that time discouraged all philosophical development, so that Aristotle, who really did the most practical work, who arranged and summed up the whole speculations of Greek Philosophy, and left it in a concrete system, was really the last and greatest member of the true Greek school.

His followers, from want of his works and from the tendency of the times, degenerated from the Aristotelian doctrine and succumbed to the new influences

and wants arising around them. When Sulla rifled Athens of its treasures and carried off the writings of Aristotle to Rome, he drew the line under the long list of Greek philosophers, for during the Roman influence Aristotelian philosophy gradually degenerated, and became to a great extent lost to the world.

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Cornhill Magazine.

GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSES.

ON the seventeenth of August there will occur the most remarkable solar eclipse that has taken place within historic times, or that will take place for many hundreds of years. A black shadow upwards of 140 miles in diameter, surrounded by a penumbra 4,000 miles wide, will sweep from the eastern parts of Africa across the Arabian Sea, the Indian Peninsula, and the East Indian Archipelago—a distance of more than 8,000 miles. The Royal Society and the Astronomical Society have sent out expeditions, well supplied with telescopes, spectroscopes, polariscopes,—in fact, with all the appliances of modern astronomical science,—to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity for obtaining an answer to the interesting questions respecting solar physics which have been suggested by the phenomena of former eclipses. A particular interest is attached to the inquiry in consequence of the remarkable discoveries which have been made during the past few years by direct examination of the solar orb. The whirling motion of the solar spots; their strange periodicity; the singular association which exists between this periodicity and the periodicity of terrestrial magnetic variations; the suspected influence of the planets upon the solar atmosphere; these and many other singular discoveries await interpretation, and a strong impression prevails among astronomers that the solution of these problems will be hastened if the observations of the great eclipse should prove successful.

Among the total eclipses recorded during historic times, there are some which stand out among the rest on account either of their magnitude or of the historical interest associated with them. We propose to give a brief account of the more remarkable solar eclipses whose records have been preserved. Before do-

ing so, however, it may be well to point out the circumstances on which the magnitude of a solar eclipse depends; and to explain why it is that so few eclipses occur which deserve to be ranked among great total eclipses.

The average apparent dimensions of the sun exceed those of the moon. But both bodies vary in apparent magnitude—the moon more than the sun. Perhaps many of our readers will be surprised to learn that we receive fully one-fourth more light from some full moons than from others, owing to the variation of her apparent magnitude. Accordingly, when she is at her largest, and the sun at his smallest, she is able to hide him wholly from our view, and considerably to overlap his disc all round.

But there is another circumstance besides proximity to the earth which affects the moon's apparent dimensions. She appears to grow larger as she rises above the horizon. We are not referring, of course, to the appearance which she presents to the naked eye. Judged in this way she seems to grow smaller as she rises above the horizon. But when she is measured by any trustworthy instrument the reverse is found to be the case. The cause of the peculiarity is not far to seek. We see the moon, not from the centre of her orbit (that is, the earth's centre), but from a point on the earth's surface,—a point, therefore, which is four thousand miles nearer to the moon's orbit. Accordingly, if the moon were directly overhead (which never happens in our latitudes) her distance from us would be diminished by 4,000 miles, and she would look proportionately larger. The sun is not affected in this way, because four thousand miles is a mere nothing in comparison with the enormous distance at which the sun is removed from us. Accordingly, other things being equal, the higher the moon is at the time of a total eclipse, the greater is the eclipse.

In order, therefore, that an eclipse may be as great as possible, the sun should be as far as possible from the earth, which happens about the beginning of July; the moon should be as near as possible to the earth, which happens (roughly speaking) once in every lunar month; and the sun and moon should be almost immediately overhead,

which can only happen at midday in tropical countries. It will readily be conceived how seldom these conditions can be fulfilled (in combination with the other conditions which determine the occurrence of an eclipse at all). In fact it has never yet happened that any very close approach has been made to the simultaneous fulfilment of all the conditions.

But, in the coming eclipse two of the conditions will be almost exactly fulfilled, and the third pretty nearly so. The moon will be so near that her apparent diameter will only fall short of its greatest possible value by about one-thousandth part. At the time of largest eclipse (which happens when the black shadow is traversing the East Indian Archipelago) the eclipsed sun will be less than three degrees from the point immediately overhead; and, lastly, the sun's apparent diameter will be very much smaller than it is when he is at his mean distance from the earth.

We proceed to discuss a few of the most remarkable eclipses recorded by ancient historians.

It is rather singular that no eclipses are recorded in the Bible. There have been some astronomers who have imagined that the "going back of the shadow upon the dial of Ahaz" was caused by a partial eclipse of the sun. But this supposition seems too fanciful to be admitted, even if it were the case that a partial eclipse could have caused the retrogression of the shadow. We are told distinctly that the "going back of the shadow" was a miraculous, not a natural event; and even if this were not so, or if we might infer that it was the prophet's foreknowledge of an approaching eclipse which constituted the miracle, yet it may readily be shown that no partial or total eclipse could produce the effects described. Such an eclipse undoubtedly causes an irregularity in the motion of the shadow on a dial; the shadow at first moves more slowly, afterwards more quickly, than it would otherwise do, but it cannot possibly go back.

The first important eclipse whose records have reached us is that which occurred in the year 584 B.C. It took place, Herodotus relates, while the Medes and Lydians were engaged in battle. He thus describes the occurrence:—"The

war had continued between the two nations with balanced success for five years. In the sixth year of the war another battle took place; and after both sides had fought without advantage, and when the engagement was growing warm, the day was suddenly turned into night. This had been foretold to the Ionians by Thales the Milesian, who predicted the time of the year in which it would happen. The Lydians and Medes, seeing that day had given place to night, desisted from combat, and were equally anxious to make peace." Astronomers and historians had for a long time been in doubt respecting the date of this remarkable eclipse. The astronomical difficulty of the question is connected with an interesting peculiarity of lunar motion, into which we need not now enter. Until this peculiarity had been mastered, which has only happened quite recently, Baily's supposition that the eclipse must have occurred in the year 609 B.C., was accepted as the best solution of the difficulty. But the Astronomer Royal has now proved beyond a doubt that the eclipse took place on May 28, in the year 584 B.C., the very year assigned to the event by Cicero and Pliny.

Xenophon mentions a remarkable eclipse which led to the capture of Larissa by the Persians. During the retreat which was so ably conducted by Xenophon, the Greeks passed "a large deserted city called Larissa, formerly inhabited by the Medes. Its walls were twenty-five feet thick and 100 feet high; its circumference two parasangs; it was built of burnt brick, on a foundation of stone twenty feet high. When the Persians conquered the Medes, the Persian king besieged this city, but was unable to capture it till a cloud hid the sun wholly from view, when the inhabitants withdrew in great fear, and the city was captured." Xenophon mentions that the Greeks, after passing Larissa, reached another deserted city called Mespila. Layard has identified Larissa with the modern Nimroud, where there still exist the very ruins described by Xenophon; Mespila he identifies with the modern Mosul. Of course it is impossible to doubt that a total eclipse of the sun, and not the mere concealment of the sun under a cloud, was the cause of the city's capture. The Astronomer Royal has

shown that this interesting event occurred on May 19, 556 B.C.

Another eclipse has been examined by the Astronomer Royal, which had given great trouble to historians. This is the eclipse which took place when Xerxes was advancing with his army from Sardis to Abydos. Herodotus relates that just as the army was setting forth the sun suddenly disappeared from its place in the heavens, though there were no clouds, and the sky was perfectly clear; "thus," says he, "the day was turned into night." Mr. Airy, however, refers this description to the total eclipse of the moon, which took place on March 13, 478 B.C. No total eclipse of the sun appears to be reconcilable with the account of Herodotus, and therefore it seems reasonable to infer that there is an error of some sort in his narrative.

It is singular how often the occurrence of a total eclipse is connected with the military and naval undertakings of ancient nations. Most of our readers must remember the narrative of the total eclipse which seriously threatened the success of the expedition of the Athenians under Pericles against the Lacedæmonians. "The whole fleet was in readiness, and Pericles on board his own galley, when there happened an eclipse of the sun. The sudden darkness was looked upon as an unfavorable omen, and threw the sailors into the greatest consternation. Pericles, observing that the pilot was much astonished and perplexed, took his cloak, and having covered his eyes with it, asked him if he found anything terrible in that, or considered it as a bad presage? Upon his answering in the negative, Pericles said, 'Where is the difference, then, between this and the other, except that something bigger than my cloak causes the eclipse?'"

But perhaps the most interesting of all the problems with which ancient eclipses have supplied our modern astronomers, is that which is connected with what is termed the eclipse of Agathocles. After his defeat by the Carthaginians, Agathocles was besieged by them in Syracuse. But taking advantage of a relaxation in the vigilance of the blockading fleet, occasioned by the approach of a fleet which had been sent for his relief, he quitted Syracuse, and,

passing over into Africa, waged for four years a successful war against the Carthaginian forces. It is related by Diodorus Siculus that the voyage to Africa occupied six days, and that on the second day of the journey an eclipse occurred, during which the darkness was so great that stars became visible in all directions. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the eclipse was a total one. But it has been found difficult to reconcile this account with the calculated path of the moon's shadow during the only total eclipse which corresponds with the historical and chronological details of the event. Baily's calculation of the eclipse threw the shadow about 200 miles from the most southerly position which can possibly have been attained by Agathocles on the second day of his journey from Syracuse. The labors of the Astronomer Royal, founded on improved tables of the lunar motions, have been more successful; and he has shown that the northern limit of the zone of total shadow must have passed some seventy or eighty miles south of Syracuse—a distance which might readily have been traversed by Agathocles within the time named.

It is related by Philostratus in his *Life of Apollonius*, that a singular phenomenon preceded and announced the death of the Emperor Domitian. "A certain crown, resembling the Iris, surrounded the sun's disc and hid his light." We cannot doubt that reference is here made to a total eclipse of the sun, and calculation shows that such an eclipse occurred in the year ninety-five of our Lord.

We pass to the records of eclipses which have occurred more recently.

William of Malmesbury relates that the eclipse of August 2, 1133, presaged the death of Henry I. "The elements shewed their grief," he says, "at the passing away of this great king. For on that day the sun hid his resplendent face at the sixth hour, in fearful darkness, disturbing men's minds by his eclipse."

Seven years later another remarkable eclipse occurred which is thus referred to by the same writer:—"In the Lent the sun and the moon darkened about noontide, when men were eating; and they lighted candles to eat by. That

was the thirteenth day before the calends of April." (The worthy chronicler might as well have adhered to the more usual method of expressing the date.) "Men were very much struck with wonder." "The darkness became so great," he says elsewhere, "that men feared the ancient chaos was about to return, and on going out, they perceived several stars around the sun."

Amongst all the eclipses hitherto mentioned there is only one—viz. the eclipse of Thales—which is comparable with that of August 17. And among more recent eclipses there is only one other approaching it in magnitude. This eclipse, which occurred on June 17, 1433, was visible in Scotland, and was long remembered in that country as "the Black Hour." It occurred at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the records preserved respecting it relate that nothing was visible during the height of the totality. Professor Grant considers that "this last remark is a manifest exaggeration." Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the eclipse was one of unusual extent, for the mathematician Maclaurin found that "at the time of its occurrence the sun was only two degrees from perigee, the moon not more than thirteen degrees from apogee." But neither in this eclipse nor that of Thales did the totality last so long as it will during the approaching eclipse.

In 1598 another total eclipse occurred which was visible in the British Isles. The day of the eclipse was remembered for a long time afterwards as *Black Saturday*. In a similar way the day of the total eclipse of 1652 was named *Mirk Monday* by the people of Scotland, and although the eclipse has long since been forgotten, the expression is still used in many parts of that country.

It is singular that none of the eclipses we have recorded had led to any observations of any value to the physical inquirer. Modern eclipses, on the contrary, derive their chief interest from observations of this sort.

In the total eclipse of 1706, which was observed at Montpellier, and a variety of other places in Western and Central Europe, the bright stars Aldeboran and Capella, and the planets Venus, Mercury, and Saturn, were vis-

ible to the naked eye. "Bats flew about as they do at dusk. Fowls and pigeons flew hastily to their roosts. Cage-birds were silent, and hid their heads under their wings. Animals at labor in the fields stood still." Duillier relates that at Geneva the Council were compelled to close their deliberations, as they could see neither to read nor write. "In many places people fell prostrate on the ground, and prayed with earnestness, imagining that the Day of Judgment was come. From the tops of the Swiss mountains as many stars were seen as at the time of full moon. A peculiar color overspread the sky resembling neither the darkness of night nor the mixed colors of the twilight sky. Even those who were prepared for the spectacle were appalled by the solemn gloom which fell upon the face of nature."

Halley speaks in similar terms of the last total eclipse which was visible in London. It took place in the year 1715. "I forbear," says Halley, "to mention the chill and damp which attended the darkness of this eclipse, of which most spectators were sensible and equally judges. Nor shall I trouble you with the concern that appeared in all sorts of animals, birds, beasts, and fishes, upon the extinction of the sun, since ourselves could hardly behold it without some sense of horror."

The eclipse of May 2, 1733, is remarkable as being the first in which the singular appearances termed the "red prominences" were observed. "Four spots of a reddish color were seen near the limb of the moon, but not in immediate contact with it." The chief interest attending the observation of total eclipses is at present centred on these mysterious protuberances. It has been shown very clearly that they belong to the sun, but what they may be, or what tremendous processes going on within his atmosphere they may be held to indicate, remains as yet unknown. It is hoped that the long duration of the totality of the approaching eclipse, and the circumstance that it will be possible to observe the eclipse at several points along the shadow's track (which it will be remembered is upwards of 8,000 miles long) will enable astronomers to gain some knowledge respecting the red prominences. Yet more hopeful is the

fact that now, for the first time, the subtle analytical power of the most wonderful instrument of research yet invented—the spectroscope—will be applied to examine these strange solar excrescences.

We pass over several total eclipses to come to the first of those which have been made the object of scientific expeditions. The eclipse of July 8, 1842, which was visible in the north of Italy, and in parts of France, Germany, and Russia, aroused an intense interest among European astronomers. The leading observers of France, Italy, England, Germany, and Russia repaired to various suitable stations along the track of central eclipse. M. Arago went to Perpignan, M. Valz to Marseilles, M. Petit to Montpellier; M. Carlini went to Milan, MM. Santini and Conti to Padua; the Astronomer Royal went to Superga, Bailly to Pavia; M. Schumacher and Littrou awaited the eclipse at Vienna; and, lastly, the Russian observers, O. Struve and Schidlowski, went to Lipesk. All these observers were fortunate in obtaining excellent views of the phenomenon. We shall quote M. Arago's interesting description of the occurrence:—

"At Perpignan, persons who were seriously unwell alone remained within doors. As soon as day began to break, the population covered the terraces and battlements of the town, as well as all the little eminences in the neighborhood, in hopes of obtaining a view of the sun as he ascended above the horizon. At the citadel we had under our eyes, besides numerous groups of citizens established on the slopes, a body of soldiers about to be reviewed. The hour of the commencement or the eclipse drew nigh. More than twenty thousand persons, with smoked glasses in their hands, were examining the radiant globe projected upon an azure sky. Although armed with our powerful telescopes, we had hardly begun to discern the small notch on the western limb of the sun, when an immense exclamation, formed by the blending together of twenty thousand different voices, announced to us that we had anticipated, by only a few seconds, the observation made with the unaided eye by twenty thousand astronomers equipped for the occasion, whose first essay this was. A lively curiosity, a

spirit of emulation, the desire of not being outdone, had the privilege of giving to the natural vision an unusual power of penetration. During the interval that elapsed between this moment and the almost total disappearance of the sun, we remarked nothing worthy of relation in the countenances of so many spectators. But when the sun, reduced to a very narrow filament, began to throw upon the horizon only a very feeble light, a sort of uneasiness seized upon all; every person felt a desire to communicate his impressions to those around him. Hence arose a deep murmur, resembling that sent forth by the distant ocean after a tempest. The hum of voices increased in intensity as the solar crescent grew more slender; at length the crescent disappeared, darkness suddenly succeeded light, and an absolute silence marked this phase of the eclipse, with as great precision as did the pendulum of our astronomical clock. The phenomenon in its magnificence had triumphed over the petulance of youth, over the levity which certain persons assume as a sign of superiority, over the noisy indifference of which soldiers usually make profession. A profound stillness also reigned in the air; the birds had ceased to sing. After an interval of solemn expectation, which lasted about two minutes, transports of joy, shouts of enthusiastic applause, saluted with the same accord, the same spontaneous feeling, the first reappearance of the rays of the sun. To a condition of melancholy, produced by sentiments of an indefinable nature, there succeeded a lively and intelligible feeling of satisfaction, which no one sought to escape from or moderate the impulses of; to the majority of the public the phenomenon had arrived at its term. The other phases of the eclipse had few attentive spectators, beyond the persons specially devoted to astronomical pursuits."

M. Arago quotes also a beautiful anecdote in illustration of the peculiar influence produced by the total eclipse of the sun's light, and of the joy which springs unbidden to the heart at the return of his beams. A little girl was watching her flock when the sun began to be darkened. As it gradually lost its light she became more and more dis-

tressed, and when at length it disappeared altogether her terror was so great that she began to weep and to cry out for help. "Her tears were still flowing when the sun sent forth his first ray. Reassured by his light, the child signed herself with the cross, exclaiming, in the *patois* of the province, 'O, beou Souleou!' (oh, beau soleil!)"

Remarkable effects were produced on birds and animals by the sudden darkness. Bats and owls came out from their retreats; domestic fowl went to roost; and swallows were seized with so great a terror that in some places they were caught in the streets. A herd of cattle grazing in the field near Montpellier "formed themselves into a circle, their heads directed outwards, as if to resist an attack." Horses and oxen employed in the fields ceased from their labors when the sun was totally eclipsed, and lay down, neither whip nor spur availing to induce them to resume their work until the sun's light returned. On the other hand, M. Arago states that "the horses employed in the diligences continued to pursue their courses without seeming to be in the slightest degree affected by the phenomenon." During this eclipse, also, it was noticed that several plants closed their leaves.

The close accordance between the calculations of mathematicians and the observed circumstances of the eclipse excited great attention, and led scientific as well as unlearned men to contemplate with admiration the perfection and regularity of the movements of the celestial bodies. "All the accounts respecting this eclipse," says Signor Piola, "contain reflections on the perfection of that great machine of the universe, whose movements are so regular that the astronomer is enabled, long beforehand, to predict their effects with unfailing precision; and from contemplating the machine, it was natural to ascend to the Supreme Artificer. While this idea swells in the mind there is another which at the same time shrinks into insignificance,—that suggested by contemplating the position of man in the midst of creation. The magnificence of the scale upon which the phenomena of the eclipse, whether atmospheric or celestial, took place, was patent to every spectator. The extensive coloration of an unusual

hue that was visible; the rapid changes which occurred; above all, the obscurity which settled over nature like the funeral pall thrown over a dead body, and whose subsequent withdrawal in an instant operated like a resurrection;—all this produced on the mind a mixture of profound and indefinable impressions which it will be pleasing to hold long in remembrance.”

And here we may digress for a moment to remark how unworthy of the philosopher and student of nature is that spirit which leads men to look with less admiration on natural phenomena that have received their interpretation from the labors of scientific men. No mystery of nature has ever yet been unveiled without disclosing what is yet more mysterious. Copernicus revealed the secret of the solar system, to leave undetected the laws which harmonize the planetary motions. It was Kepler's boast that he had revealed these laws, but he left men to admire without understanding their perfection and harmony. Then Newton upraised the veil and disclosed to our admiration the noble law of gravitation which sways all systems through the universe. But we have more now to perplex us, more to reveal to us the insignificance of our powers, more to make us fall in reverence and adoration before the Supreme Architect, than had the simple Chaldean shepherds, who

Watched from the centres of their sleeping
flocks

Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move,
Carrying through æther, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the gods.

If our higher knowledge of the mysteries of nature should lead us to have less of reverence and love for the Author of those mysteries, it would have been better to have never gained that higher knowledge. Our words and works should be worthy of our new light. If men in the old times which we scoff at as the dark ages knew how to worship their Almighty Father with loving, childlike reverence, and if we in the pride of our imperfect knowledge find it less easy to do so, it is *we* who are in darkness. Tennyson supplies a necessary caution to this age of somewhat sceptical inquiry, in the noble words,—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music *as before*,
But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear—
Help thy ~~van~~ worlds to bear thy light.

Since the total eclipse of 1842 there have only occurred two which have attracted special notice among European astronomers. One is the eclipse of July 28, 1851, which was visible in Sweden; the other is the eclipse of July 18, 1860, which was visible in Spain, and led to the interesting “Himalaya expedition.”

The totality lasted nearly twice as long in the eclipse of 1851 as in that of 1842. The Astronomer Royal, who had witnessed the earlier eclipse, was one of a distinguished company which left England for Sweden to observe the eclipse of 1851. “I have no means of ascertaining,” he writes, “whether the darkness really was greater in the eclipse of 1842. I am inclined to think that in the wonderful, and I may say appalling, obscurity, I saw the grey granite hills, within sight of Hvalås, more distinctly than the darker country surrounding the Superga. But whether because, in 1851, the sky was much less clouded than in 1842 (so that the transition was from a more luminous state of sky to a darkness nearly equal in both cases), or from whatever cause, the suddenness of the darkness in 1851 appeared to be much more striking than in 1842. My friends who were on the upper rock, to which the path was very good, had great difficulty in descending. A candle had been lighted in a lantern about a quarter of an hour before the totality; and M. Hasselgren was unable to read the minutes of the chronometer's face without having the lantern held close to the chronometer.”

During this eclipse the red prominences were seen with remarkable distinctness. Airy at Gottenburg, Hind and Dawes at Røvelsburg, Lassell at the Trollhätten Falls, and other observers, took drawings of these remarkable appearances; and the agreement between the drawings is such as to leave no doubt of the care with which these observers examined and recorded what they saw. Round one part of the black limb of the moon there was seen a ser-

rated band of rose-pink light, in another place a pyramidal red mountain, in a third a curved streak of red light formed like a Turkish cimeter, and in a fourth a red detached cloud, which Airy and Lassell picture as nearly circular in form, while Hind and Dawes represent it as triangular. No doubt could exist that these objects belonged to the sun and not to the moon, since the moon was seen to traverse them; insomuch that on the side towards which she was moving their altitude diminished, while on the opposite side they grew larger until the appearance of the sun's disc in this neighborhood obliterated them through excess of light.

The observers were especially struck by the perfect distinctness with which these remarkable appearances were exhibited. "I had heard them described as but faint phenomena," says Lassell. "My surprise and astonishment may therefore be well imagined when the view presented itself to my eyes which I am about to describe. In the middle of the (telescopic) field was the body of the moon, rendered visible enough by the light of the corona attended by the apparent projections. These prominences were of the most brilliant lake color,—a splendid pink quite defined and hard. They appeared to me to be not quiescent; but the moon passing over them, and therefore exhibiting them in different phase, might convey an idea of motion. They were evidently to my senses belonging to the sun, and not at all to the moon; for, especially on the western side of the sun, I observed that the moon passed over them, revealing successive portions of them as it advanced. In conformity with this observation, also, I observed only the summit of *one* on the eastern side, though my friends, observing in adjoining rooms, had seen at least two; the time occupied by me in observing with the naked eye not having allowed me to repair again to the telescope until the moon had covered one and three-fourths of the other. . . . The first burst of light from the emergent sun was exactly in the place of the chief western flame, which it instantly extinguished."

When we consider the actual dimensions of these prominences we are enabled to form some conception of the im-

portance of the problem which they present to astronomers and physicists. The cimeter-shaped protuberance was estimated to extend fully one-twelfth part of the sun's diameter from his surface. His diameter is known to be eight hundred and fifty thousand miles, so that the height of this singular object was fully seventy thousand miles, or nearly three times the circumference of our globe. Consider, again, the long serrated ridge extending around nearly a quarter of the sun's circumference. This ridge was about twenty-five thousand miles high. Now many of our readers have doubtless seen the ranges of the Alps as they appear when seen from some distant point in clear weather, and they know how imposing is the aspect of these gigantic land masses. Yet the highest peaks of the Alps are little more than fifteen thousand *feet* above the sea-level. Imagine, then, the magnificence of mountain ranges twenty-five thousand miles above the mean level of the sun's surface. And then note that the masses which present this ridge-like aspect were not really ridges. We doubtless see the side-view of a portion of immense tracts rising in wave-like masses over the solar globe. Consider also that all these masses must subsist at an inconceivably high temperature—a temperature at which nearly every substance known upon our earth would be not merely liquefied but vaporized.

But if these considerations are startling, what shall we say of the globe of ruddy matter suspended high above the solar surface? This globe had a diameter at least double that of our own earth, and therefore exceeded our earth eight times in volume. And, again, it hung suspended at a height of fully twenty thousand miles from the surface of the sun. What sort of an atmosphere must that be in which globes of this sort float as buoyantly as the clouds which fleck our summer skies? and how intensely active must all the processes be which are at work in the solar atmosphere when volumes so immense are maintained at the intense heat which the color and buoyancy of the prominences, as well as their proximity to the sun, prove them to possess!

During the eclipse of 1860, the red prominences again attracted a great deal

of attention among astronomers. It will be remembered that many leading English astronomers, amongst whom the Astronomer Royal again figured, took part in the celebrated Himalaya expedition. MM. Leverrier and Goldschmidt of Paris, the Padre Secchi of Rome, and a host of astronomical celebrities, took part in observing the various phenomena, astronomical, physical, and meteorological, which attended the totality of this important eclipse.

It is interesting, in the first place, to compare Mr. Airy's impressions as to the general effect of the totality with those which he formed during the two former eclipses. It is not often that the same observer—and that observer so skilful and eminent—has the opportunity of contrasting together three total eclipses of the sun. In fact, we doubt very much whether any similar case is on record. Hence, a peculiar value attaches to Mr. Airy's remarks. "On the progress of the eclipse," he says, "I have nothing to remark, except that I thought the singular darkening of the landscape, whose character is peculiar to an eclipse, to be sadder than usual. The cause of this peculiar character, I conceive to be the diminution of light in the higher strata of the air. When the sun is heavily clouded, still the upper atmosphere is brilliantly illuminated, and the diffused light which comes from it is agreeable to the eye. But when the sun is partially eclipsed, the illumination of the atmosphere for many miles round is also diminished, and the eye is oppressed by the absence of the light which usually comes from it. . . . I had a wax-candle lighted in a lantern, as I have had at preceding total eclipses. Correcting the appreciations of my eye by reference to this, I found that the darkness of the approaching totality was much less striking than in the eclipses of 1842 and 1851. In my anxiety to lose nothing at the telescope, I did not see the approach of the dark shadow through the air; but, from what I afterwards saw of its retreat, I am sure it must have been very awful." "About the middle of the totality I ceased my measures for awhile, in order to view the prospect with the naked eye. The general light appeared to me much greater than in the eclipses of 1842 and 1851 (one

cloudy, the other hazy)—perhaps ten times as great; I believe I could have read a chronometer at the distance of twelve inches; nevertheless, it was not easy to walk where the ground was in the least uneven, and much attention to the footing was necessary. The outlines of the mountains were clear, but all distances were totally lost; they were, in fact, in an undivided mass of black to within a small distance of the spectator. Above these, to the height perhaps of six or eight degrees, and especially remarkable on the north side, was a brilliant yellow, or orange, sky without any trace of the lovely blush which I saw in 1851. Higher still the sky was moderately dark, but not so dark as in former eclipses."

Mr. Airy noted a remarkable circumstance in connection with the red prominences. They were not of the same color as in 1842 and 1851. The *quality* of the color was exactly the same—"full-blush red (or nearly lake)—but it was diluted with white" (an evidence of higher temperature), "and more diluted at the roots of the prominences close to the moon's limb than in the most elevated points."

It is important that we should here remark in passing that the red prominences do not necessarily or probably spring from the sun's surface, as a mountain from the surface of the earth. Masses suspended in the solar atmosphere would *appear* as prominences resembling mountains, unless they happened to be of comparatively moderate extent, and were seen in such a position that the space between them and the sun's surface became perceptible. Those serrated ridges, therefore, that we see may belong to the upper surfaces of masses suspended high above the true surface of the sun. And since there have been cases in which the red matter has been *seen* to be suspended at a great distance from the sun, it seems not improbable that all the so-called prominences are similarly circumstanced.

Before proceeding, however, to inquire a little into the probable constitution of these marvellous objects, it will be well to give a brief description of what was seen by Continental observers during the last great eclipse. Leverrier says that the first object which he saw in the tele-

scopic field of view when totality had commenced, was "an isolated cloud, entirely separated from the moon's limb by a space equal to its own size." He adds, that the color of the cloud was a fine rose, tinged with violet, and almost white in some parts through exceeding brilliancy. Near this cloud were two others, one above the other, the upper being the smaller; these were very unequally illuminated. Elsewhere he saw two elevated prominences close to each other, and in another part a protuberance resembling a tooth. Returning to the point where he had seen two clouds, he found them unaltered in figure. He now directed his attention to the part of the moon's limb behind which the sun was about to appear. Here he saw a long ridge of reddish purple color, having a serrated outline.

M. Goldschmidt describes the appearances of one of the rose-colored prominences in the following terms:—"The most imposing, as well as complicated of the prominences, which I will call the *chandelier*, was grand beyond description. It rose up from the limb, appearing like slender tongues of fire, and of a rose color, its edges purple and transparent, allowing the interior of the prominence to be seen; in fact, I could see distinctly that the protuberance was hollow. Shortly before the end of the totality I saw escape from the rose-colored and transparent sheaves of light a slight display in the shape of a fan, which gave to the protuberance a real resemblance to a chandelier. Its base, which at the commencement of the totality was noticed to be very decidedly on the black limb of the moon, became slightly less attached, and the whole took an appearance more ethereal or vaporish." M. Goldschmidt observed that the small jets of light disappeared as soon as the sun's rays became visible, but the prominence itself remained distinctly visible nearly five minutes after the re-appearance of the sun. The rest of M. Goldschmidt's account corresponds closely with what is described by other observers. We may remark that his opinion respecting the hollowness of his "chandelier-prominence" seems founded on very insufficient evidence. The transparency of the outer parts of the prominence is a proof rather that the central

parts were denser than that the prominence was hollow. But all that M. Goldschmidt says that he *observed* may be accepted with the fullest confidence, though no other observer has described similar appearances; for there has seldom lived so acute and skilful an observer as this astronomer. He was well known to fame as the discoverer of no less than thirteen asteroids, and numbers of nebulae and variable stars.

The Padre Secchi, of the Collegio Romano, remarks of one protuberance, that the point was "rather slender and curved, resembling a flame somewhat agitated." He remarked that as the moon passed across the solar disc so many luminous points appeared on the following edge of the black disc that he was embarrassed which to choose for observation and measurement. The prominences increased in size as the moon glided forwards, and he "saw, with surprise, an almost continuous arc of purple light instantaneously formed, composed of small protuberances, in that part of the lunar disc where the reappearance of the sun was expected." He remarks that his observations have convinced him "that the protuberances are connected with the sun, and that it is absurd to assert the contrary."

It appears to us that very little doubt can exist as to the *general* character of the red prominences, though we are very far from asserting that their exact constitution can be readily determined.

In the first place, it is tolerably clear that they are not fixed in position. No motion has, indeed, been observed in them during the short time that they have continued visible in total eclipses. But we know that the whole of the sun's surface is in a state of continual agitation. The spots break out, vary in form, expand, contract, expand again, whirl around their nuclei, are suddenly spanned by sharply defined bridges of light, and after many such changes vanish altogether. All this while the region around the spots shows obvious traces of a continual flux and reflux of matter. Then, again, there are the periodic variations in the frequency of spots, and of the faculae and maculae which accompany them. And although there are only two bands on the sun's surface (corresponding in position to the temperate

zones upon the earth's surface) on which these changes take place, yet we have distinct evidence that the great eleven-year period affects the whole surface of the sun. For at the time when spots are least frequent the sun's disc presents—sometimes for several months—an appearance never observed at any other time. Instead of appearing darker round the edge of the disc it is seen perfectly uniform in tint over its whole surface. This variability in the appearance of the sun's surface is inconsistent with the existence of masses of matter, fixed in position (or even permanent in character, but unfixed in position) over extensive solar regions.

We have also seen the probability that exists that the red prominences are detached from the sun's surface.

We know, thirdly, that they must exist at an inconceivably high temperature.

Lastly, the spectroscope has proved that the sun's light reaches us after passing through an extensive solar atmosphere, consisting of the vapors of many of our best known metals. The vapor of iron, for instance, forms a part of the sun's atmosphere—much in the same way as aqueous vapor appears as a constituent of our own air.

It seems to us reasonable to conclude from these considerations that the objects called the red prominences are, in reality, *solar clouds*; only instead of consisting, as our terrestrial clouds do, of visible aqueous vapor (that is, of minute globules of water), they consist of the visible vapors of the various metals which exist in the solar atmosphere. In other words, they are clouds formed by the condensation of the metallic vapors into liquid globules.

Leverrier was led by his observation of the eclipse of 1860 to associate the solar spots with the red prominences in a manner closely according with the view we have here put forward. "Observation proves," he says "that the rose-colored matter is accumulated occasionally on certain points in quantities more considerable than in others, and as the light of the corresponding part of the sun may possibly be found more or less extinguished, we arrive at a natural explanation of the spots on the sun's surface. These spots will exhibit the most

varied forms and appearances, subject to the most rapid changes, in a similar manner to what has been already observed, provided they are produced by *clouds*. They will change their position on the surface of the sun like clouds on the surface of the earth."

We trust that the great eclipse which is approaching will not pass without adding largely to our knowledge of solar physics. Everything seems favorable—the regularity of the Indian climate; the long range of inhabited country traversed by the shadow; the careful preparation which has been made for spectroscopic observation, and for taking photographic views of the phenomena presented during the totality. All these circumstances, and the exceptional character of the eclipse itself, combine to afford promise of interesting and important discoveries.

Since the above was written we have heard of several other expeditions which have been sent out to view this important eclipse. The Russian Government has sent an expedition to Aden, almost the nearest point at which the eclipse will be visible as a total one. The French Government sends out M. Janssen, the eminent observer, at the head of a well-appointed expedition. The Pope sends out Father Secchi. Mr. Pogson, the superintendent of the Government observatory at Madras, will also take part in the work of observing the eclipse. He has been supplied by Mr. Huggins, the eminent spectroscopist, with instruments for analyzing the light from the corona and the colored prominences. Certainly the eclipse will be well watched—unless the weather should unfortunately prove unfavorable. Nor will observers at home be altogether idle. The careful survey of the sun's disc for several days before and after the great eclipse will doubtless be carefully attended to by the eminent students of solar physics who have charge of the Kew Observatory. Thus it will be possible to determine what spots, if any, were on or near the boundary of the disc at the moment of totality; and the suspected association between the spots and the colored prominences will be put to a satisfactory test.

The Eclectic Review.

I.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

In the closing years of the 18th and the opening years of the 19th centuries, there were living in England as brilliant a group of men as ever enriched the annals of our national literature, and captivated the hearts and minds of men by the exquisite play of their fancy and the effulgence of their genius. A new spring-time for literature had commenced; poetry arose, pulsating with new life, from the grave into which it had descended bound hand and foot by the swathing bands of arbitrary laws of French composition, servile French imitation, and taste. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and others went back to the perennial source of inspiration, and drew from the fountains of nature herself those matchless and exhaustless stores of beauty, in which the imaginations of myriads of individuals have revelled with delight: indeed, that was a wonderful age—old things were passing away, a new era appeared to be dawning on the human race. The spirit of liberty after which all nations were sighing, had arisen first upon the distant shores of America, and afterwards alighted among the perishing and oppressed people of France, touching their hearts as with a live coal from off the altar, and hurrying into a violent and bloody grave a despotism hoary with the antiquity of ages. Men awoke to new destinies and to new powers, nations and peoples were quickened into new life, philosophers dreamed of universal brotherhood and peace, poets sang songs in honor of liberty, and Christians on bended knee and with uplifted hands thanked God that He had at length laid bare his right arm, and was warring on behalf of those whose cries of suffering and anguish had assailed the gates of heaven apparently for so many centuries in vain.

Just after the American revolution, and while the groans of oppression and the muttered threats of vengeance were piling black clouds on the political horizon of France, and the new era in literature was commencing for England, Thomas de Quincey, more familiarly known as the "English Opium-eater," was born at Greenhayes, near Mauches-

ter, in the year 1785; a singularly puny, delicate, and extremely sensitive child, who in after years became one of the most eccentric and peculiar men of genius of the age, and who carried into the nineteenth century all the habits and manners characteristic of the lives of literary men of preceding ages. The father of De Quincey was an opulent foreign merchant, the victim of pulmonary disease, from which cause he was unable to remain in England, but resided principally in Portugal and the West Indies, making only occasional visits to his native land, when he frequented the watering places on the south coast of Devonshire, so that he but seldom saw his children. The mother of De Quincey, however, was well able to make up to her children the absence of paternal care; she was a lady extremely well educated, and of sincere piety; loving her children with deep affection, she labored diligently to promote their welfare in every respect, so that the childhood of De Quincey was surrounded by all good influences. He came into the world, as he tells us, on that particular round of the social ladder in which his family position was neither too high nor too low, neither too rich nor too poor; but "high enough to see models of good manners, of self-respect, and simple dignity, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes;" a singularly small child, as we have said, with a large brain, and an acute nervous system not sufficiently well clothed with flesh, but exposing its possessor to those ills and miseries of boyhood which formed so strong a feature in the early years of the poet Cowper, and which a stronger and more robust physical nature would have exempted him from. In his infancy, the subject of our paper suffered from a severe attack of ague, extending over two entire years; this, however, subjected him more particularly to feminine care, so that the wants of his earlier years were ministered to by the tender assiduities of female love; and as is usually the case in almost every instance, the love of woman deepens in proportion as the object of that love—be it child or man—exact most from her sympathy and depends most upon her care: therefore, Thomas gained a large share of affection, and became the beloved of all

the feminine members of his mother's household, and was regarded by them as the pet of the family, and as one of the sanctities of home. When in after years he reverted to the blessings which accompanied his footsteps during the period of childhood, among others, "he would single out as worthy of special commemoration that he lived in a rustic solitude; that this solitude was in England; that his infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, and not by horrid pugilistic brothers; and finally, that he and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church." Life encompassed by such influences appeared to be the one peculiarly adapted for the development of his singular mental idiosyncrasies and the intensifying of his exquisite sensibilities; yet he was soon to learn that, however delightful he found such an existence as the one he passed at Greenhayes, there was no seclusion rendered inviolable to the inroad of sorrow, and no face, however beautiful or however much beloved, that could not be chilled into frigidness by the icy hand of the king of terrors. In that marvellous piece of impassioned prose, which ought to be familiar to all lovers of English literature, the first chapter of his *Autobiographic Sketches*, he communicates to us his first affliction, an affliction that apparently remained an abiding grief through life, the death of his "gentlest of sisters," the superb development of whose head was the astonishment of science. The burden of his sighs and tears for the loss of this dear companion of his solitary rambles, and the playmate of his more genial hours, appeared to resolve itself into a noiseless voice that continually chanted in the innermost recesses of his heart, "*Life is finished! now is the blossoming of life withered forever.*" In the overwhelming grief he experienced for the loss of this sister, whom he loved with the fervor and depth of passion only capable of a nature as intense as his own, we have the first indication of that wonderful power of dream vision which De Quincey possessed above all other men, and which in after years enabled him, by the use of opium, to raise up at will a phantom world of his own, in which he could luxuriate at pleasure. The day after his

beloved sister's death he resolved to see her once more before she was hid away from all eyes forever in the sanctity of the grave; at the hour of mid-day, when a comparative silence reigned throughout the house, he stole silently and secretly up to the chamber where the body lay, and softly entering the room he closed the door and found himself alone with the dead; at that moment he caught a glimpse from the open window of the scenery outside, and his impressionable nature was immediately struck with the forcible contrast which existed between the glory and the pomp of nature, redolent with life and beauty, and the little body from which all life had fled, lying so still upon its bed, with its serene and noble brow, its angel face, its eyelids frosted by the hand of death, the marble lips, and the "stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish." Then it was that a "vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever, and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us, and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them. Shadowy meanings even yet continue to exorcise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me." For a long time, he knew not how long, he continued wrapped in this trance vision, and when he at length awoke he found himself still standing by his sister's bed; when, fancying he heard a foot-fall upon the stair, he hurriedly kissed the lips he should kiss no more for ever, and like a guilty thing he stole with stealthy steps from the room. Twice again did this affliction of his childhood come back to him in the mystery of dreams, and in the silent visions of the night; first, after an interval of twelve years, and again after an elapse of fifty years. It was while in the glory of youth, and a student at Oxford, when he had already commenced tampering with opium, that he tells us—

Once again, after twelve years' interval, the nursery of my childhood expanded before me: my sister was moaning in bed; and I was beginning to be restless with fears not intelligible to myself. Once again the elder nurse, but now dilated to colossal proportions, stood as upon some Grecian stage with her uplifted hands, and, like the superb Medea towering amongst her children in the nursery at Coriuth, smote me senseless to the ground. Again I am in the chamber with my sister's corpse; again the pomps of life rise up in silence, the glory of summer, the Syrian sunlights, the frost of death. Dream forms itself mysteriously within dream; within these Oxford dreams remoulds itself continually the trance in my sister's chamber—the blue heavens, the everlasting vault, the soaring billows, the throne steeped in the thought (but not the sight) of "who might sit thereon;" the flight, the pursuit, the irrecoverable steps of my return to earth. Once more the funeral procession gathers; the priest in his white surplice stands waiting with a book by the side of an open grave; the sacristan is waiting with his shovel; the coffin has sunk; the dust to dust has descended. Again I was in the church on a heavenly Sunday morning. The golden sunlight of God slept amongst the heads of his apostles, His martyrs, His saints; the fragment from the litany, the fragment from the clouds, awoke again the lawn beds that went up to scale the heavens—awoke again the shadowy arms that moved downward to meet them. Once again arose the swell of the anthem, the burst of the Hallelujah chorus, the storm, the trampling movement of the choral passion, the agitation of my own trembling sympathy, the tumult of the choir, the wrath of the organ. Once more I, that wallowed in the dust, became he that rose up to the clouds. And now all was bound up in unity; the first state and the last were melted into each other as in some sunny, glorifying haze; for high in heaven hovered a gleaming host of faces, veiled with wings, around the pillows of the dying children. And such beings sympathize equally with sorrow that grovels and with sorrow that soars. Such beings pity alike the children that are languishing in death, and the children that live only to languish in tears.

The profound grief, almost too deep for tears, which had taken up its abode in his heart for the beloved dead, assumed the character of a morbid yearning too intense after one irrecoverable face, and doubtless would in time have hurried him into a premature grave, had he not been awakened, somewhat harshly, from his sickly reveries, by the arrival home of his elder brother; but ere that event opened to him a new phase of life, the stranger father, whose

face he had so seldom seen, deriving no benefit from warmer climates, and finding that his days were soon to end, came back to England, that the remaining few might be spent amongst the wife and children from whom he had been so long and so frequently separated. The night on which he was expected home the children all assembled on the lawn before the house; it was a summer evening of unusual solemnity. The ordinary hour for retiring to bed had long passed; but, too excited and expectant to sleep, they waited, listening hour after hour for the sounds of the carriage wheels and the trampling of the horses' feet; but the wind carried upon its wings no such indications of approach, and at length they determined to move out of the grounds on the chance of meeting the travelling party on the road by which it was expected to arrive; to their surprise they met it almost immediately, without any warning sound of approach. The first notice they received of its near proximity was the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the deep gloom of the shady lane, the mass of white pillows against which the dying patient was reclining, and the solemn hearse-like pace with which the carriage moved; all this, however, made an ineffaceable impression upon the imagination of young Thomas, which was deepened by his becoming a constant visitor to his father's sick-room (his repose of manner having a soothing influence upon the invalid), and being a witness of his closing hours.

The elder brother of De Quincey was an extraordinary boy, who tyrannized over the younger, from the mere force of character. He had a genius for mischief amounting almost to inspiration; "it was a divine *afflatus* which drove him in that direction; and such was his capacity for riding in whirlwinds and directing storms, that he made it his trade to create them, in order that he might direct them." A strong contrast was this active, mischief-loving, bold, clever, and confident boy to Thomas, whom he accordingly thoroughly despised. His martial spirit prompted him to the performance of deeds too daring for the meeker and pacific nature of the younger, from whom he nevertheless exacted the most implicit obedience, based on the assumption that he him

self was commander-in-chief, therefore Thomas owed him military allegiance, and that, as cadet of his house, he owed him suit and service as its head; and having declared war against the "hands" of a Manchester cotton mill—one of whose number had insulted them by calling them "Bucks" as they passed along Oxford Road home from school—he made him major-general, and for two entire years, and twice every day in the week, did fearful battle rage between the belligerents with showers of stones and sticks, during which period of strife Thomas frequently received unmerited taunts from his brother, and was thrice a prisoner in the enemies' hands. This brother was a sincere hater of all books, except those which he himself wrote, which were not only numerous, but likewise upon every subject under the sun; but the one which proved to be the most popular was entitled, "How to Raise a Ghost; and when you've got him, how to keep him down." A most wonderful boy this, who gave lectures on physics to an audience in the nursery, attempted to walk like a fly upon the ceiling, and made himself a pair of wings with which to fly. "It is well," remarks De Quincey, "that my brother's path in life diverged from mine, else I should infallibly have broken my neck in confronting perils which brought neither honor nor profit." Yet the account of his life passed with his brother, their fights with the factory hands, and the wonderful achievements at home which used to astonish the inmates of the house, is as choice a piece of writing as any among his various works; a lively and playful ripple of humor pervades the surface of the whole, beneath which we obtain glimpses and indications of the vast and apparently inexhaustible stores of knowledge of men, and things, and books, lying ready for the owner's use. Meantime De Quincey was laying the foundations of that wonderful accuracy in the Latin and Greek tongues, for which he afterwards became so famous, and acquiring varied and extensive information by reading any book—no matter what the subject, which came in his way. After his brother left home, to take up his abode with a London artist, Thomas had a round of various grammar-school training; first, at Bath, where he introduced himself to

Sir Sydney Smith after his escape from a French prison; then at Winkfield, and finally at Manchester; but before becoming a pupil at the Manchester Grammar-school, he had visited Lord Westport at Eton, had chatted with the king in the gardens at Frogmore, and made a lengthened stay at the home of Lord Westport, in Ireland, in which country he witnessed the signing of the bill for the Parliamentary Union of England and Ireland. It was while in Ireland that he suddenly budded out into premature manhood. He had mentally attained a large degree of dignity and grandeur by habitually indulging in profound intellectual speculations, and now the brief vision of a lovely and accomplished lady—as if by a sudden lightning flash of revelation—there was revealed to his own startled consciousness "the pure and powerful ideal of womanhood and womanly excellence," and the important part which women play in the destinies of mankind; henceforth he put away for ever all boyish thoughtlessness and frivolity, making a vast stride in his moral development. Fresh from this new experience, on his return to England, he spent many hours every day in the delightful employment of studying Greek with a most lovely companion, Lady Carbery, and it was while in the midst of this most agreeable occupation that his guardians resolved that he should spend the next three years as resident pupil at a Manchester grammar-school, that he might obtain an exhibition of about forty guineas a year, and by that means make up an income of 200*l.* a year for a five years' residence at Oxford. De Quincey recoiled from again associating with school-boys, and it was with great reluctance and many misgivings of heart that he entered once more upon his old mode of life, and it was only his strong idea of the duty he owed to his mother and his guardians, which made him submit to what he felt was a degradation. The celestial vision of the young lady on the steamboat, for whom he cherished such unbounded admiration and fervent passion, continually recurred to his imagination, and of all places in the world a school-room appeared to him the most unsuited for containing a person who indulged in such visions. Notwithstanding all his misery he got

through the first year, and won golden opinions at the public examinations of the school; in the second year, however, he came to the conclusion that his life was no longer supportable passed in the drudgery of school routine, and he finally determined to leave, without the sanction or knowledge of either mother or guardians; so, one fine morning, he bid farewell to his school, and with but few guineas in his purse he started on what eventually proved to be a most disastrous pilgrimage. He first made his way to his mother's house in Chester, that he might obtain an interview with his sister, and from thence he wandered into North Wales with very small means for subsistence. Sometimes he slept in first-class hotels, sometimes on the hill-side, with nothing but the heavens to shelter him, fearing lest, "whilst my sleeping face was upturned to the stars, some one of the many little Brahminical-looking cows on the Cambrian hills, one or other, might poach her foot into the centre of my face;" sometimes he dined for the small sum of sixpence; sometimes he wanted a dinner, and was compelled to relieve the cravings of his hunger by plucking and eating the berries from off the hedges, and sometimes he earned a meal and a night's lodging by writing letters for cottagers and for sweethearts. In time he grew dissatisfied with his weary and aimless wanderings in Wales, and bent his steps towards the great metropolis; there commenced that wonderful and painful episode in his history, his London Life, which he has recorded so vividly in his "Confessions." Strangest and most thrilling of all written experience, where shall we find its equal? Where, in the universal range of biographic or autobiographic literature do we read such intense and self-inflicted suffering? He shrank from appealing to friends who would have been only too willing to relieve him; he chose rather to suffer alone and in silence that bitterness of misery only felt and experienced by those who, like himself, wander, friendless and hunger-stricken, the never-ending streets of London, with all their pomp of wealth and majesty of life; for months he paced up and down those streets, a prey to the gnawings of hunger in all its horror, and seeking by continual motion allevia-

tion from the piercing cold. Of all the miseries he was called upon to endure, cold seems to have been the worst; he tells us there is no more killing curse existing for any creature, than the bitter battling between the weariness that prompts sleep, and the keen, searching cold that forces you to wake and seek warmth in weary, weary exercise. However, he at length found an asylum, which he thought far more preferable than a stone door-step for a night's lodging—a shelter without either bed or blanket was not to be despised in his deplorable condition; he was allowed to sleep in a large empty house, whose tenants were principally rats. There at night he lay down with a dusty bundle of law papers for a pillow, and for a companion he had a poor forsaken girl, who nestled close to him for warmth and protection against the ghosts which, to her infant imagination, peopled the hours of darkness. What heart has not been touched by the story of "Poor Ann"? Her wrongs and sorrows have doubtless caused many prayers to be breathed for others, who, like herself, have been the victims of the dishonor and sinfulness of man. Her history reads like a single chord of the

Still sad music of humanity,

which is ever ascending to the footstool of Divine majesty, and by its very anguish clamorously appealing for justice and redress. How beautifully De Quincey has interwoven into his narrative her sublime act of self-abnegation in rescuing himself from the very gates of death, by expending for stimulants the contents of her scanty purse, which she required to procure the bare necessities of life for herself. With a kiss of brotherly affection he parted from her in the hope of speedily meeting again, but this hope was never realized; when he again returned to London, he lost all trace of "Poor Ann," and in all his subsequent visits, although he peered into myriads of faces in the expectation of again beholding the well-known features, his efforts were in vain, and he was compelled to relinquish his search. Years after, he would pace Oxford Street, the "stony-hearted stepmother," and listen again to the tunes, the hearing of which used to solace himself and his youthful companion in their dreary wanderings,

and would muse with tears over the mysterious dispensation which separated them for ever, and thinking of her with grief of heart and perfect love he would exclaim, "How often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment, even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or, if it were possible, even into the darkness of a grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!"

In some way, but how we are not informed, De Quincey became reconciled to his guardians, and returned to his mother's house, after which he speedily entered the Oxford University as a student. We possess no account as to the method of life he pursued at Oxford, but it was while a student that he first commenced to indulge in opium; and what a mighty revelation the dark but subtle drug revealed to his spiritual eyes! like a fairy with her magic wand it procured him immortal and exalted pleasures, it penetrated to the innermost recesses and cavities of his brain, opening up a whole wonderland of visionary delight, and exempting its devotee from all the "ills that flesh is heir to." Sorrow, heart-ache, and brain-ache could be banished at will, and "happiness might be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket." De Quincey becomes eloquent in dilating upon the pleasures of opium, and yet with keen analysis he distinguishes between the intoxication resulting from alcohol and that produced by his darling drug: how the former embroiles both body and spirit, rousing to maddening activity the animal passions; while the latter holds in check the baser human faculties, frees the moral affections and the majestic intellect from their contagion, so that they reign supreme in an ethereal state of "cloudless serenity," then passes before the cleansed eyes of the spirit a never-ending succession of magnificent imagery, the gorgeous coloring of sky and cloud, the pomp of woods and forests, the majesty of bound-

less oceans, and the grandeur of imperial and regal cities, while to the ears of the spirit, cleansed also from their mortal infirmities, is borne the sublime anthems of the winds and the waves, and strains of music as of celestial origin proceeding from the harps of the blessed inhabitants of heaven. But, in course of time, this omnipotent power of creating visions to pass before the eyes of the spirit becomes to the confirmed opium-eater its own avenging Nemesis; and the dreams which in their earlier stages were an unmixed delight and an ever-recurring pleasure, in their more advanced inflict torments more than Promethean in their character and power. This was realized to the full in De Quincey's experience; for three years he had to bid "farewell, a long farewell, to happiness, winter or summer; farewell to smiles and laughter; farewell to peace of mind, to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep." He drank to the dregs that cup of horrors presented to his lips by the awful and shadowy phantoms which thronged his tumultuous visions of the night, and made his sleep insufferable by the insupportable anguish and terror they engendered, till he would awake crying, "I will sleep no more."

After leaving the university, De Quincey took up his residence at the English Lakes, taking possession of Wordsworth's cottage in Grasmere. The quiet seclusion of this beautiful district always appears to have had a peculiar charm for him; it was here he longed to find rest when, years prior to his actual residence, he paced up and down Oxford Street, and here it was he passed some of the happiest and most tranquil years of his existence; it was here he made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and established a life-long friendship with Professor Wilson; and it was here he married in the year 1816. It was in 1809 that he first introduced himself to the Lake poets; twice before he had made two several journeys with the avowed intention of seeking an introduction to Wordsworth, whose genius he was one of the first to discover and appreciate; but when within sight of the house where he resided, his extreme sensitiveness of organization, combined with his profound reverence for the

poet's genius, made him so fearful of intruding upon his privacy, that he turned back without accomplishing his object. His descriptions of the poets are both lively and graphic; he enters into the minutest details of their personal appearance, mode of life, and various households, and it is from his pen that we possess the most truthful account of these celebrated men. His admiration of Coleridge's vast intellectual powers was great and genuine; and hearing that he was laboring under some pecuniary difficulties, he made him the munificent present of £500. There appears to have been a mutual attraction to each other, on the part of De Quincey and Professor Wilson; De Quincey not only admired the abundance of animal vigor and wealth of life which Wilson's personal appearance invariably conveyed, but he was no less struck by his intellectual activity; while Professor Wilson, on his part, was charmed and fascinated by the graces of nature and the extraordinary mental power exhibited by De Quincey. Many were the pleasant days spent by these friends together, in joyous and delightful excursions among the hills and lovely valleys of the lake country; and many besides were the solitary rambles De Quincey himself indulged in, sometimes through the brief hours of the summer night, when he seemed in solitary possession of the whole sleeping country; while at other times, throughout the silent hours, the light of his lamp might have been seen shining from the window of his cottage at Grasmere. On these occasions, the finely expressive term he applies to Coleridge in similar situations might aptly be used to designate himself; viz., an "insulated son of reverie." We have said that his various residences in the lake district appear to have been the happiest of his existence, and throughout many of his works we gain indications illustrative of the truthfulness of the statement: in his "Confessions," he gives us a description how every evening was spent, "during the intercalary year, when laudanum, though taken daily, was to be no more than the elixir of pleasure." Sketching his cottage and its surroundings among the Westmoreland hills, and the time as winter, he continues—

Candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs

ten, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging without,

As heaven and earth they would together melt;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.

And at the doors and windows seem to call.

* * * * *

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven feet and a half high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room; but, being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books; and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the teatray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's-self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's and her smiles like Hebe's; but no, dear M—I not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*; you may paint it if you choose; but I apprise you that no "little" receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No; you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a sublimary wine-decanter as possible. In fact, one day, by a series of happily conceived experiments, I discovered that it was a decanter. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum; that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood. . .

And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood

about 1816-17, up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavored to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening, rain driving vindictively and with malice aforethought against the windows, and darkness such that you cannot see your own hand when held up against the sky.

De Quincey continued to reside at Grasmere, with the exception of occasional visits to London, till the year 1827, when he quitted it to live for two years at Edinburgh; after which, he again took up his abode among the Westmoreland hills, in a "rich farmhouse, flowing with milk and honey, with mighty barns and spacious pastures," in the vicinity of his former cottage at Grasmere. It was to this retreat that, in 1829, he invited his friend Charles Knight and his family to pay him a visit, conveying his invitation in a letter written in one of his most happy veins. After describing his new abode, he continues, "And now, my friend, think what a glorious *El Dorado* of milk, and butter, and cream cheeses, and all other dairy products, supposing that you like those things, I can offer you morning, noon, and night. You may absolutely bathe in new milk, or even in cream; and *you* shall bathe, if you like it. I know that you care not much about luxuries for the dinner table; else, though our luxuries are few and simple, I could offer you some temptations—mountain lamb equal to Welsh; char famous to the antipodes; trout and pike from the very lake within twenty-five feet of our door; bread, such as you have never presumed to dream of, made of our own wheat, not doctored and separated by the usual miller's process into fine insipid flour and coarse, that is, merely dirty-looking white, but all ground down together, which is the sole receipt (*experto crede*) for having rich, lustrous, red-brown, ambrosial bread; new potatoes, of celestial earthiness and raciness, which, with us, last to October; and, finally, milk, milk, milk—cream, cream, cream, (hear it, thou benighted Londoner!) in which you must and shall bathe."* His last retreat was in the

village of Lasswade, near Edinburgh; but it was while on a visit to Edinburgh, for the greater facility it gave him in superintending the passage through the press of the collected edition of his works, that he died in his seventy-fifth year. For some weeks prior to his death, his health had been seriously affected, but no particular alarm was excited, as he was frequently an invalid; he, however, grew gradually worse, yet nothing that the most earnest and devoted medical skill could supply, was wanting to alleviate his rapidly diminishing strength; and his last hours were soothed and cheered by the tender filial solicitude of his eldest and youngest daughters.

In personal appearance, Thomas De Quincey conveyed the idea of extreme fragility, in stature he was exceedingly diminutive, his visage was small and much wrinkled, his eyes, peering out of two dark rings, contained the light of a spirit that had known much sorrow, his lips were curiously expressive and subtle in their character, but above all rose his arched brow, "loaded with thought." We suppose no adequate conception can ever be given to the public of his singular character, and as Mr. Hill Burton remarks, it would be an attempt to describe the indescribable, and no one would believe it, were an attempt made to tell all about him, "so separate would the whole be from all the normal conditions of human nature." He had an ear most perfectly attuned for the reception of "beauty born of murmuring sound," and one of his most cherished pleasures was derived from listening to instrumental and vocal music, but of the two he preferred vocal, yet a discord, a wrong note, became a source of exquisite agony; and we are told that he considered his fate as a most unhappy one, and himself environed with a cloud of despair, because a "peacock had come to live within hearing distance from him, and not only the terrific yells of the accursed biped pierced him to the soul, but the continued terror of their recurrence kept his nerves in agonizing tension during the intervals of silence." The reader has but to turn to his various works, and in some of their noblest passages a tolerable idea can be gained of the marvellous conception he enter-

* See *Passages of a Working Life*. By Charles Knight. vol. i.

tained of the beauty of sound; words, thoughts, and ideas are there arranged in the most musical of sequences, so as to produce the charm of perfect harmony, and in the extreme beauty of their rhythm to answer all the purposes of notes in a bar of music. In spite of his vast acquirements in scholarly lore, his intuitive perception of character and the motives of human action, he was as helpless, not only in every position of responsibility, but even in the ordinary concerns of every-day life, as a child. Sometimes a friend, charmed into forgetfulness of passing time by his amazing powers of conversation, would find, when very late, that many a mile lay between his host's house and his own. Previously to setting out to walk homeward, De Quincey would calmly point out the difficulties of the way, and then by a sudden flash of inspiration he himself would accompany his belated guest; for had not his midnight wanderings made him familiar with all the intricacies of the path? Roofed by a huge wide-awake, with a lantern of more than common dimensions in his hand, away he goes; and ever as he goes there comes from him a continued stream of talk concerning Immanuel Kant, and other kindred matters. Having seen his guest home, he would still continue walking on until, weariness overtaking him, he would take his rest like some poor mendicant, or like Jacob of old, with a stone for his pillow and the heavens for the curtains of his bed: yet he would testify to the inconvenience and extreme unpleasantness of sleeping upon such a couch; for one night, being late before he arrived at his own door, he knocked, or thought he knocked, but could make no one hear, so scrambling over a wall he took his night's repose in a furrow. Mr. Knight tells us that just previous to his acquaintance with him, he called one morning on a friend, wet and shivering, having slept under a hay rick in the Hampstead fields. No wonder he used to denounce, with most fervent eloquence, that "brutal and barbarous provision of the law of England which rendered sleeping in the open air an act of vagrancy, and so punishable, if the sleeper could not give a satisfactory account of himself; a thing," adds Mr. Burton, "which he never could give under any circumstances." He would

come and go at his own sweet will; no one could ever tell for certainty where he was: and when staying for a whole twelve months at Professor Wilson's, were he wanting by any friend, he was always supposed to be "somewhere about the house." If invited out to dinner, no one ever thought of waiting for him to make his appearance before they commenced; he was never burdened by punctualities, and never exacted them from others. "The festivities of the afternoon are far on when a commotion is heard in the hall, as if some stray dog or other stray animal had forced its way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival—he opens the door, and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? a street boy of some sort? His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffle great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a particular belcher handkerchief; on his feet are list shoes; and the trousers, some one suggests that they are inner linen garments blackened with writing ink, but Papaverius never would have been at the trouble to disguise them. What can be the theory of such a costume? the simplest thing in the world—it consisted of the fragments of apparel nearest at hand. Had chance thrown to him a court single-breasted coat, with a bishop's apron, a kilt, and top-boots, in these he would have made his entry."* This extreme helplessness, combined with his excessive sensitiveness of feeling, would not unfrequently put him to great inconvenience. It is recorded that, on one occasion, when staying at Charles Knight's, while Mrs. Knight was away from home, his host tapped at his chamber door to bid him good night, when to his surprise he found him sitting at the open window, habited as a prize-fighter when he enters the ring. "You will take cold," exclaimed Mr. Knight; "where is your shirt?"—"I have not a shirt—my shirts are unwashed."—"But why not tell the servant to send them to the laundress?"—"Ah! how could I presume to do that in Mrs. Knight's absence?" He could never trouble a servant with any personal requests with-

* See a very interesting account in *The Book Hunter*. By John H. Burton.

out a long prefatory apology; his almost ultra courtesy would make him hesitate long before he ventured a request at all. An amusing instance of this ultra courtesy to servants, is told by Mrs. Gordon in her admirable life of her Father, Professor Wilson. One night De Quincey paid a visit to the Professor, at Gloucester Place, when it came on to rain; he waited hour after hour, expecting it would cease; nothing would do but he must remain all night. This accidental detention was prolonged for the greater part of a year; during this period he invariably dined in his own room. "The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for had he been addressing a duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these:—'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so indeed as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal, rather than in a longitudinal form.' The cook—a Scotchwoman—had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey as a man of genius; but, after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, 'Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain maister that was wanting his dinner, he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his haun, and here's a' this claver about a bit mutton nae bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quincey would mak a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at.'"

The most practical and careful of men where the interest of others was at stake, a great authority on political economy, who held some very profound and philosophic views of that science, could suggest with much shrewdness how you might expend *your* money so as to insure large returns, and would join in the Saturday-night consultations of an artisan and his wife, pointing out how advantageously their small capital could be invested; and yet,

with all his keenness and practical wisdom concerning money, he was never able to regulate his own, so as to insure freedom from annoying creditors; either from some organic weakness more developed than it otherwise would have been from excessive use of opium, or from the fact that his mind was habitually brooding over great intellectual problems, and did not admit the possibility of any avenue for the entrance of so mean an idea as money, with a view to the consideration of his own benefit; it was only the urgent and pressing necessity of the moment that made him entertain it at all, and then only as the most likely means of meeting the present requirements, whatever they might be; hence, he was continually in pecuniary difficulties, which could scarcely fail in being the case, when he measured all sums of money by the common standard of immediate use. He would arrive late at a friend's door, and represent the urgent necessity he had for the immediate and absolute use of a certain sum of money, and sometimes if he thought the friend hesitated, or the time seemed long before the required loan was produced, he would rummage his waistcoat pocket in search of something, which, when found, he would tend as an equivalent in value, and which would occasionally prove to be a bank note of £50. And his friends were of opinion that had the note been accepted, no more would have been heard about the transaction. His friends laughed at the idea of his ever cherishing any notions regarding pecuniary responsibility; with sympathies ever alive to the cry of distress, and the sorrows of others, he would freely give to the outstretched hand of the beggar; but the act was always final—he gave his all, no matter what the sum might be. This trait in his character continually subjected him to great inconveniences from the pressing claims of creditors, from whose pursuit he was frequently obliged to hide, or resort to the wretched employment of hack author to satisfy their demands. In February, 1825, he wrote to his friend Wilson that he had not a place to hide his head in, and yet was obliged to carry on the wretched business of hack author. "With a good publisher, and leisure to meditate on what I write, I might yet liberate myself." It was at this time

that Charles Knight saw him groaning over the uncongenial task of translating into English a German Romance. If his pressing pecuniary liabilities enveloped him, as they invariably did, in a dense cloud of misery and apparent despair, a temporary freedom from them made his spirits rise jubilant with joy. In a letter to Mr. Knight, already quoted, he thus expresses himself on one such occasion: "Well, by good management and better luck, I contrived early in the present year to silence *mes Anglais* (as the French do, or did, use to entitle creditors). This odious race of people were silenced, I say, or nearly so: no insolent dun has raised his disgusting voice against me since Candlemas, 1829; they now speak softly, and as if butter would not melt in their mouths; and I have so well planted my fire-engines for extinguishing this horrid description of nuisance, that if by chance any one should smoulder a little too much (flame out none durst for shame), him I shall souse and drench forthwith into quietness." Mrs. Gordon asserts that he never entirely freed himself from the use of opium, although the quantity taken was extremely moderate when compared with what at one time was his daily dose; she says, that "it was no unfrequent sight to find him in his room, lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, plunged into profound slumber. For several hours he would lie in this state, until the effect of the torpor had passed away." Tired, wet, and covered with mud, he would slip into the room of a friend in the hour of twilight, faint and exhausted from long fasting and long walks, soliciting refreshments; but how was the wearied and worn little body to be refreshed? was the problem; "soft food disagreed with him—the hard he could not eat." Yet the solution of the problem would be speedily effected by the production of laudanum, and the weary was at rest for a time.

De Quincey was a dear lover of books, and an omnivorous reader, and with a memory as capacious as his appetite, he accumulated and retained vast stores of information and learning. In his published works continual glimpses are obtained relative to the wide range his

reading comprehended; he knew the contents of books ordinary readers, ay, and extraordinary readers, had never heard the name of, much less seen. It was nothing but an easy task with him to read in chronological order all books extant on any given subject, no matter what, as all subjects proved attractive. Wherever he was staying, by some instinct or other, he speedily found his way to places sacred as the harborage of books; sometimes this would occur in the early hours of morning, ere he had found time to don his clothing, and, lugging a whole heap round him, he would spread them out one after another on some article of bedroom furniture, of sufficient height to allow him to lie at full length recumbent on the floor. Then, perchance, he would find some "anachronism in the commonly received histories of a very important period; and as he expounded it, turning up his unearthly face from the book with an almost painful expression of grave eagerness," it would occur to his host that he had seen scenes something like it "in Dutch paintings of the Temptation of St. Anthony." An amusing description is given by Mr. Burton of De Quincey's library. "Some legend," he says, "there is, of a book creditor having forced his way into the cactus den, and there seen a sort of rubble-work inner wall of volumes, with their edges outwards, while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheep-skin and the aristocratic russian, were squeezed into certain tubs drawn from the washing establishment of a confiding landlady." He had one characteristic in common with other lovers of books; he seldom returned a borrowed one, folio or quarto, a single volume or one of a valuable set; sometimes the volume was found "greatly enhanced in value by a profuse edging of manuscript notes." He never hesitated to tear out the leaves of a large-margined book, whether his own or belonging to another, if he ran short, for the moment, of writing paper. It is once reported that he sent in "copy written on the edges of a tall octavo *Somnium Scipionis*;" and as he did not obliterate the original matter, the printer was rather puzzled, and made a funny jumble between the letterpress Latin and the manuscript English."

Who that has heard of De Quincey, has not also heard of his marvellous powers of conversation? his "silver talk" was proverbial, and his enchanted auditors sat enchained heedless of passing time, listening to the streams of eloquence pouring from between his expressive lips, free, clear and continuous; never degenerating into mere soliloquy, or rising into declamation, and in sentences as exquisitely joined and interlaced together, as if they were destined to "challenge the criticism of the remotest posterity;" and the language with which he clothed his affluent store of thoughts, ideas, and illustrations, was not alone worthy of the subject, but likewise of his own marvellous powers, they were uttered with no sort of consciousness of their being more than ordinarily above the level of usual talk. The mention of De Quincey's conversational powers naturally brings us to a consideration of his works. We fear, however, that we have already more than exceeded our usual limits; but our object has been, not so much a criticism of his literary productions, as an attempt to convey an idea of the man, by bringing together, in a few pages, the various traits illustrative of his character, which lie entombed in two or three or more volumes; yet we cannot refrain from saying a few words concerning the contents of the fifteen volumes before us. Although he never completed his *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*, yet what he has done is considerable, and will retain an honored place in our national literature, long after more popular and apparently more brilliant productions have been displaced, and the recollection of them faded from the memory of man. As a master of English composition he takes his place among the most honored of the names of which England can boast; his works would amply repay their being studied for the sole purpose of ascertaining how facile and how ductile our English language becomes in the hands of one who thoroughly understands and has the genius to use it. Doubtless, they will never prove supremely attractive to the many; they contain not the elements of extensive popularity, and what De Quincey said with reference to the works of Charles Lamb may be applied with equal

justness and truth to his own. To the man of culture, or to that happy man, the man of leisure, with literary tastes, they will ever prove a rich source of unexhausted pleasure, a fount of calm, placid, yet exquisite enjoyment; to the man of hurry and business, the man of railroads, the man of money and money making, hastening to gather wealth, and with scarcely time to eat, sleep, or to drink, they cannot fail in being distasteful, because a sense of keen intellectual relish—arising from sophisms being dispelled like a mist before the morning sun, of doubts cleared up, and knotty problems solved, and all done with clearness and preciseness of style, beauty of language and of diction, and with a logical incisiveness, never surpassed, and almost without rivalry—can never be appreciated by him, and, moreover, because it produces no monetary result. The mere surface-skimmer of books will never perceive the profound wisdom embedded in these works, the calm, deep, yet placid flow of humor, the sharp and biting sarcasm, and the keen, subtle irony; but to the initiated, all these qualities produce a charm which both captivates and enchains. A fault frequently attributed to these essays is that of diffusiveness. "They are too discursive in their character," is the continual cry, yet herein consists one of their peculiar beauties; it is, as one critic has aptly remarked, like a man, who, having a journey to accomplish, does not care to toil and sweat along the dusty highway to gain the end, but, on the contrary, prefers to wander down this green lane, pluck a flower from beneath the hedge, now listen to the birds singing in a copse or wood, now watch the waters flow in a tiny brook, or sit upon an old stile, and watch the clouds overhead, and remark the extensive prospect spread out before him; and thus having enjoyed all the beauty there was to enjoy on the way, he arrives at his journey's end well satisfied with the road he has travelled.

De Quincey is a master of cynicism. Abundant evidence of this might be cited from these volumes, but the chief example lies in the famous "Essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts." It is as perfect a piece of pure cynicism as any in our language; not savage, like some of Swift's or Carlyle's

pieces, but playful and full of humor; and, as a recent critic observes, "the humor of it consists in the cynicism being suppressed and ignored by the writer, who pretends to take his stand as a sentimentalist, as a sympathizer with those modes of feeling which the fine arts arouse in those who study them." Whilst this is the character of the *Essay* itself, the "Postscript" is an illustration of the power De Quincey possessed in sustaining and slowly pursuing a subject, until it reached a terrible climax; anything more horribly interesting cannot be imagined, than his description of Williams, and the murder of the Marrs; it has a magnetic force of attraction, a fascination which the reader vainly endeavors to dispel; it grips the heart with a fearful spasm of horror, and freezes the blood with a petrifying terror, till, like men who have seen spirits, the flesh creeps and the hair appears to stand on end, and we are actually compelled to trace one by one the steps of the fell murderer, in whose veins not blood, but a kind of "green sap," ran, in his diabolical work; and yet the whole account is based on the same argument as Butler uses in his "Divine Analogy," viz., that of *probability*. As a writer of narrative, De Quincey shines as an adept; marvellously graphic is his account of the *Spanish Military Men* and the *Flight of the Tartars*, both subjects equally remote, but yet most successfully brought home to us. The first, especially, is written in his most playful yet brightest of humors; his pen appears to have been guided by the very love he tells us he cherished for lovely "Kate," or "Kitty," or "Pussey," for by each of these endearing names does he call her. Space will not permit us to quote any portion of the narrative, or we should like to embellish our pages by inserting the description of Kate on the summit of the Andes. But after all, De Quincey's greatest glory consists in his "impassioned prose"—in these compositions he has no prototype, equal, or successor; he was its absolute creator. No other author ever possessed the power which he acquired, of seizing the impalpable and air-drawn scenery of dreams, and embodying it in impassioned language; it was a faculty of which he alone was master, and which he has used with such magic skill, and

subtlety, and power, that it seems next to an impossibility for any creature to equal. We will close our notice of this unique man and extraordinary genius, by quoting one illustration of his "impassioned prose," one which has been most advantageously compared with some of the choice passages of the great masters of composition. The piece is not so daring in its imaginative sweep as is the final climax of his *Joan of Arc*, but we believe it to be no less known than any other of his splendid cloud-land visions: it is called

THE THREE LADIES OF SORROW.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, when a voice was heard of lamentation—"Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted." She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of a blind beggar, him that I so often and so gladly talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He took her to Himself. But her blind father mourns forever over her; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he awakens to a darkness that is now within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-45 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chamber of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from the

Ganges to the Nile, from the Nile to the Mississippi; and her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

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pieces, but playful and full of humor; and, as a recent critic observes, "the humor of it consists in the cynicism being suppressed and ignored by the writer, who pretends to take his stand as a sentimentalist, as a sympathizer with those modes of feeling which the fine arts arouse in those who study them." Whilst this is the character of the Essay itself, the "Postscript" is an illustration of the power De Quincey possessed in sustaining and slowly pursuing a subject, until it reached a terrible climax; anything more horribly interesting cannot be imagined, than his description of Williams, and the murder of the Marrs; it has a magnetic force of attraction, a fascination which the reader vainly endeavors to dispel; it grips the heart with a fearful spasm of horror, and freezes the blood with a petrifying terror, till, like men who have seen spirits, the flesh creeps and the hair appears to stand on end, and we are actually compelled to trace one by one the steps of the fell murderer, in whose veins not blood, but a kind of "green sap," ran, in his diabolical work; and yet the whole account is based on the same argument as Butler uses in his "Divine Analogy," viz., that of *probability*. As a writer of narrative, De Quincey shines as an adept; marvellously graphic is his account of the *Spanish Military Men* and the *Flight of the Tartars*, both subjects equally remote, but yet most successfully brought home to us. The first, especially, is written in his most playful yet brightest of humors; his pen appears to have been guided by the very love he tells us he cherished for lovely "Kate," or "Kitty," or "Pussey," for by each of these endearing names does he call her. Space will not permit us to quote any portion of the narrative, or we should like to embellish our pages by inserting the description of Kate on the summit of the Andes. But after all, De Quincey's greatest glory consists in his "impassioned prose"—in these compositions he has no prototype, equal, or successor; he was its absolute creator. No other author ever possessed the power which he acquired, of seizing the impalpable and air-drawn scenery of dreams, and embodying it in impassioned language; it was a faculty of which he alone was master, and which he has used with such magic skill, and

subtlety, and power, that it seems next to an impossibility for any creature to equal. We will close our notice of this unique man and extraordinary genius, by quoting one illustration of his "impassioned prose," one which has been most advantageously compared with some of the choice passages of the great masters of composition. The piece is not so daring in its imaginative sweep as is the final climax of his *Joan of Arc*, but we believe it to be no less known than any other of his splendid cloud-land visions: it is called

THE THREE LADIES OF SORROW.

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grudged this narrow admission; but unfortunately plenty of smoke mixed with the flame between the combatants. Dr. Newman, having been now withdrawn from official influence in Oxford and in the English Church for more than twenty years, is to it in a wholly honorable, though hostile position. Owing to the greatness of the movement in which he was the chief actor, he belongs to history; and we might review his whole course with just the same impartiality as though the grave had long closed over him. Yet we do not purpose here to analyze any part of it for its own sake, but only because he is an eminent and noble type of a very considerable party, against whom, for scores of years at least, and possibly for centuries, a hard battle will have to be fought. All that we have to say of him will lie within a narrow compass, without any possible ambiguity as to facts. Only for historical justice two remarks on the more recent controversy seem to us proper. *First*, we do not at all infer that those who now feel kindly towards Dr. Newman, pass thereby judgment on themselves for animosity against him a quarter of a century ago. Then he was to them as a wolf in the sheepfold. He professed to be saving the lambs from Rome, while in fact he was leading them thither. Indignation against him was then natural, inevitable, justifiable, whether he *knew* or did not know what he was about. In the excitement of such a time, some would take one, others the other alternative. It is neither wonderful nor blamable if many then thought he designed what he effected, who now admit that he deluded himself as well as his followers. But now that he has discovered and long displayed his true colors, they can honor all that they see admirable in him without fear that any will mistake an open foe for a friend. *Next*, even the *Apologia* does not appear to us to bring out anywhere sharply and shortly the true apology which lay in the fact that Dr. Newman's intellectual position was false from the very first day; of which he was long profoundly unaware.

It is hard to conceive a more pitiable mental history for an earnest man, whose talents make him in early youth the premature leader of a party, than to discover very gradually, that he is funda-

mentally out of place. No one can possibly escape from such a position, without the appearance of hypocrisy and treachery. We do not need to rest on the veracity of Dr. Newman's details. We know *à priori*, without his aid, how trying, delicate and unmanageable was his problem. Those who saw these events from the outside, as did intelligent Dissenters, understood Dr. Newman's very distressing struggle more easily than those who stood within.

Universal agreement ascribes to Dr. Newman a wonderful acuteness, subtlety and energy of logic; but it is the logic of a lawyer,—of an advocate,—who argues only from what is *written*, or from what his opponents *concede*, not the logic of a philosopher who cautiously searches after first principles, and verifies, establishes, corrects, or abandons them. Men who have no pretensions to philosophy are alarmed when their reasonings lead to very novel, perhaps frightful results; and a certain common sense then leads them to review, and *sit deliberately in judgment on*, their first principles. We have never been able to discover that this was in any case Dr. Newman's procedure. With him honesty and bravery seem to have consisted in plunging on and on to whatever conclusions came from his principles, which (as far as we can judge) he has always regarded as sacred and unquestionable ever since he adopted the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. Thus alone could be explained the wonderful phenomenon, that an active, rich, subtle and powerful mind was so slow to discover the character of his own doctrines. They are depicted to us in a very concise and undeniably clear form in two pieces of poetry now republished, with the dates of November and December, 1832. These show, that at least as early as 1832, Dr. Newman's doctrine was essentially that of Rome, against that of all the Reformers in every country of Europe. Herein is wrapt up the controversy still to be undergone in the English Church. We may first quote the piece of December 11, 1832:

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Poor wanderers! ye are sore distress'd
To find that path which Christ has bless'd
Track'd by his saintly throng.

*Each claims to trust his own weak will,
Blind idol! so ye languish still,
All wranglers and all wrong.*

He saw of old and met your need,
Granting you prophets of his creed,
The throes of fear to swage.
They feuced the rich bequest he made,
And sacred hands have safe conveyed
Their charge from age to age.

Wanderers! come home! obey the call!
A MOTHER pleads, who ne'er let fall
One grain of holy truth.
Warn you and win she shall and must;
For now she lifts her from the dust,
To reign as in her youth.

The second stanza seems to allude to the canonical Scriptures as the bequest conveyed by *prophets*. These can be none but the Christian "fathers," from Irenæus downward. Not to press the word *prophets* in poetical diction too severely, we accept this stanza as expressing the cardinal point in which the Reformers and the Church of Rome cordially agreed, viz., as to the sanctity and preciousness of the canonical books—omitting only the question of the Apocrypha, which does not here come forward. But the main controversy was, Who is to interpret the sacred books? How is an individual to discover what they mean? Here the Reformers replied, that each man and woman must judge for themselves, as they best could, by the best helps they had or could get; and this was called Private Judgment. On the contrary, the Traditional Church insisted that no individual had duty or right of private judgment, but was bound to *submit* to that which the Church laid down. No one definite tenet separated, or could separate, the contending parties so sharply as this general difference. Not only was no room whatever left open for a public reformation by the laity and inferior clergy, if the doctrine of the old church was admitted; but no right or duty was left for the freedom and activity of individual conscience. If individuals must not judge, it is folly in them to think and examine. The Roman doctrine strikes indeed at the root of all personal religion (which it merges in a corporate religion), and at all personal responsibility. The very statement of it suffices to show, that, whoever believes it, condemns the English Reformation and every other Reformation which has taken place in Europe. Yet Dr. Newman in 1832 plainly es-

poused that side, and in deliberate set phrase condemned Private Judgment. Nay, he identified it with personal *willfulness*, calling it, "a trusting in that blind idol, our own weak *will*." After this, it is curious to find that we were all entitled by him *wranglers* and *wrong*, while the writer of the poetry imagined that he was himself (by some divine good fortune) exempted from the common sentence and was *not* judging for himself in selecting the form of his creed. Moreover, to prevent all mistake as to his meaning, he put forth a figurative personage called *Mother*, who is about to *reign* over us *as in her youth*; and it is plainly taken for granted that all who do not submit to her decrees are truant children, *wanderers*. Not only so; but considering that this *reign* of the Church was not so absolute in the second century as in the third, nor in the third as in the fourth, and that the energy of the Church's reign was greatest under Gregory VII. and Innocent III. while the rod of her power was not broken until the Reformation—nothing can be clearer than that this whole piece protests against the Reformation, and aspires to go back to the preceding ages, when men had faith in the Church instead of faith on personal conviction.

Is there any obscurity about this "Mother?" There is and there is not. *First*, there is: for any one, who knows even superficially the course of controversy in Ireland, is aware that to get any intelligible explanation who and where the Mother is, and what are her decrees, is a prime insuperable difficulty. She is called the Church: but that does not mean the entire body of professing Christians, nor the invisible body of all the faithful, but some fraction of ordained priests; yet again no body of priests at which we can point, literally or figuratively; nor is it at all mere priests, but, it seems, bishops only; and not all bishops, but only bishops in general council; yet not all general councils, for you must exclude heretical ones: and then we have to learn what authority decides which councils are heretical and which orthodox, and which are really general. We have in short to find our "Mother" before we can obey her. It further peeps out that a *consensus* of the learned is sup-

posed to decide what councils are authoritative; hence it is not really the councils that constitute the "reigning Mother," but certain doctors behind them, who (by this logic) are higher and greater than the councils, and are empowered to reject some of them as heretical. But when we ask who these doctors are, there is no reply, except that one must spend many laborious years in trying to find them out, with no criterion, after all, to check our errors; while we are forbidden to use private judgment on anything in detail. Besides, there is the theory of the Pope's infallibility, which sums up the Church into the Pope, and makes *him* the Holy Mother. In one who is aware that such is the cloudiness of this metaphor, such the difficulty of assigning to it any practical meaning that can satisfy a conscientious inquirer—it might seem to be sheer insanity to propose as a *first principle* of religion to submit one's understanding to the "Holy Mother."

But, *secondly*, every Romanist knows from his cradle that this practical difficulty presses on no one but the unhappy Protestant, who suffers a torture like that of Sisyphus or Tantalus if he struggle to discover where is the Mother and what are her infallible decrees. To the Romanist layman all is clear, all is easy. He needs not to trouble his head with searching after an impalpable fiction. He has but to submit to a *living director* at his side—the priest; leave to him all these obscure questions, and pass on without disagreeable responsibility or the labor of thought. It therefore occurs to ask: Had Dr. Newman secured this subsidiary but very necessary part of the system, without which the doctrine of an authoritative Mother cannot possibly *work*? He had already gone to that perfection of Romanism in November, 1832, when he wrote the following:

PERSECUTION.

Say, who is he in deserts seen
Or at the twilight hour?
Of garb austere and dauntless mien,
Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
Calm as in heaven he had been,
Yet blithe when perils lower.

My Holy Mother made reply:

"Dear child, it is my Priest.
The world has cast me forth, and I
Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky.

*He bears to men my mandates high,
And works my sage behest.*

"Another day, dear child, and thou
Shalt join his sacred band.
Ah, well I deem, thou shrinkest now
From *urgent rule* and *severing vow*.
Time hath a taming hand."

We cannot suppose that this piece was intended to satirise the English bishops, yet certainly not one of them has much outward likeness to the priest here described. Our bishops may (for aught we know) dress in *garb austere* when in private, but in public they appear in fine linen, with a feminine and smooth aspect, rather to be called courtier-like than of *dauntless mien*; nor is it easy to say that *the world has cast them forth* or that they endure *persecution*, while they have seats in the House of Lords and at least £5,000 a year. Evidently the church to which the poetry calls us to submit is *not* the Reformed Church of England, but a church under *persecution*. As it is quite impossible to interpret this persecuted church to mean the English Reformers under Queen Mary, or the Lollards, or the Waldenses, we seem to be carried back at least to the days of Athanasius. Not but that, as Athanasius and Arius were each in turn persecuted, it is dangerous to take persecution as a *note* of the true Church. It is here more needful to insist, that in spite of the wealth, rank, and freedom from persecution which give to our bishops so unapostolic an aspect, the PRIEST in this degenerate Church is supposed to retain not only his unimpaired status, but a direct communication with that invisible potentate the holy *persecuted* one, the Church in the *wilderness*—the Church (are we to say?) of the fourth century—from whom (and not from our modern bishops) the priest receives *mandates high*, and *works the sage behest* of the distant spiritual queen. Of course such "mandates high" are given to be obeyed, not to be despised. Thus the authority of the priest is established, and the missing link is found, which enables every layman to obey the Holy Mother by simply obeying his priest. It is also remarkable that religious orders and vows are, with a frankness so gratuitous to the argument, here paraded before us. *Urgent rule*: what is that, but severe asceticism?

Severing vow: what means that, but a system of celibate priests, so "severed" from the interests of the laity, that they will, in pursuance of Hildebrand's craft, be devoted to aggrandize ecclesiasticism?

On Dr. Newman himself nothing of this can have any bearing at all, ever since the day that he discovered his false ground, and publicly joined the church of tradition; but on those who then went along with him, and still remain in the English Church, these topics bear very heavily. Do the doctrines taught in these two poems move sympathy or grief in such men as (if for his eminence we may name one) Dr. Pusey?

The questions that here arise are far too great to admit of being softened down by any amiable considerations. Oil and water will not mix; nor, when principles are essentially opposed, is anything gained by disguise. The only hope of reconciliation lies in faithful simplicity of speech, divested as much as possible of all unkindness and of all arrogant assumption; and in truth, the whole case may be stated with entire clearness in the compass of very few pages.

We do not at all overlook the fact that there have always been among our High Church individuals essentially Romanistic in theory. Hence, also, as Conyers Middleton remarked, Rome has always had a steady crop of converts from them. But until the reform of Parliament in 1832 threw into the Legislature a powerful body of Dissenters, and caused panic in the Church, Romanistic teaching could not effect any energetic or national movement. Terror lest Lord Grey's Church Reform, aided by Dissenters in Parliament, should prove a reality, made hundreds overlook the danger of Rome, while clutching at Roman theory for defence against the State. Dr. Newman might have taught the same doctrines with the same ability and the same energy twenty years earlier, with only one-twentieth part of the result. Moreover, ever since his own example proved that the doctrine came from Rome and led to Rome, its impetus is stayed. Nevertheless, the Ritualist clergy remain as the fruit of his movement; and it now becomes a very grave difficulty how the State is to deal with them.

Dr. Newman perfectly understands the intense contrariety of Romanism

and Protestantism. The one may conquer the other, but you cannot make an Eirenicon between them, any more than between two opposing astronomical or medical theories. It is important to look into this broadly, from its historical side. One has but to read the New Testament, however cursorily, to see that the religion preached by Jesus, by Paul, by every apostle so far as noticed, was pre-eminently a personal religion. Individuals were called on to listen with their own ears, to judge with their own consciences, to cast aside the creeds or ceremonies in which they had been trained and as it were born, and devote themselves to a nobler morality, and to a creed which would intensify and develop that morality. Each convert exerted his private judgment most emphatically in casting off the *cultus* of his youth and manhood and adopting a new creed. To have preached submission to a "Holy Mother" could only have secured that there would be no spiritual conversions, nor was such a form of preaching morally possible to Judaism or to the earliest Christianity. Each of these religions attracted proselytes by the purer and nobler doctrines which it presented to their intellects and consciences, in contrast to those of the national traditional religions; and nothing can be more opposed to this than to lay down that private men must not judge of the doctrine, but must look for an external body which is to judge in their stead; of which body they are (forsooth) to furnish themselves with outward *notes* or tokens. It is hard to deal argumentatively with the extravagantly imbecile notion that it is easier to decide by *private judgment* that a certain indefinite Invisible Corporation is infallible, and is entrusted with the Divine prerogative of judging for us, than to decide by the same *private judgment* the special questions of morality or, it may be, of dogma, on which the laity are expected to consult their spiritual directors. Nor are we here called on to *argue* about it, but simply to point out that the doctrine, which, after some centuries, became Catholic, and is now specifically Roman, is in utter contradiction both to the facts and the possibilities of the early ages. A pagan *cultus* was sometimes propagated by the same methods as the Jesu-

its attempted in Asia; methods essentially theatrical, such as the displaying of emblems and performing of processions or dances with special utterances, or legends to explain the *mysteria*, that is, the sacred apparatus. Not unlike this are the sacred relics of Romanism. The point on which we insist is this: that one who preaches an infallible Church, which is to supersede men's judgment of moral and spiritual controversies, cannot address men's moral and spiritual faculties. He can only speak to their sensuous imaginations, by theatrical display, by music, by processions, by incense, by wreaths of flowers, by gorgeous dresses—to say nothing of idols or Virgins dressed up, holy coats or other relics, and periodical miracles like that of St. Januarius. He can address nothing but the outward senses of those whom he would convert; for to address the intellect and conscience is to admit the propriety of using private reason to sit in judgment on the doctrine of the preacher. The movement called Ritualism in the Church of England at this day is nothing but the legitimate and necessary development of forbidding private judgment. It is but a mark that the religion is a pagan cultus, and does not stand on the ancient apostolic foundation. Of course we are well aware that special texts can be quoted from the New Testament in favor of ecclesiasticism. Had it contained absolutely nothing capable of being turned to this service, perhaps the transformation which the doctrine of James and Paul underwent into that of Cypril and Augustine would have been impossible. But the glory and the strength of early Christianity (at least according to all its defenders) lay on its moral and spiritual side, and emphatically in the freedom of soul which it bestowed on those who had but one Lord, and Him in heaven. Without these elements Christianity is as salt that has lost its savor; and in the frightful history of the Papacy, with its crusades, its wars, its Inquisition, its massacres, its impurities, its avarice, we see what a curse in its perversion it became. The Reformation, though nearly everywhere imperfect and halting, whether from the infirmity of leading reformers, the intrigues of princes, or the convulsive struggles of war, yet every-

where of necessity became a revolt of personal private reason against authority, and in so far was a return to original Christianity. The ecclesiasticism against which it thus necessarily revolted is essentially pagan, inasmuch as it cares for outward obedience more than for inward intelligence; also, does not seek to "minister the Spirit" to individuals and rear them into a manhood which can judge for itself, but to keep them in a perpetual childhood, amused by theatrical displays. Of what possible avail to morality can a religion be which is not in the intellect and soul, but is only outwardly stamped on the skin? The metaphor may seem extravagant; but when tested in genuine examples it will justify itself. Take the case of a man, who in good earnest supposes religion to consist, not in feeling with his heart and seeing with his eyes, but in obeying a priest who is to feel and see for him. Suppose him to avow that he believes theft and murder and lying to be sins only because the priest tells him so, but that otherwise he would see no harm in them: will any one care a straw for his *morality*? So, if he say that he believes God to be good and all-knowing and truthful, only for the same reason, viz., because the priest so tells him, but that if the priest told him that God is cruel and lying and ignorant of men's actions, he would believe it: will any one care a straw for his *religion*, or think any spirituality possible to him? Nothing can be clearer than that such a man's religion (so called) is outside of himself—is (as we say) printed on his skin by the priest, and has neither life nor value. A man or a child does not begin to be religious at all until he begins to have private judgment; and he cannot grow up into spiritual life, except in proportion as his independent intellect grows up. When he believes, not because he is told something, but because he sees it, then at last he believes to some purpose, because "he believes with his heart," in Hebrew metaphor. To believe merely because a *priest* tells us, or because a *sacred book* tells us, makes but little practical difference in a single case of belief, though the former reduces the intellect to tenfold slavery. But no faith is perfect or trustworthy

until it is spiritual; that is, until it is lodged in the man's own spirit and is discerned by his own faculties.

It is easy to attempt refutation of this cardinal axiom, by adducing on the one side questions of wisdom, and on the other dogmas of faith, which no man of limited education can treat. But questions of wisdom are not here to the purpose. As to dogmas of faith—for instance, if no man can discern, so as to “believe with his heart,” the immaculate conception as propounded by Pope Pius IX., it will only prove that this is not a religious truth at all; but, that if it be true, it belongs to some other class of truth. On the other hand, if it *can* be so discerned by an accomplished priest, as to enable him to say, “I believe, not merely because Pope Pius IX. has affirmed it, but because I discern it for myself,” one thing at least becomes certain, that the priest has attained his discernment by spiritual and intellectual development, and not by external ceremonies, such as laying on of hands; so that laymen equally exercised in pious thought may attain the same discernment. Another thing may be laid down, that if the spiritual doctrine be ever so true, ever so discernible to the faculties of the spiritually exercised and advanced; yet if it be undiscernible to true hearted beginners who in Scripture language are babes, it then ought not to be made a *dogma* at all; but it suffices to say, whosoever can receive it, let him receive it. To Protestants we may better illustrate our meaning by another example. The doctrine of the millennial reign of Christ upon earth was all but universally believed by the very early church; and in the sincere opinion of many now alive, is most distinctly taught in the New Testament. Yet no man can possibly so attain discernment of this doctrine, as to believe it independently of the book. This fact suffices to make it improper to account the doctrine a dogma of religion, be it ever so true.

But in the last paragraph we have touched on another great topic, in which Romanism identifies itself with Paganism, namely, in its belief in charms and magic, such as the spiritual efficacy of an outward act. No corruption entered the Christian church at an earlier date:

none was more fatal. Surrounded by an atmosphere of Paganism, and filled by converts drawn chiefly from the most ignorant part of society, not excluding the slaves, the church with great rapidity misinterpreted and perverted into magic every emblematic rite; inasmuch that all *emblems* may be justly regarded as equally dangerous with *images*. When a church parted with two of its beloved instructors, to go on mission among the neighboring heathen; when with full hearts and anxious souls they took solemn leave of them, what more agreeable to natural piety than, while commending them to God in prayer, to breathe blessings upon them, and accompany that blessing by the well-known emblematic paternal act of laying hands upon their heads? Such a mode of blessing did the church in Antioch use toward Barnabas and Saul, already accepted and active among them as prophets or teachers. Pious and proper as was the practice in its beginning, pernicious in the extreme has been the mimicry of it. So again, when Paul and the elders commended Timothy to the divine blessing, and in symbol thereof laid their hands upon his head with prayer, it is, and was (we suppose), an open question with Christians, whether their prayer actually *drew down* upon Timothy some *immediate* increase of spiritual energy, which in scriptural language would be called a bestowing of the Holy Ghost. To believe this would be, if an error, yet a venial, and in some sense a noble error, as being the error of a noble soul; and so long as the efficacy of the laying on of hands was not separated from the efficacy of the prayer and the holiness of those who prayed, the symbol was incapable of degenerating into a charm. For a revered teacher to lay hands on a younger man, was early interpreted as a solemn *commendation* of him to others; and it is so understood at present among churches who look with contemptuous disgust on the idea that a ceremony has any spiritual efficacy. To lay hands on the head, as to grasp the hand or to kiss, has its appropriate meaning, easily understood; but one might have thought, no one who had not been nursed in paganism could pervert the symbolic actions into charms. “Lay hands suddenly on no man, nei-

ther be partaker of other men's sins," says Paul to Timothy: that is, "Beware of *recommending* to the brethren a man who may turn out worthless, lest you become responsible for his mischief." What more simple or more sensible? Yet out of such a text is elicited the monstrous idea that Timothy's hands had a magical virtue, nay, and *transmitted* to even worthless men a spiritual power which had come into Timothy from the hands of Paul. Such is the ecclesiastical doctrine of Apostolic Succession! It maintains that every bishop in the English church *transmits* by his hands a spiritual power; (which is indeed defined as the power of remitting or retaining sin!) transmits it from a predecessor, who got it from one before him; and so back to the apostles. It insists that the wickedness, ignorance, or unbelief of any bishop who is a link of the chain, does not stop the downflow of holy influence—that a bishop, as such, holy or wicked, wise or silly, transmits the influence equally well, so that it is not impaired by time, but every modern bishop is on a par with Timothy himself; while on the other hand a pious Lutheran minister or Scotch Presbyterian has not this mysterious (and as they add, strictly necessary) gift, but is a mere layman. Sydney Smith expresses his contempt of this theory, by calling the imaginary gift "the true virus;" and it is indeed hard to blame coarseness toward such a dogma. But here it occurs to us to express our wonder how any man can imagine himself ever to have held in his heart the evangelical doctrines, if he has accepted baptismal regeneration and apostolic succession without a struggle or a shock. Such evangelicalism can have been only skin deep. Evangelical theories, like other theories, may lie on the surface of the mind, may be believed because they are (or are supposed to be) in a book. But a genuine evangelical can as well believe paganism outright, as believe that a profane, ambitious, sensual, misbelieving man, called a bishop, can bestow the Holy Spirit; or that any person can in any circumstances receive a spiritual gift by purely physical manifestations. He totally disbelieves it, not merely because it is not in the New Testament, nor merely because it is utterly opposed

to all the principles which pervade the New Testament, but also because his intellect and heart reject it with contempt and loathing. He regards it as unprovable, for it attacks the very essence of his faith. If texts were alleged in proof, to which he had no reply, he would have to say, "So much the worse for the Scripture;" inasmuch as he reveres the New Testament for its spiritual doctrine. Of course, he does not really put the hypothesis of its teaching a paganism which would force him to reject it, when the fact is, that there is not the shadow of pretence there for this portentous fiction.

Nearly the same may be said for the two other great perversions of Christian practice, though in extenuation it must be admitted, that the metaphors are in one or two texts undoubtedly harsh, in regard to Baptism and the Lord's Supper. New birth is itself a harsh metaphor, and has been overstrained, not by the High but by the Low Church everywhere. Remission of Sins is coupled with the baptism of *adult believers* in one or two texts. The new birth is in numerous passages referred to faith without mention of baptism. In spite of this, out of two figurative texts has been built up a mystical theory concerning the influence of baptism on infants, who do not and cannot believe. Hereto have been added, an apparatus of sponsors who *believe* and *reply* vicariously, and a doctrine of "sin" which the infant has *not* committed, but has to get arbitrarily washed off, because it is arbitrarily imputed! Men who have been reared in such a belief, and in the still more monstrous fictions concerning the Lord's Supper (as we see in the case of Luther), may be puzzle-headed about them to their dying day, just as pagans brought their paganism into the Church. Nevertheless such theories are not the less certainly a base superstition. They involve the incredible absurdity that a physical mechanism generates spiritual results; nay, in the grossest, that is, in the Roman development of doctrine, the Sacraments are supposed to move heaven and hell. We do but give the right name to all such theories, by calling them magical. The Christianity of the New Testament is one great protest against the whole. It

was a system erected on directly the opposite assumption, that all spirituality acts in the heart, by the heart, and proceeds from heart to heart, never by the manifestations of the conjurer, nor by outward transmission, any more than by birth. The living word, piercing the heart deeper than the dissector's knife, is there the only instrument that conveys the Spirit from man to man, subduing, purging, and enlightening.

To reason with a Romanist *from the Scripture* is generally a great mistake. You cannot convince him, for his convictions rest on the Church, not on the Scripture. You cannot silence him; and you cannot make him understand how hopeless it is to convert you. But, try the experiment of arguing with him from natural morality and from first principles. Tell him that if Jesus or Paul had blessed an auto-da-fé or a St. Bartholomew massacre, it would simply destroy in you all reverence for them; that your conscience so detests the doctrine of persecution preached by Pius IX. in his Encyclical, that if it be part of Christianity, you can no longer be a Christian; and, if the Romanist have a conscience, you will get a chance of striking home to his conscience. At least you will silence him, for he will not fight with you about morality without an ecclesiastical tower of refuge; and he suddenly discovers that he has no weapon at all to use against you.

To the leading Reformers themselves must be attributed the lamentable tendency to value sacred texts as mere weapons of war. It rose almost inevitably out of their controversy with Rome. While we can seldom blame it in detail, yet the general result was evil, by directing more attention to isolated texts than to the general scope of arguments. The laity perhaps often argued the more wisely against Rome from their narrower erudition. When an entire population abandoned the ancient Church, the arguments influencing it were not mainly scholastic or biblical; but men had been shocked by cruelties, scandalized by avarice or licentiousness. They discerned that a Church which either connived at or actively supported tyranny and immorality, could not be from God; and convictions thus arising sprang from a profounder source than any deriv-

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ed from text-quoting, which after all does not easily reach the millions of a nation. A man who with simple heart studies the translation of an ancient book, is liable to make gross error in interpreting separate texts, and one moderately humble is so conscious of this, as to get but a feeble conviction out of an argument based on them. It is only when he learns to go rapidly through a whole chapter or a whole epistle, and to gather up the general purport, that he can imbibes the spirit of the writer, and feel sure that he has mastered it. Then also he becomes independent of erudition and surmounts the delusiveness of bad translation. And the preacher who can teach his hearers so to reason, imparts to them a valuable education. Nevertheless, still better is it, if he can use sacred books only as his inspiration and not as his argument; but rest his argument on that of which the hearers can judge by their own moral powers, their consciences, and limited intellects. Minds thus addressed become far livelier; and quickly gain increase of ability; religion is brought down into the living world, and no longer rests in foreign books and in the rust of antiquity. Moreover it ought not to be overlooked that the whole spiritual energy of the New Testament is found in those parts which address the consciences of readers or hearers directly, and that by far the least satisfactory passages are those in which the writer or speaker rests an argument on Old Testament quotations. Paul indeed may sometimes seem almost reluctantly to act the rabbi, in a desire to meet rabbinical argument with its own weapons. That Jesus did *not* thus imitate "the scribes" was a phenomenon which much impressed the multitudes. If any one desire to oppose Romanism, he must cultivate the *private judgment* of the multitude, and he can only cultivate it by eliciting its activity on its own proper ground and within limits to which it is competent.

In the United States, the evils of slavery have led very many ministers of religion, ever since the day when the war gave hope of the removal of that awful incubus, to make the practical duties of the day a leading subject of pulpit address. The drink traffic has become equally prominent. Wesley and

Whitefield, and all their associates, preached largely against public iniquities, great as was also their zeal for special doctrines called evangelical. Is there less need of such moral preaching now? What of our criminals, our swilling of intoxicating liquors, our trade frauds, our trade violences, our lost women, our infamous houses, our suspicious masses of bachelors, with a population called *demi-monde*? What of our immoralities at elections? What concerning luxury, and haste to get rich? It may seem that there is plenty of material for a preacher who has the heart of old Bishop, Latimer, to speak within the comprehension of his audience. But is it not the fact that as, at the time of the Reformation, the reformers damaged their cause, as against Rome, by desiring to retain for themselves some right of persecution; so now, those who reject the essence of the Roman creed as in fact *unspiritual*, yet dread to invoke against it that which alone can crush and quench it—the energetic development of men's moral judgments? dread to invoke it, lest perchance it sweep away some portion of their own creed!

A little cloud is on the horizon, from which may come at no distant time a formidable tempest. The whole question of the relations of the sexes is already unsettled in many minds. Advertisements and private missives, inserted in books without printers' name, show us from time to time what literature is abroad, not indecorous more than medical treatises are indecorous, not profligate in intention, yet totally subverting received moralities. Events will show whether any existing clergy will know how to meet the difficulty. An unmarried clergy can only make themselves and their flocks worse by meddling in it at all. Ritualists may sport, like Nero with his lyre while Rome was burning. One thing to us is manifest, that the *moral* basis of religion must be cleared wider and dug deeper; the consciences of the laity must be called into greater activity; the principle of private judgment must be sacredly revered and diligently elicited as essential to any worthy religion; ceremonies and officialism must be brought to their *minimum*, in order that the real virtues and wisdom of clergymen may produce their *max-*

imum of result. Let us hope, that as belief of ghosts and witches fled howling into darkness on the rise of modern science, so will the belief of magical religion fade away, when the religious conscience of the nation becomes more robust.

Fraser's Magazine.

LANDS AND SEAS OF ANOTHER WORLD.

By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

Author of "Saturn and its System," &c. &c.

At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society a globe was exhibited by Mr. Browning, one of the Fellows, on which lands and seas were depicted as upon an ordinary terrestrial globe. By far the larger part of these lands and seas were laid down as well-known entities, respecting which no more doubt is felt among astronomers than is felt by geographers respecting the oceans and continents of our own earth. Yet the world which is represented by Mr. Browning's globe is one which is never less than one hundred and twenty times farther from us than our own moon.

It is rather singular that the planet Mars—the orb which is represented by Mr. Browning's globe—is the only object in the whole heavens which is known to exhibit features resembling those of our earth. Astronomers have examined the moon in vain for such features: she presents an arid waste of extinct volcanoes, dreary mountain scenery surrounding lifeless plains (the *seas* of the old astronomers); an airless hemisphere of desolation, in fact, which has no counterpart on the terrestrial globe. The planets Jupiter and Saturn, orbs which far transcend our earth in mass and volume, which are adorned with magnificent systems of subsidiary bodies, and which seem in every respect worthy to be the abodes of nobler races than those which subsist upon our earth, afford no indications which justify us in asserting that they resemble the earth in any of those points which we are accustomed to regard as essential to the wants of living creatures. Nearly the whole of the light which we receive from these splendid orbs is reflected, not from their real surface, but from vaporous masses suspended in their atmospheres. It is indeed doubtful whether anything has ever been seen of the real

surface of either planet, save perhaps that a small spot has here and there been faintly visible through the dense overhanging mantle of vapor. And strangely enough, the two small planets, which present in other respects the most marked contrast to the giant members of our system, resemble them in this point. Venus and Mercury seem both to be protected from the intense heat to which they would otherwise be exposed through their proximity to the sun, by densely vaporous envelopes, which only permit the true surface of the planets to be faintly seen, even under the most favorable conditions. The planet Mars, however, discloses to us his real surface, and this surface presents indications which cannot reasonably be doubted to result from the existence of continents and oceans, resembling those of our own earth in all essential features. Moreover, that wonderfully delicate instrument of research, the spectroscope, has confirmed these indications in a manner which hardly suffers any further dubiety to rest upon their meaning. We do not think that our readers will find a brief record of the process of discovery which has culminated in the construction of Martial charts and globes, otherwise than interesting.

It does not appear that Galileo, when he applied to Mars the same telescope which had revealed to him the satellites of Jupiter, was able to detect any features of interest in the nearer planet. More than half a century, indeed, appears to have passed, after the invention of the telescope, before anything was detected which led to the suspicion that Mars has permanent markings upon his surface. In the beginning of March, 1666, Cassini, with a telescope 16 feet in length, but very far inferior in power to many modern tubes not one quarter as long, noticed features sufficiently remarkable to enable him to determine roughly the rotation-period of the planet. Not many days later our own countryman, the talented Dr. Hooke (who had detected spots on Mars in 1665), made two drawings of Mars which will bear comparison with all but the best modern views. These drawings were taken by means of a telescope no less than twelve yards long. At the end of the same month observers at Rome,

using Divini's glasses, constructed a drawing of Mars, which aroused the wrath of Cassini; "for," says he, "these observers represent the spots they saw as small, far apart, remote from the middle of the disc, and the eastern spot less than the west, whereas by observations made on the same day at Bononia, I know that there were two very large spots close to each other, in the midst of the disc, and the eastern bigger than the western." Certain it is that Cassini deduced from his observations a nearly correct rotation-period, while the Roman observers gave a period only one half the true one, having apparently been deceived by a certain resemblance which exists between two opposite hemispheres of the planet.

In 1704-1719 Maraldi made a series of observations of Mars, and two of his drawings are easily recognizable. In one there is seen a triangular or funnel-shaped spot, running nearly north and south, which is doubtless the feature called the "Hour-glass Sea" by modern astronomers. In the other there is an elbow-shaped spot which powerful modern instruments have broken up into two important "seas."

Sir W. Herschel, however, was the first who attempted a systematic examination of Martial features. His object was rather a singular one; in fact, it will hardly appear, at first sight, what relation can exist between that object and the features of Mars's surface. Herschel wished to ascertain *whether the length of our day is constant*. He considered that by watching the rotation of some other member of the solar system he might be set upon the traces of any change which may be taking place in our earth's motion of rotation. He soon found that (as has been already indicated) Mars is the only planet available for this purpose, as being the only planet whose surface bears recognizable marks. He set himself therefore to construct a series of pictures of the planet.

Herschel was not very successful, however. We have heard his pictures described as "caricatures" of Mars. Their defects are not due, of course, to any want of care or skill in this eminent observer, but to the imperfect definition of his large reflectors. It has been said of these instruments that they would

"bunch a star into a cocked hat," and, therefore, it can readily be conceived that they were wanting in that extreme accuracy of definition which would alone suffice to present the surface-details of so distant an object as the planet Mars. And by a singular accident Herschel was not even successful in determining the rotation-period of Mars with the accuracy which might have been deduced from his long series of observations. In comparing views taken at an interval of two years, he accidentally omitted one rotation, so that the Martial day, as determined by him, was two minutes too long.

The next series of observations which deserves special comment, is that taken by Messrs. Beer and Mädler, in the years 1830-1837. They used an instrument about four inches in aperture, and rather more than five feet in focal length. With this instrument, which in less experienced hands would have been wholly inadequate for observations of such difficulty, they constructed an admirable series of views, which they subsequently combined in a "chart of Mars." They also obtained a close approximation to the length of the Martial day, which they found to consist of 24h. 37m. 23^s., a result not differing much more than a second from the true value!

We pass over a number of excellent drawings which have been made by Kunowski, Delarue, Lockyer, Nasmyth, the Padre Secchi, and other observers, to describe the exquisite drawings which were constructed by the eagle-eyed Dawes, in 1852-1864. This eminent observer, whose loss astronomy has lately had to deplore, made use in 1852 of an exquisite 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch refractor from the celebrated Munich works. He described this instrument to the present writer as "absolutely perfect." Later observations he made with a fine refractor 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in aperture.

The first peculiarity which strikes one in examining Dawes' views of Mars, is the multiplicity of the details which they contain. One begins to doubt whether all that is pictured is to be taken as representing what the observer actually saw. For while there are large and well-marked features corresponding with those seen in other drawings, there are a multitude of light streaks and patches

which one might well suppose to represent merely the general effect presented to the observer by parts of the planet not rendered quite so distinctly visible as the rest. Then, again, on a rough comparison of several views, whether taken on succeeding days or belonging to different years, one does not find the sort of resemblance which one would be led to expect.

It is not a little singular that these peculiarities, which would lead one at first sight to attach little value to Dawes' drawings of Mars, are precisely those which enable us to assign to them their real importance. It is well known that Mr. Dawes was averse to long and tedious mathematical processes. Where his observations required such processes, he left the work to be done by others. Content with doing that, which none could do so well as he, he left the interpretation of his observations—where this required mathematical computation of any complexity—to those whose tastes led them to care more for work of that sort. Now, when a series of observations has been made upon a globe continually varying in its presentation towards the eye, it is a much more difficult and laborious process than might be supposed, to reduce all these observations in such a way that the real configuration of the globe shall become known. Just as our earth in travelling round the sun bows first one pole then the other towards him, and, by rotating on its polar axis, brings different countries in succession under his rays, so Mars presents a continually varying configuration to the observer on earth. Nay, there is an even greater complexity in the latter variations, because the earth itself, from which we observe Mars, is not at rest. Thus it becomes a perplexing problem to educe, from a mere series of eye-transcripts of the planet, the real features which exist upon his globe. But when this has been carefully done, it clearly becomes possible to determine how far those eye-transcripts may be trusted. If we see that the varying figures presented by the same feature are due merely to the varying presentation of the planet, we not only learn that that feature exists on the planet, but we have satisfactory evidence of the skill of the observer who has made the drawings.

Now, when Mr. Dawes' drawings are tested in this way, it is found that they accord in the most satisfactory manner. Features which present no apparent resemblance are found to resolve themselves into the same well-marked ocean or continent, when each is brought to the centre of the planet's disc. One singular instance of this is worthy of notice. We have spoken of a long sea running north and south on Mars' globe, which was represented by Maraldi as a dark triangle, and which, as seen in modern telescopes, has seemed to merit the name of "the Hour-glass Sea." This sea appears in many of Mr. Dawes' drawings, and on account of its extent and peculiar figure, there is in most cases very little difficulty in recognizing it. But in explaining his tracings to the present writer, Mr. Dawes pointed out the existence of a dark marking near the border of the disc (in two or three drawings) which he compared to the leg of an old-fashioned table. It appeared as a double curve resembling Hogarth's "line of beauty." Now, when the requisite calculation and construction had been gone through, it was found that this mark, brought to the centre of the disc, assumed the exact figure of the Hour-glass Sea; and a comparison of the position of the marking with the position of the Hour-glass Sea in another drawing, reference being made to the planet's rotation in the interval, left no doubt that the "Table-leg Sea" and the "Hour-glass Sea" were one and the same.

The numerous details in Mr. Dawes' drawings being shown in this way to correspond to real features on the planet's surface, it became feasible to construct a chart which should represent all these features exactly as oceans and continents are represented in the maps of hemispheres which usually accompany terrestrial atlases. This has been done, and two charts have been constructed, in which all the features detected by Mr. Dawes find a place. For convenience of reference, these features have received the names of those astronomers whose researches have added in any way to our knowledge of this interesting planet. These names we shall make use of in giving a very brief sketch of the Martial oceans and continents; in other words, a brief treatise on *areography*.

Each pole of Mars is capped by a polar cap, which varies in extent according to the progress of the Martial seasons. Around each polar cap there is a polar sea—the northern sea being termed in the charts Schröter Sea, the southern Phillips Sea. The equatorial regions of Mars are mainly occupied by extensive continents. There are four of these—viz., Dawes Continent, Mädler Continent, Secchi Continent, and Herschel I. (Sir W.) Continent. Between Dawes Continent and Herschel Continent flows the Hour-glass Sea, termed in the chart Kaiser Sea, the large southern ocean out of which this sea flows being denominated Dawes Ocean. Between Mädler Continent and Dawes Continent flows Dawes Strait, connecting a large southern ocean and a northern sea, named after Tycho. Herschel Continent is separated from Secchi Continent by Huggins Inlet, flowing from a large southern sea termed Maraldi Sea. In like manner Bessel Inlet, flowing out of Airy Sea (a northern sea), separates the Mädler and Secchi Continents. Between Dawes Ocean and Delarue Ocean there lie two large islands, Phillips Island, lying within the Martial tropics, and Jacob Island, lying in the southern temperate zone. Dawes Ocean separates into four large seas extending northward. Large tracts of land lie between these seas, but whether they are islands or not is uncertain, as their south polar extremities are never very clearly defined. In Delarue Ocean there is a small island which presents so bright and glistening an aspect as to suggest the probability of its being usually snow-covered. It is called in the chart Dawes' Snow Island. Three seas, separated by lands of doubtful extent, reach from Delarue Ocean towards the south pole. We have mentioned the northern seas Tycho and Airy. These are connected, and form, with a third sea, named Beer Sea, a continuous fluid zone around the northern polar regions. In the zone of land which separates this sea from Schröter Sea, there lies an extensive sea or lake named after Delambre.

One of the most singular features of the Martial globe is the prevalence of long and winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. These features are wholly distinct from anything known on our

own earth. For example, Huggins Inlet is a long forked stream, far too wide to be compared to any terrestrial river, extending for about three thousand miles from its two-forked commencement, near Airy Sea, to the point at which it falls into the Maraldi Sea. Bessel Inlet is nearly as long. Another inlet called in the chart Nasmyth Inlet, is yet more remarkable. Commencing near Tycho Sea, it flows to the east, running parallel to that sea and Beer Sea. It then turns sharply southwards, and, expanding, forms Kaiser Sea. Oudemann's Inlet connects (apparently) two bell-shaped seas; but it is not quite clear whether these seas are separated or not by an interval of land from Beer Sea. The bottle-necked seas or lakes are singular features. The seas connected by Oudemann's Inlet probably form a twin pair of seas of this sort. Two very remarkable seas, closely resembling each other in figure, and each of which is separated from Delarue Ocean by a narrow curved strait, are very noteworthy features. Were it not for their enormous real dimensions—each sea is at least 300 miles long by 150 broad, and the channels which connect them with Delarue Ocean are fully 250 miles long—one would be disposed to detect in their singular resemblance the evidence of artificial construction. The same remark applies to two closely resembling flask-shaped seas, which flow into Tycho Sea. Another well marked sea of this sort flows into the "Hour-glass," or Kaiser Sea.

On our earth the oceans are three times as extensive as the continents. It may be noticed also that Europe, Asia, and Africa form a single large island, so to speak; while another large island is formed by the two Americas. On Mars a very different arrangement prevails. In the first place, there is little disparity between the extent of oceans and continents; and then, these are mixed up in the most complex manner. A traveller either by land or water could visit almost every quarter of the planet without leaving the element on which he had commenced his journeyings. Thus, he might proceed by water along Nasmyth Inlet for some 2,000 miles; thence southwards, for some 1,500 miles along the Kaiser Sea into Dawes Ocean; thence he might coast along the four seas, which

extend for upwards of 5,000 miles around the southern temperate zone; thence, after circumnavigating Jacob Island and Phillips Island (a journey of about 6,000 miles), he could sail into Delarue Ocean, and visit the three open seas and the five bottle-necked seas which are connected with it, a journey of some 6,000 miles. After this he could sail down Dawes Strait into the sea which surrounds the northern temperate zone, and after circumnavigating this zone he could sail up Bessel Inlet; the journey, after leaving Delarue Ocean, being fully 10,000 miles in length. Thus he would have visited almost every quarter of the Martial globe, and journeyed upwards of 30,000 miles, *always in sight of land, and generally with land in view on both sides*. Again, a traveller by land, starting from Dawes Continent, could round the extremity of Nasmyth Inlet and pass by a long neck of land called Mädler Land into Herschel Continent; thence rounding Huggins Inlet to Secchi Continent; thence rounding Bessel Inlet to Mädler Continent; and finally, rounding the south-eastern extremity of Delarue Ocean, he could visit all the lands which surround the southern temperate zone.

In this intricate labyrinthine fashion are the lands and seas of Mars intertwined. And perhaps, if we consider the physical relations of the planet, we shall recognize the adaptation of this arrangement to the wants of the planet's inhabitants. It must be remembered that if the lands and seas of Mars had been arranged as those of our own earth, the large ocean masses corresponding to our Pacific and Indian Oceans would never have been swayed by a tidal wave. If Mars has a satellite, it must be an exceedingly minute one; for the most powerful telescopes have been directed towards the planet without discovering any. The effects of the sun in producing tides must be almost inappreciable on Mars. These effects, it is well known, depend on the relation which a planet's diameter bears to its distance from the sun. Our earth's diameter is about 8,000 miles, and its distance from the sun 91,500,000 miles; and the solar tide upon our earth is very small. We can conceive, then, how small the Martial tides would be, when we remember that his diameter is less than 5,000 miles, and

his distance from the sun upwards of 150,000,000 miles. Large oceans, unswayed by tides, would become stagnant and impure. It seems probable that the waters on Mars are sufficiently moderate in quantity to circulate freely by the mere processes of evaporation and downfall.

We have been assuming that the dark spots on Mars are really seas, and the light ochrish-colored spots continents. Some astronomers have expressed doubts on this point; but such doubts may surely be looked on as unreasonable. We can never, of course, feel absolutely certain respecting the habitudes of so distant a globe; but there are many sound reasons for concluding that the surface of Mars is really diversified by land and water.

In the first place, there is the color of the spots. It was formerly supposed that the greenish tint of the dark spots might be merely the effect of contrast with the brighter spots which give to Mars its ruddy tint, and earned for it the title of *ἡ ερυθρὴ* among the Greeks. But this opinion has been found to be erroneous, and all modern observers agree that the green tint really belongs to the dark spots. In fact, more doubt rests on the reality of the orange tint than on that of the green. Astronomers have been disposed to ascribe the orange color to the absorptive qualities of the Martial atmosphere, and it is only within the last few years that the improbability of this view has been established.

Then we have the evidence drawn from the white spots which cap the Martial poles. If these are really masses of ice, resembling those which surround the poles of our own earth, the question must of course be answered in the affirmative; for whence could such enormous masses of snow and ice be formed, save from large seas? Now we can hardly see on what grounds it can reasonably be doubted that these white spots are rightly called

The snowy poles of moonless Mars.

Their variation has been found to correspond exactly with the progress of the Martial seasons—and this not for one or two Martial years, but ever since Sir W. Herschel first called attention to the periodicity of the variation. There is

something singularly striking in the contrast between the small sharply defined ellipse of white light round the pole of that hemisphere which is enjoying the Martial summer, and the irregular and wide-spreading tracts of snowy light round the cold pole. In the winter these tracts extend as far from the pole as latitude 45° , a circumstance which indicates an extent of snow-fall corresponding very closely to that which in winter covers the northern tracts of Asia and America. In summer, on the other hand, the icy circle is reduced within a range of about 8° or 10° from the pole; so that arctic travellers on Mars are not likely to approach either pole more closely than Sir Edward Parry approached the North Pole of the earth in his celebrated "boat and sledge" journey in 1837. Now, when we see features corresponding so closely with those presented by our own earth, and consider further the *a priori* probability that our nearest neighbor among the planets should be constituted much as the earth is, we are led at once to the conclusion that these white patches are in reality snowy masses, and therefore that there must exist large seas and oceans whence the vapors are raised from which these snows have been condensed.

But, further, we have distinct evidence of the existence of a cloud-bearing atmosphere around Mars. The features of the planet are often blurred and indistinct when every circumstance is favorable for observation. And it is especially noteworthy that the wintry hemisphere is always much less distinct than the hemisphere which is enjoying the Martial summer. "A variable envelope," writes Professor Phillips, "gathers and fluctuates over a permanent basis of bright and dusky tracts on the surface of Mars, partially modifying the aspect of the fundamental features and even in some cases disguising them under new lights and shades, which present no constancy,—a thin vaporous atmosphere probably resting on a surface of land, snow, and water." It is also remarked that the outer parts of the disc are nearly always much more indistinct than the central parts; the former shine with that white light which we receive from the cloud-belts of Jupiter; and if we remember that the outer parts of the disc contain those

regions of Mars which have lately come into sunshine, or are about to pass out of it, we see the meaning of the phenomenon to be this, that *the morning and evening skies of the Martialis are more clouded than the midday sky*—a condition which is known to prevail in certain seasons and latitudes on our own earth also. The indistinctness of the wintry hemisphere points to the prevalence of cloudy skies during the Martial winter; and this peculiarity is not only conformable with recognized habitudes on our own earth, but corresponds with the variations of the Polar snow-caps. "The enormous transfer of moisture from one hemisphere to the other," writes Professor Phillips, "while the snows are melting round one pole and forming round the other, must generate over a great part of the planet heavy storms and great breadths of fluctuating clouds, which would not, as on the quickly rotating mass of Jupiter, gather into equatorial bands, but be more under the influence of prominent land and irregular tracts of ocean."

But the strongest argument in favor of a similarity in general physical relations between Mars and our own earth, is drawn from the revelations which have been afforded by the spectroscope. We regret that space will not permit us to dwell on this evidence so fully as its interest deserves. Those of our readers who are anxious to examine the subject more at length, should read Mr. Huggins's paper on the spectrum of Mars, in the *Monthly Notices* for 1867. The main facts pointed to by his researches are the following:—First, the red color of Mars is *not* due to an absorptive power in his atmosphere, resembling that in our own air which causes the ruddyskies of twilight. If this were so the snowy poles would lose their white color, since we see them through the densest strata of the Martial atmosphere. But, secondly, although the atmosphere around the planet is not so abnormally dense as to produce the ruddy tint of the planet, yet that atmosphere does contain gases and vapors corresponding to those which are present in our own air; for lines appear in the spectrum which correspond with those which appear in the solar spectrum when the sun's light traverses the lower-strata of the earth's atmos-

phere. "That these lines," says Mr. Huggins, "were not produced by the portion of the earth's atmosphere through which the light of Mars had passed, was shown by the absence of similar lines in the spectrum of the moon, which at the time of observation had a smaller altitude than Mars;" so that, if the lines had been due to the earth's atmosphere, they should have been stronger in the moon's spectrum than in that of the planet.

It appears, then, from the searching scrutiny of the spectroscope, that the planet has an atmosphere, and that that atmosphere most probably resembles our own in general constitution. Combining this evidence with that which we already possess of the presence of water in its liquid, vaporous, and solid states, upon the surface, and with the certainty that the red tint of parts of the planet is due to a real ruddiness of substance (corresponding to the tint of certain soils upon our own earth), we cannot but recognize the extreme probability that in all essential habitudes the planet Mars resembles our own earth. One circumstance may at first excite surprise: the fact, namely, that in a planet so much farther from the sun than our earth, there should exist so close a resemblance, as respects climatic relations. But if we consider the results of Tyndall's researches on the Radiation of Heat, and remember that a very moderate increase in the quantity of certain vapors present in our atmosphere, would suffice to render the climate of the earth intolerable through excess of heat (just as glass walls cause a hot-house to be as an oven long after the sun has set), we shall not fail to see that Mars may readily be compensated by a corresponding arrangement for his increased distance from the vivifying centre of the solar system.

Dublin University Magazine.

PLEASANT PASSAGES FROM EARLY FRENCH HISTORY.

HOW EARLY HISTORIES WERE INVENTED.

WHAT a dry study would Roman or Grecian history be to school-boys if they were deprived of their delightful old legends—a fact well known to the compilers of our modern manuals. The Rev. Mr. Liddell and Dr. Wm. Smith, from whose eyes the scales have been removed by meddlesome German archaeologists,

and whose faith in Romulus's Lupine nurse and King Codrus's bundle of sticks is of the most slender texture, still tell the introductory stories, and show their wisdom in so doing. French history is found defective in these old treasures. The Gauls had their traditions of course, but they were discouraged by the rough-riders from Italy and from Germany, and so vanished from human memory. The Germans were too much occupied with striving to maintain their footing in their newly-conquered land, or too intent on extending their possessions, to preserve the memory of their ancestors' exploits or wanderings. So what we know of the Gauls before their conquest, or the Germans before their entry into France, has been communicated to us by their foemen the Romans, who happened to be expert at the pen as well as the sword.

Among the early histories of the European nations there were but few written by politicians or warrior chiefs, who in some respects would have been the men best fitted for the task. They were too much absorbed in warfare or the care of the public weal, and left the effeminate work of adding current events to those of already written chronicles to such monks as had a taste for letters, and abundance of time on their hands to cultivate them. The Scandinavian hordes, content with listening at spare times to the oral delivery of sagas by their scalds, had no written records, set no value on them, and when such came in their way in the sacking of monasteries or castles, they used them in swelling the volume of flame already raised.

The *religious* of the Abbey of Saint-Denis had made a collection like other houses. This the wise monarch Charles V., contemporary with our Black Prince, and happy in the service of the brave and loyal knight Duguesclin, got copied in a fair hand in the orthography of his day, and had it continued till his own reign. It was afterwards enlarged with subsequent events in the reign of Louis XI., and secured in printers' types in 1476. This earliest printed French history bore for title "*Les Chroniques de Saint-Denis.*" The earlier part resembled our own Bardic chronicles, the tone becoming more sober and trustworthy as the narrative proceeded. As in the *Brut y Brenhinid*, the foundation of the history of

the British princes by the good Geoffrey of Monmouth, the *Chronicles of Saint-Denis* began with the sack of Troy.

"Four hundred and four years before Rome was founded reigned Priam in Troy the Great. He sent Paris the eldest of his sons to Greece to carry away Helen the wife of Menelaus, in revenge of a disgrace which the Greeks had inflicted on him. The Greeks, who were very angry at this, combined and bestirred themselves, and went to besiege Troy. At this siege, which lasted ten years, were slain all the sons of King Priam, he himself and his wife Hecuba. The city was burned and destroyed, the people and the barons slain. But some escaped, and many of the princes of the city betook themselves to different parts of the world to seek new habitations—as Helenus, Elyas (?), Anthenor and many others. Eneas, one of the greatest princes of Troy, put to sea with three thousand and four hundred Trojans. Turcus and Francion, who were cousins-germain—for Francion was son of Hector, and this Turcus son of Troilus, his (Hector's) brother, and son of King Priam—departed out of their own country, and went to dwell in one near a land which is called Thrace. When they had lived together a long time, Turcus departed from Francion his cousin. He and a portion of his people whom he brought with him went to a country which is called Little Scythia. Francion remained after his cousin had from him departed, and founded a city which he called Sicambria, and for a long time his people were called Sicambrians after the name of that city. They were tributaries to the Romans like other nations (some hundreds of years before Romulus's Wolf!). A thousand five hundred and seven years remained they in this city after it was founded."

The chapters that followed this egregious commencement, were respectively headed,—“Of the different opinions why the Trojans of Sicambria were called Français;—how they conquered *Allemand* and Germany, and how they discomfited the Romans,” etc.

FRENCH CHRONICLES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Up to the reign of Charlemagne these *Chronicles of Saint-Denis* followed one author only, viz., Aimoin a monk of

Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire. To his recital succeeded the Life of Charlemagne by his secretary Eginhard, and this was supplemented by the pseudo "Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin," in which King Marsilus and the Giant Ferragus figure as naturally as in their proper place the *Orlando* of Ariosto.

In the genuine French chronicles Roland is mentioned but once, and that slightly, but by the writer who assumed the name of Turpin, and archiepiscopal honors besides, he is invested with superhuman powers, and the little skirmish at Roncevaux raised to the dignity of an important fight.

"Then remained alone on the field of battle, Roland, wearied out with the mighty blows which he had given and received, and lamenting the death of so many noble barons slain and beheaded. . . . He alighted from his horse under a tree, near which was a large slab, which was there set up in a fine meadow over the valley of Roncevaux. He still kept hold on Durandal, a sword approved beyond all others, clear, resplendent, of fine make, and so tempered that it could not be broken. After looking on it for some time, he cried—'O beautiful blade, clear and glittering, never requiring to be refurbished, long and wide, strong and firm, white as ivory, marked with the sign of the cross, sanctified by the letters of the Holy name of our Lord Jesus, who shall henceforth use you? who shall own you? who shall bear you? My grief is great lest a wicked or lazy knight should possess you after me, lest a Saracen or other miscreant should wield thee after my death.' After he had thus lamented, he raised it on high and struck three wonderful blows on the marble slab. He wished to break it for fear it should fall into the hands of the Saracens. A wonder to tell, the thick slab was cut through and through, and the sword remained uninjured. When he saw he could not destroy it, his grief was violent. He put to his mouth his ivory bugle-horn and commenced to sound it vehemently, so that if any Christians were concealed in the woods they might come, or those who had passed the defiles might return, and witness his death. Then he sounded the *Oliphant* with such force that he split it down the middle, and burst the veins and nerves of his

own neck. The sound and voice of the horn reached the ears of Charlemagne, who was at the time in a valley called to-day Val-Karlemagne. It was full eight miles away from Roland, on the way to Gascony."

In the Grand Chronicle are recorded these personal traits of Charlemagne—"He could straighten three horseshoes placed side by side, and raise an armed knight from the ground on the palm of his hand. With his sword *Joyeuse* he would cut an armed knight asunder."

This part of the chronicle, however, is the only one borrowed from the romances. The rest, up to the days of Charles VII., consisted of pieces of authentic history, inartistically tacked to each other, and contemporary memoirs of the kings.

The great bulk of the chronicles as published, put a large circulation out of the question. So Master Nicholas Gilles, Secretary to Louis XII., published an abridgment, in one volume folio, in 1492, which met great success. Master Nicholas neglected to invest the early portion of his history with the characteristic quaintness and local color which his original possessed. He falsified his text in some places, and added many wonderful incidents to the narrative. The liberty he took with the prayer of Clovis at the battle of Tolbiac, was unpardonable. He made him say—"I shall believe in your name Lord Jesus Christ, and all those in my kingdom who do not choose to believe shall be exiled or put to death." He had not the slightest authority in the chronicles for the latter part of the address.

Depending on the accuracy of popular tradition he presented this picture of Charlemagne: "He was of fine form and large size, and eight feet in height. His face was a span and a half long (13½ inches), and a foot broad. His head was large, his nose small and flat. His eyes were large, of dark gray color, and sparkled like carbuncles. He ate but little bread, but made plentiful use of venison. He took for dinner a quarter of mutton, a peacock, a crane, a goose, a hare, or two fowl, without any other course."

This chronicle, abridged by Gilles, Secretary of Louis XII., exhibited neither erudition nor ability. Yet six-

teen editions appeared between 1492 and 1617. We borrow from Augustin Thierry a sketch of the change which occurred during this period in the mode of writing history in Europe :

"During the term of the reputation of Gilles a great literary movement, specially directed against the writings and the ideas of the middle ages, was accomplished throughout Europe. The revival of letters, which dates in Italy from the fifteenth century, had raised in that country a school of new historians, whose works, cast in antique moulds, were read with enthusiasm by the learned, and little by little wrought a change in public taste. The essential character of this school, to wit, that of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, was to present facts, not isolated, or set side by side, as they are in the chronicles, but by groups and according to their degree of affinity in the series of causes and effects. . . As imitation seldom knows when to stop, the new historians not only borrowed the method of the Grecian and Roman writers, but also their style, and even their harangues, which they introduced wherever the least pretext was afforded by a shadow of deliberation either in the court or the camp. No one appeared to be shocked by the strange figure which kings, dukes, and princes of the sixteenth century presented under the classic costume of the consuls, the tribunes, and the orators of Rome and Athens."

Bernard Girard, Lord of Haillan, was the first imitator of this Italian fashion in France. In 1576 he presented his first volume to Henri III., who rewarded him with a pension and the title of Royal Historiographer. This new man felt a most profound contempt for the naïve romantic chronicles of St. Gregory of Tours, Aimoin, Ville Hardouin, Joinville, and even Froissart. "The local color, the picturesque description, the richness of detail, the truthful and unaffected dialogues by which the narratives are intersected were considered by the Lord of Haillan as so much tawdry ornament unworthy of history." Hear how he decries their labors :

"They amuse themselves with quoting dialogues between themselves and others, a dialogue between one gentleman and another, of a captain with a

soldier, of this one with that one; the display of festivals, their order, their ceremonies, their confectionery, their sauces, the dresses of the kings and the lords, the order in which they sat, their *embrassades*, and such other trifling particulars, things pleasant to be recounted in conversation, but which belong in no respect to history, which should treat only of affairs of state; the councils and enterprises of princes, their causes, their effects, and their issues; and among these things introduce fine sentences to indicate to the reader the profit he may acquire from all these."

After all his wise precepts Du Haillan did not prove a model historian. In the election of Pharamond, a king whose existence is somewhat problematical, he introduces *Charamond* and *Quadrek*, two imaginary orators, discussing the respective merits of monarchy and aristocracy. The chronicler of 1492 counted French among the languages spoken by Charlemagne, and Du Haillan copied the blunder, though what is understood by *French* was not known in his day, the court language being a dialect of old German.

The next historian of note in order of time is François Eudes de Mezeray, the son of a surgeon of Ry, in Lower Normandy, and born in 1610. He composed some poems in his youth, and after a couple of campaigns in Flanders, achieved with little comfort to himself, he buried himself among the books and manuscripts of Saint Barbe, and worked sedulously at a history of France. Cardinal Richelieu hearing that he had injured his health by too close application, sent him a purse ornamented with his arms, and containing 500 crowns. This present infused new strength and courage into him, and in 1643 he published the first volume of his history. A pension of 4,000 livres (about £150) was immediately settled on him. He became perpetual secretary to the newly founded Academy, the cardinal's pet institution. He issued in 1668 an abridgment of the history, which became much more popular than the full work. Mezeray was a thorough republican, a rarity at the court of Louis XIV. He annoyed Colbert, the great financial minister, by issuing a history of taxes of every kind, and interlarding it with

several reflections most unpalatable to the court. On being expostulated with by Colbert he promised to make amends in the second edition. He kept his word by announcing to the public that he was writing under restraint, and palliating his former assertions instead of contradicting them. Half of his pension was immediately withdrawn, and on his complaining of that treatment the other half followed. So he continued the same anti-royalist to the end.

Mezeray had a noble and independent spirit, but was harsh and fickle in demeanor. His style was dry, and his construction frequently incorrect, still he wrote with precision, and sometimes rose above his ordinary level. He was as energetic as Tacitus, but never attained to his happiness of expression. He had the art of presenting a character in a clear light with but a few words, and like his great Roman model was too ready to believe in the utter viciousness of his great folk. With others of the Renaissance school he introduced imaginary speeches for which he had no warrant, especially if a vicious and tyrannical prince was to be castigated. The original history of Mezeray went only to the second edition; his abridgment became very popular.

Father Gabriel Daniel, S.J., published a new history of France in 1713. He accused Mezeray of ignoring or neglecting the early chronicles. He affected to search for the exact truth of things among the writers who lived nearest the eras of the various occurrences, and to invest his narrative with the local color and character of the various periods through which it progressed. As the history neared his own days, he suffered his predilections to prevail to some extent in the spirit of his composition.

Father Daniel's history of France was the best produced up to the beginning of the 19th century, notwithstanding the Abbé Velly's determination in the middle of the last century to eclipse all past historians, and spare all future ones the trouble of entering on the task. He would not only write the lives of the kings, but that of all classes of the people, and present in their true colors the political and social state, the manners, and the prevailing ideas and feelings of

every age. Alas! his recital was of the jaunty style and character, which would have well become a French history written by the late Mr. Thackeray's favorite—"Jeames de la Pluche." An example or two will exhibit the good Abbé's fitness for his self-assumed duties. Taking up the chronicles of St. Gregory of Tours, who lived from 544 to 595, he got this information concerning the deposition of Childeric!

"Childeric reigning over the nation of the Franks, and giving himself up to an extreme degree of dissoluteness, began to seduce their young daughters, and they being indignant at his conduct deprived him of his power. He being informed that they also intended to put him to death, departed, and betook himself to Thuringia."

The Abbé presented the unadorned facts in this flowery garb. Gregory, be it remembered, might have heard the story from men who had seen the scampish prince, and his improver had professed to be guided by the original authorities, and to present each age in the garb and hues in which it breathed and moved.

"Childeric was a prince noted for his amours. He was the finest made man in the kingdom. He was endowed with wit and courage, but born with an impressible heart, he abandoned himself to gallantry. This was the cause of his ruin. The Frank lords, sensible to the disgrace of their women, having been too susceptible to the charms of the prince, combined to dethrone him. Constrained to yield to their fury, he retired into Germany."

The earlier historian thus naïvely records his recall:—

"Having returned from Thuringia he was again put in possession of the royalty, and while he was reigning, this Basine, of whom we have spoken, having quitted her husband, paid him a visit. He having asked, with some curiosity, why she had come to see him, from so remote a land, they say that she made him this answer—'I have been made acquainted with your merits and your great courage, and it is for this I have come to live with you. For you must know that if in the country, beyond sea, I had heard of any one with more ability or more bravery than you, I would have sought

him out and gone to live with him.' The king heard her with joy, and united himself to her in marriage."

This was too coarse a canvas for the Abbé. He substituted for it the following embroidered piece of stuff.

"The legitimate prince again took possession of that throne from which his gallantries had hurled him. This surprising event was followed by another not less remarkable for its singularity. The Queen of Thuringia, like another Helen, quitted the king, her husband, to follow this new Paris. 'If I knew,' said she, 'a greater hero or a more gallant man than you, I would have sought him even at the extremities of the earth.' Basine was beautiful and intelligent, and Childeric too sensible to these gifts of nature, espoused her to the great scandal of good people, who objected in vain the sacred rights of marriage and the inviolable laws of friendship."

The judicious and deeply-read Augustin Thierry had small patience with this historian, for applying the varnish of the eighteenth century to the rough surfaces of the fifth and sixth, for making Charlemagne speak French, which did not supplant the German before the latter half of the ninth century, and for making all the kings and chiefs from the fifth to the eighteenth century, true *Français*, lovers of glory and pleasure, and the kings especially, patterns of piety and chivalry. Thus he complains:

"In reality, is it possible to pile up a greater heap of extravagances? Would you not think that you are reading some pages of the "Grand Cyrus," or of stories told to children! Yet this history so falsely frivolous is concerned with the most fiery enemies which the Roman people ever had; of those who in their multiplied irruptions mingled a sort of fanatic hate to the ardor of pillage; who even in the preambles of their laws introduced songs of triumph for themselves, and of bitter contempt for the vanquished; who, when their king hesitated to set forward on an expedition determined on by them, threatened to depose him, abused and maltreated him. These are the people whom Velly travesties as French lords, as loyal of heart as gallant.

"A spirit capable of feeling the dig-

nity of the history of France, would not have disfigured it in this manner. He would have painted our forefathers such as they themselves were, and not such as we are. He would have presented on this wide country which we tread to-day, all the races of men which have been mingled to produce ourselves. He would have pointed out the diversity in their manners and their ideas. He would have followed these in their degradations, and indicated their vestiges still existing in the modern uniformity. He would have tinted his recitals with the peculiar hue of every population and of every epoch. He had been a Frank when speaking of the Franks, a Roman when speaking of the Romans. He would have encamped in idea with the conquerors in the midst of ruined cities and of country districts given up to pillage. He would have assisted at the distribution by lot of the gold and silver, of furniture, of garments, of lands, which occurred wherever the flood of invasion spread. He would have seen the first friendships between the conquerors and the conquered, formed in the midst of the license of a barbarous mode of life, and of the destruction of every social restraint, by an emulation of rapine and disorder; and he would describe the gradual decay of the ancient civilization, the increasing neglect of legal traditions, the loss of rights, and the oppression of the poor and feeble by the rich and powerful."

The history of France written by Anquetil in the beginning of the present century is distinguished by a lucid style. But he made no extensive researches; he merely used the books of Mezeray and Velly. He intended to compose a history from the early chronicles and the records still preserved. Being a man not easily turned aside by prejudice, and moreover endowed with good sense and judgment, he would have produced a standard work on French history.

Having treated of the chief modern historians, we proceed to mention in brief some of the earliest authorities on whom their narratives were formed.

The earliest name we find among the native French historians is Saint-Prospere, who left two chronicles, one ending with the year 398, and the other with 455. This chronicler was born early in

the fifth century, and lost a portion of his youth in evil courses. Taking a serious turn he devoted his energies to combat semi-Pelagianism and other errors. He is the author of letters to St. Augustine, of epigrams on St. Augustine's opponents, treatises on grace and free will, and other pieces. He arrayed his devotional ideas in a poetic garb worthy of his subjects, and his prose was distinguished by a plain, concise, and nervous style. It is uncertain whether he was a bishop, simple priest, or laic. He was alive in 463, but the exact date of his decease is not known.

Saint Gregory, bishop of Tours, for whose era see above, had considerable trouble with Childebrand and that very bad woman Fredegonde, whom he dauntlessly rebuked for their vices. Among his works is a valuable history of the Gauls from their conversion by Pothin, bishop of Lyons, to the year of the historian's death in 595. Besides historical facts this work contains a plentiful sprinkling of legends and miracles. Our saint has long enjoyed the name of "Father of French history."

Fredegairus was the next in order of time. His chronicle was composed by order of Childebrand, and may be found in Dom. Bouquet's (Benedictin) collection of French historians, made in the early part of last century.

From the Latin poems of Apollinaris Sidonius (428-480) much information is got concerning contemporary personages and events, and those of the generations immediately preceding. This writer was raised to the dignity of Bishop of Auvergne, since called Clermont, and his life was distinguished by the practice of all the Christian virtues.

Aimoin, a monk of the Abbey of Fleury-sur-Loire in the tenth century, wrote a chronicle of France in five books.

The life and wise government, and heroic actions of St. Louis (the ninth king of that name, 1226-1270) was written by Jean Sieur de Joinville, seneschal of Champagne, one of his trusty counsellors and followers in his wars. One of the duties of this gentleman was to sit at the king's gate with the Sieur de Nesle and the Sieur de Soissons, to hear and decide on disputes. "When the trials were over," the Sieur remarks,

"he sent for us, and inquired how the business went on, and if there were any disputes which might be settled without his intervention. Oftentimes, if it was found necessary, he would send for the parties, and satisfy them, bringing them to reason by his wisdom. The Sieur de Joinville died in 1318 at the ripe age of ninety years.

The chronicles of Jean Froissart, which from their picturesqueness and vivid style of portrait-painting both as to character and personal appearance, and striking descriptions of pageants, tournaments, battles, and sieges, possess all the attraction of a romance, embrace the period between 1326 and 1390 (time of Edward III. and Richard II.) The loose-living canon was born at Valenciennes, in 1337. Loving fine clothes, parade, and a good table, our chronicler followed camps, and enjoyed the festivities of castle and palace, and either witnessed what he wrote about or received his intelligence from those who had. Monstrelet continued his chronicles till 1466.

THE ANCIENT GAULS AND THEIR RELATIVES.

If the word *Celt* had been in use among the various divisions of the people called by that name, to distinguish them from the Romans or Teutons, we would suppose it derived from *ceile*, implying in its abstract sense union or attachment. But the title was given to them by their enemies, and its first application and the reason for it are involved in mystery. Another provoking matter is that the early inhabitants of France should be called *Gauls*, which, as well as the cognate word *Walsch*, means strangers. It is our opinion that the Celts of Ireland and of France distinguished themselves by the same name, viz., *Gaeil*,* whose root is *geal*, bright or famous. The Gael of Ireland formerly applied the name *Gall* to the Northmen and afterwards to the English, but were more disposed to use the term *Francaich* than *Gall* when speaking of a Frenchman. The earliest writers giving the name *Galli* or *Gauls* to the inhabitants of France were the Roman, who naturally

* The strict meaning of the word *goidheal* as given by Irish grammarians, is a man who by force or art raises himself above the laws. See O'Reilly.

adopted the term used by the people themselves, which could by no possibility mean stranger.

In Cæsar's time the inhabitants of Britain, the south-west of Caledonia, of Wales, of entire Gaul, and of the Iberian Peninsula, spoke dialects of the Celtic tongue, and could with more or less difficulty understand each other. We are persuaded that the Belgæ enjoyed an infusion of Teutonic blood. A good Irish scholar of the present day finds no difficulty in rendering the meaning of every Gallic or Iberian proper name found in Cæsar or other Latin writers. For instance *Vercingetorix* may be resolved into *ur*, noble, or *fear*, the Latin *vir*; *ceann*, head; *gath* a spear; *geathaim*, I adorn; the termination *ix* being a corruption of the Gaelic *ach* as will be explained by and by.

If the later Romans endured most severe treatment from the Northern nations, it was but a return in kind for what their own ancestors had inflicted on the poor Britains and Gauls who had given them no cause of offence. Julius Cæsar was not a cruel man, when compared with the general run of Roman chiefs, yet many a savage act was perpetrated with his permission. If ever a patriotic hero deserved honors and consideration from a foe it was Vercingetorix.* After displaying the highest ability and bravery, and giving Cæsar's invincibles many a check, he gave himself up a sacrifice to insure the safety of his people in their last stronghold Alesia on one of the Burgundian hills.

The other chiefs were conducted by Roman soldiers into the presence of the proconsul; Vercingetorix presented himself of his own will, clad in his best suit of armor, and mounted on his war-horse. He rode round the tribunal where the stern Roman sat; then stopped full in front of him and cast his javelin, his casque, and his sword on the ground. Oh Julius Cæsar, did you show your boasted magnanimity in loading the hero's limbs with chains, allowing

* The earlier Latin writers probably substituted the Greek χ for the Gaelic *ch* in the last syllable of proper names, both having the same guttural sound. They had no letter or pair of letters in their own alphabet to express it. Later writers and readers gradually gave the letter the sound of the Latin *X* (*ks*), with which it is identical in form.

him to languish six years in a Roman prison, making him walk in your triumphal procession, and then giving the order to have him strangled!

With the downfall of this devoted chief ended every effectual attempt at resistance by the Gauls. It must be said of the conqueror that when all resistance ceased he treated the people with lenity. Confiscations and taxes were but trifling in amount, and he permitted the people of cities to live under their own chiefs and according to their own laws. He induced as many of the fighting portion of the people as he could to accompany him to Italy. Their arms gave him effectual aid in his after-struggles with his own countrymen.

For about 400 years the Gauls quietly endured the Roman sway, making progress in arts, and adopting civilized modes of life after the example of their Italian masters, and the descendants of those Greeks who founded the little colony of Marsilia; but getting initiated into Grecian and Roman vices, unknown to their Gaelic ancestors or the hardy Teutons living beyond the Rhine. The incursions of these warriors, of unimpaired constitutions, they were no more able to repel than the Romanized Britains could withstand their own distant but unfriendly relatives, the Alban-Scots.

THE FRANKS AT HOME AND IN BATTLE.

We shall now take a hurried glance at the neighbors of these degenerate Gauls, who lived beyond the Rhine, and were as yet unacquainted with the degrading vices of Rome and Athens.

Before the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar there was but little difference in the modes of life prevalent in Germany and the country parts of Gaul, the existence of some kind of cities in the latter country implying a higher degree of civilization. In both countries, as well as in Ireland and Britain, clanship and chieftainry prevailed, the ruler of a tribe standing in a nearer or more remote degree of relationship to every individual of his people, all free men leaving the drudgery of their households to their wives and slaves, and judging every species of exercise beneath them, except hunting and fighting. When an expedition was decided on, the allied tribes

elected a leader whose authority ceased with the termination of the campaign. They were not without traditional laws, of which their druids or priests were the expounders. There does not seem to have existed a strong executive element among either Teutons or Celts. Executions in time of peace were scarcely known, all offences, even assassination, being condoned by a fine of greater or less amount.

Adultery, the most heinous social crime in the estimation of the Teuton tribes, received the following punishment. In the presence of the woman's parents and other near relatives, her husband had her head shaved, and then drove herself with ignominy out of her tribe. No matter what her beauty, or former consideration, she never after could enter the marriage state. Traitors were hung on trees, but we are unable to say whether the outraged husband hung the destroyer of his domestic comfort or put him to ransom. Cowards were placed in a mud bath, a hurdle laid over their bodies, and they themselves stifled by the trampling of women and children on the rough screen. The unmarried women looked as closely to their steps as the married. No man entered the married state under the age of twenty, and none except a chief on occasions took a second wife. In consequence of the prevailing spirit of continence among the people, the children from an early age were distinguished by robust constitutions. When there was no fighting or hunting on hand, the German, Frank, and Anglo-Saxon lived an idle and useless life in his cabin. There in a village surrounded by a thick and strong rampart of living trees all enlaced, and this again encompassed by a marsh, the tired warrior and hunter occasionally indulged in a drinking bout which did not add to the comfort of himself or family next day.

In those days, marshes and woods occupied much more of the country than in ours. The summers must have been well attended by fevers and agues, and the winters excessively cold. None but a most hardy race, accustomed to the open air and severe exercise, could have endured the inconveniences of their winters, as their garments were of a scanty character. Though most vigor-

ous and active they were not calculated to endure protracted fatigue nor the inconveniences of a hot climate.

Irish antiquarians tell us that on the election of a new chief, the landed possessions of the tribe underwent a new distribution, regulated by some changes in the social conditions of the principal families on the accession of the new ruler. This arrangement suggests ideas of the most serious discomfort in the social economy of the Gaelic communities, but what was that compared to the state of things in a German tribe where a change of land took place once a year, if Mezeray and others say the truth. The chiefs did not wish that their people should get unduly attached to any spot of earth, but be ready for an emigration at any moment, and hence the arrangement.

The different tribes of *Germans* (men of war) paid great attention to their hair, the men more than the women. If it was not naturally foxy they stained it an orange-red color, and when going to battle drew it up to the summit of the head, tied it there, and let the ends float like red horse hair in the breeze. The waving motion and color of the mass of hair were intended to strike terror into the foe, as conveying ideas of blood and flame. Like the Celts, they shaved off their beards, leaving only the long pointed moustache on their upper lip. Among the Catti, young warriors did not apply the razor till they had slain each his man in deadly combat.

The favorite arms of the Franks, with whom the Gauls were brought into closer and more disagreeable relations than with the other Teutons, were the double-bladed axe and the *hang*, of which M. Augustin Thierry thus speaks:

"Besides the battle-axe or *frankiske*, they had a missile peculiar to themselves, and which they called *hang*—*i. e.*, a hook. It was a pike of moderate length, and calculated to be thrown, or used hand to hand. The blade, long and stout, was armed with edged hooks. The shaft was covered in its entire length with iron plates, so that it could neither be broken nor cut across. When the *hang* had transfixed a buckler, the barbs with which it was furnished rendered its extraction impos-

sible; it remained suspended, its other extremity trailing along the ground. Then the Frank who had flung it darted forward, and, placing one foot on the end of the pike, applied thereto the whole weight of his body, and forced his adversary to lower his arm, and thus leave his head and breast exposed. Sometimes the hang secured at the end by a cord served as a harpoon to draw away whatever it struck. While one Frank was flinging the javelin, another held the end of the cord, and then, both uniting their efforts, disarmed the enemy, or drew himself forward by his dress or his armor."

Even half a century after the conquest of Gaul, when Theodebert invaded Italy, Thierry tells us the royal guard alone were furnished with horses and lances. The rest of the army were infantry, without corselets or coats of leather or mail. Some had helmets, but the greater number of the heads were defended by the thick masses of hair, arranged as above described. On account of the heat they had put off the coarse canvas jacket, retaining only their cloth or leather drawers, which came below the knee. They were unprovided with bows or slings, their only arms being the hang and the *frankske*.

When matters began to mend, they provided themselves with *loricas* of leather thongs. These were succeeded by iron or copper mail, plate armor being finally acquired. They covered their corselets with the skins of wild beasts, reserving the skins of their heads to impart a terrible air to their own head-dress. When their own flaming hair was covered with a helm, they delighted to see horse hair, dyed red, streaming from their crests. Frequently the sharp teeth and red open mouth of a wild beast formed the front of the crest, and helped to unnerve an enemy of unproved valor. Their swords were heavy, and only calculated for striking.

They always went armed to their public assemblies, where matters of moment were decided on. The chief or small kings might arbitrate on things of little moment, but for the public assemblies were reserved decisions of importance.

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If an assassination had occurred, the chief and the magnates not immediately concerned zealously bestirred themselves to have the family of the slain man satisfied by a fine of cattle proportioned to the loss; for a man's relations felt it as incumbent on them to avenge his death as to requite services done to him. The quarrel being thus adjusted could not be continued. Their public assemblies were generally held at the periods of new and full moons, the night getting precedence of the day. They only distinguished three seasons—spring, summer, and winter.

Their only spectacles consisted of feats of strength and agility, such as leaping in and out through rows and circles of sword edges and spear points. But when reposing themselves from war and the chase they employed the time not occupied with meals and sleep in the excitement of games of chance. In this unhealthy exercise they frequently staked, and lost their personal liberty.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE GERMAN TRIBES.

Our knowledge of ancient German mythology, and of Celtic mythology too, is very limited. Latin authors asserted that they adored Mercury, and Mars, and Hercules—the first two under the titles of *Teutates* and *Hesus* (strength). Some confound Woden with Mercury, but though there was a certain resemblance between a few of their attributes, their offices and stations in their separate systems were not at all similar. The fact is, that very little dependence is to be placed on accounts of the mythologies of Teutons or Gauls by Latin or Greek writers. The priests were most chary of communicating their myths to any but their devoted disciples. The Germans, as well as the Gauls, worshipped the great powers of nature, visible and invisible, and probably the principal passions. Before "communication with the Romans corrupted their good manners," they had neither idol nor covered temple. Some tribes had within their bounds an enclosure within the depths of a forest, the boughs of the surrounding trees forming an open-work arched roof. They did not dare to enter this sanctuary, which they supposed to be the residence of the Deity, but immo-

lated victims, and hung their members on the outer boughs of the sylvan temple. A tribe of the Suevi (Suabians), called the Semnones, occasionally sacrificed a man in their sacred enclosure. A person desirous of entering should first allow himself to be tied, in order to express perfect submission. If he happened to fall while within, he was not allowed to rise, but should roll himself along the ground till he got clear of the enclosure. The following account of the worship of the goddess Hertha (the Earth) is translated from Mezeray:

"There was an isle in the ocean which was named the CHASTE ISLE, sacred to the goddess Hertha. Here stood her chariot covered by her robe, which her priest alone dared to touch. He knew, as he declared himself, when the goddess descended into the chariot. Then he harnessed heifers to it, and sent it through the whole country, himself walking after with an appearance of the most profound veneration. Festivals and public rejoicings were held in every place honored by its visit. Wars ceased everywhere, the people most eager for warfare laid down their arms, and religiously observed that peace which would be intolerable at another time.

"When the priest considered that the goddess was perfectly satisfied, and had enjoyed as much as she wished of the society of human beings, he conducted her chariot back to the temple. Then in a secret pool he washed the chariot, and the robe, and, as he himself averred, the goddess herself. (His assistants were never seen again, having, as the simple worshippers thought, been received by the goddess into her elysium.) This assuredly was a wicked artifice of the priest, who put these creatures to death for fear of their exposing the imposture. However that may be, there dwelt on the people's minds a profound terror of that goddess, whom no ordinary person could look on and live."

The priests generally assembled the people at the time of full moon, which they believed to be the most propitious to mortals. Like the Romans they made divinations from the entrails of victims and the flight of birds. Their most solemn trials were made with horses of

an unmixed white color. These were kept in good pastures, and never profaned by the touch of bridle, or halter, or any kind of harness. For the purpose of taking an augury they yoked one of these revered animals to the car of one of their gods, and according to his style of neighing, his pace, and the route he selected they made their guesses. They said of themselves that they were the ministers of the gods, but that these sacred animals were their confidants.

FIRST DEALINGS OF FRANKS AND GAULS.

Of the various German peoples the Franks (Fierce Men) seem to have had the greatest encouragement to make a descent on Romanized Gaul. They had settlements on the right bank of the Yssel, and the Romans called them Salici from the name of that river, which in Latin is Isala. Having for some time paid respect to the prestige of the empire, they at last took courage, and crossed into Batavia. The marshy country cut up by lakes and streams would afford no advantageous field for combat to Roman cavalry, and besides Roman forts and camps were scarce towards the mouth of the Rhine, frequent as they were higher up stream.

About the end of the third century they made this move, and the Emperor Maximian judging that the task of dislodging them would be difficult, admitted them as colonists, and associated them as allies against new intruders. The district granted to them had for bounds the Moselle and Scheldt, and extended from Treves to Tournay.

More Frankish tribes came later across the Rhine to maintain the pretensions of Carausius against Constantius Chlorus. They were defeated, but suffered to remain between the Rhine and the Meuse. They got the name Ripuarii from their position along the bank (*Ripa*) of the great river. From the end of the third to the beginning of the fifth century the Salic and the Riparian folk occupied the same relative positions. Chlodion was the first of these restless people to disturb the Gauls, now that it was nearly out of the power of their distracted Roman masters to afford them protection.

Had the Franks made their irruptions

before the arms of the Gauls were unnerved by their four centuries of submission to the Romans they would have met deserved chastisement. Even in the weakly condition in which the fifth century found them, they recalled the bravery of their ancestors, and aided by the Romans, obliged the invaders to seek the right bank of the Rhine. Chlodion himself had to submit to a reverse of this kind before establishing himself on French soil. Apollinaris Sidonius (fifth century) has preserved some particulars of this defeat and flight.

"The Franks having arrived at a little bourg called Helena (supposed to be identical with Sens) fixed their camp, surrounded by their chariots on hillocks adjoining a little river, and kept but negligent watch,—a usual fault of the Barbarians. Here they were surprised by the Romans under the command of Aetius. At the moment of attack they were occupied feasting and dancing to honor the wedding of one of their chiefs. The sound of their songs was heard by the intruders at some distance, and the smoke from the cooking fires was seen. The legions advanced along a narrow way in serried order, passed a bridge, and were on the enemy. Little time was afforded them to run to their arms and form their lines. Driven back on one another in confusion, they piled on their chariots all the materials for the feast, meats of every kind, and large cauldrons crowned with garlands. But the chariots, and their contents, and even the bride with hair yellow as that of the bridegroom, fell into the hands of the victors."

This exploit and many another interesting one were recorded in excellent Latin verse by the bishop above named. Soon after they had occurred we find good service done here by Aetius, but how little does it appear beside the skilful and heroic ruling of the Romans, and Visigoths, and Franks, these last under Merowig, son of Chlodion, on the plain near Chalons-sur-Marne. There were assembled against them the countless multitude of the fierce and savage Huns, under their no less fierce and savage chief Attila. Yet under Providence and through the desperate courage of the Christians, and the judgment and wisdom of their leader, the terrible heathen array was

put in confusion, myriads and myriads slain, and their dreadful chief obliged to retreat with sadly diminished forces.

With reason did the sage advise his hearers not to put their trust in princes. The reward decreed to the able chief who had stood as the bulwark of Christianity in the West, was death by the poniard of the wretched Emperor Valentinian.

The rough character of these Franks evinced itself even in their writings, when they became conversant with letters, and even in the announcement of their laws. They could no more issue a legal code without asserting their own supereminence than Regner Lodbrog omit his own glorification when singing his death-song under the deadly bites of the serpents, or a Greek warrior when assailing a Trojan foeman.

Here is the commencement of the prologue of the SALIC LAW.

"The illustrious Nation of the Franks, having God for its founder, strong in arms, firm in peaceful treaties, profound in council, of noble and healthy bodies, of singular whiteness and beauty, hardy, agile, and rude in combat, lately converted to the Catholic faith, free from heresy; seeking the key of knowledge by the inspiration of God; even when under a barbarous belief, desiring justice according to the nature of its qualities, preserving piety, the Salic Law was dictated by the chiefs of this nation who at that time bore command.

"They selected from among many; four men, to wit—the Chief of Wise, the Chief of Bode, the Chief of Sale, and the Chief of Winde (localities of Batavia or its borders). These men assembled in three councils, discussed with care all legal processes, treated of each in particular, and pronounced their judgment in the manner following. Afterwards when by God's aid, Chlodowig (Clovis, celebrated warrior) the long-haired, the beautiful, the illustrious King of the Franks, had first of his nation, received Catholic baptism, all which in this code seemed unsuitable (to Christian usages) was amended with clear-sightedness by the three illustrious Kings Chlodowig, Hildebert (brilliant in fight), and Chlother (celebrated, eminent), and thus was issued the following decree:

"Live Christ who loves the Franks! May he guard their realm, and fill their chiefs with the light of his grace. May he protect their army; may he grant them the joys of peace and felicity; may the Lord Christ Jesus direct the reigns of those who govern in the paths of piety! For this is the nation, which, brave and strong, shook off the Roman yoke, and which after having recognized the sanctity of baptism, sumptuously adorned with gold and precious stones the bodies of the holy martyrs, whom the Romans had burned with fire, massacred, mutilated with the sword, or gave to be devoured by wild beasts."

The law, of which we have just quoted the prologue, was translated into Latin in the reign of "Good King Dagobert" in the beginning of the eighth century. In 450 Attila received the memorable defeat at the hands of Aetius, among whose allies was the Frank chief Merowig (eminent warrior). Under Chlodowig, the grandson of this hero, Christianity was introduced into France. The rough warrior had been wrought on for some time by the gentle persuasions of his Christian wife Chlothilde (eminently graceful), but still he hesitated. At last, seeing himself about to be defeated in battle, he expressed aloud his determination to worship the God of Chlothilde if he gave him success in the present fight. He won the battle, and, like a truthful Frank, he kept his word. Many of his warriors followed his example, but no disfavor or persecution waited on those who still remained pagans. The circumstances of the hour left but little time to the rough Franks for previous instruction, and it is to be feared that their religious knowledge and Tony Lumpkin's education were in the same category, one coming after baptism, the other after matrimony. The spirit of Christianity had very unmanageable materials to mould in these fierce natures, but the Master of hearts and Influencer of wills blessed the commenced work and sowing of the Gospel seed, and in its own time appeared the plentiful harvest. Persecution having no part in vital Christianity, Paganism vanished only by degrees from the courts and camps of the long-haired kings. Missionaries met with rough treatment in the country parts, and one Irish mission-

ary received martyrdom at the hands of the still unconverted. Some proofs of a striking character were needful to effect conversions, and St. Gregory of Tours and the other early historians quoted above, learned by tradition a few miracles such as the two we produce, and committed them to paper. We shall no more force belief of them on a sceptical world than did Clovis his newly-adopted faith on his Pagan courtiers.

Chlodowig proceeding to Paris by Orleans stopped at this city for some days. Desirous of beholding the Abbot Fridolin, who was reported to possess miraculous powers, Adolphus, Bishop of Poitiers, brought him that holy man, the bishop, on horseback, the abbot on foot. After some pleasant discourse dinner was served, and the king, filling with wine a jasper goblet incrustated with gold and precious stones, handed it to the reverend guest. He said he was not accustomed to drink wine, but taking the vessel from the king's hands through politeness, he happened to let it fall on the table, and thence to the floor, where it was broken into four pieces. These were picked up by a servant and laid before the king, who appeared chagrined on account of the effect the accident might have on the pagan portion of the company. However, addressing the mortified abbot with a pleasant air, he said: "This is a disagreeable occurrence to happen in the sight of our pagan friends, but I have a lively faith that at your prayer this vessel shall become whole again for the edification of all here who have no faith in our Sovereign Lord." Fridolin put the pieces together, bowed his head over them on the table, and prayed with a strong though troubled spirit. After a while thus painfully spent he raised his head, passed the goblet to the king, and no one in the hall could discern the joinings of the pieces. This miracle was followed by the baptism of all the pagans then present, and of many who heard of what had happened.

The other miracle happened in this wise.

After the death of Chlodowig his son (Chlothaire) residing at Soissons was invited to a banquet by a certain Frank named Hozin, who also requested the presence of the venerable Vedaste (Saint

Waaſt) Biſhop of Arras. The holy man on entering the houſe took notice of a row of barrels ſtanding along the walls. He aſked their uſe, and the ſteward answered, "All are filled with beer; theſe (pointing them out) are for the Chriſtians, thoſe are for the pagans, and have been conſecrated by pagan ceremonies." The biſhop then paſſed along the row, making the ſign of the croſs over every veſſel and bleſſing its contents. As he went on, every veſſel on which pagan ceremonies had been performed, burſt, and the hall was flooded with the liquor. As in the other inſtance, a great number of conversions followed.

Our plan does not embrace any hiſtorical events of Clovis's reign. So we leave him in poſſeſſion of the northern part of France at the end of the fifth century, the Burgundians in poſſeſſion of the eaſtern diſtricts, having obtained a quaſi-peaceable poſſeſſion of them in the early part of the ſame century, and the Viſigoths, of the South and South-weſt, about the ſame time. Theſe troubleſome intruders having ravaged Italy and ſacked Rome under Alaric, made terms with the feeble Honorius, then ſhut up at Ravenna, paſſed the Apennines and Alps, and took poſſeſſion of ſouthern France under Ataulf, and held their ground there in permanence, their king keeping his court at Toulouse. By degrees this court acquired a high character for elegance and cultivation of letters. The good biſhop and poet Apollinaris ſung in his correct Latin verſes the praiſes of king and court more than once. Arianism prevailed both among the Burgundians and Viſigoths.

Our readers, as we hope, have perceived that we have preſented to their notice as much of the flowers and foliage of our ſubject, and as little of the rough bark and ſharp thorns as poſſible. Next to the hiſtory of our own empire our ſubject of predilection would be the hiſtory of France on the mere threshold of which we have placed our reader. Students of the larger French hiſtories have before them not a ſeries of dry facts, ſucceſſions of kings, battles, famines, plagues, foreign and domeſtic wars, but a delightful ſeries of romances full of noble lives, heroic deeds, cruelties,

ſuch as no ſenſational romancer would dare to invent, ſalutary adminiſtrations of wiſe kings, lamentable miſmanagement of others, horrors of inteſtine wars, and moſt intereſting perſonal narratives. It continues to preſent to Pariſian men of letters an inexhauſtible mine from which to extract *Romans Historiques*, and they have not been negligent in the working of it. The pile of French hiſtoric romances raiſed by Dumas Père, and our own eſtimable G. P. R. James, would fill the ſhelves of a reſpectable library, and the romances of *Bibliophile Jacob* (M. Lacroix) illuſtrative of the manners, uſages, and ſpirit of the different eras of French (particularly Pariſian) hiſtory, are moſt valuable, ſuch thoroughly correct ſtudies he has made to preſent faithful pictures of French ſociety at different epochs. Were his pen of the pure character of our own magician's, his works would be priceless. To this rich intellectual feaſt we commend our readers, with beſt wiſhes for their entertainment.

London Society.

CONVERSATIONAL OBSERVANCES.

FORMS are the outworks which defend the high from the low, the weak from the robuſt, the moſt from the inſolent, the retiring from the intrusive. Forms are indiſpenſable to civilized, and even to uncivilized, ſociety. Varying greatly in mode, but exiſting univerſally in fact, their right application is often a mere queſtion of degree. To ſhow one's ſelf "unceremonious" in the company of ſtrangers would not be the way to inſure ſocial ſucceſs; whiſt intimate friends may evince their amiability by a "ſans ceremonie" which, however, muſt reſtrain itſelf within the diſcreeteſt and moſt cautious limits. Free-and-eaſineſs requires the utmoſt tact and delicacy in its exerciſe. Moreover, blunt, frank, and outſpoken people do not always appreciate the ſame qualities in others. On many occasions it is great folk only—or at leaſt ſuperiors—who dare venture to utter exactly what they think, ſtill leſs to act exactly as they wiſh. The conventional forms of the time, the place, and the ſituation, inſtantly ſtart up to hold them in check. Propriety, ceremonial, and received uſages are deſpotic, admitting no appeal from their inflexible code. Still,

it will be ever a question of *degree*, to be regulated by the sliding scale of time and opportunity. In proof of which there is nothing less polite, nothing which makes a nearer approach to an insult, than over-politeness; nothing so ungracious as over-graciousness; no more offensive abuse of forms than overstrained formality; no better mode of wounding people's proper pride than the style of conduct known as "condescension."

Paradoxical as it may seem, after an interview with persons who have charmed you by their "simple manners," you can rarely or never, on cool reflection, say that they have been "unceremonious," "sans ceremonie," regardless or defiant of established forms—quite the contrary. Only their observance of social ceremonial has been so polished by the highest art—the *ars artem celare*, the art of concealing art—that you experienced the pleasing effects without observing the means by which it was attained. For instance, in persons known and admired for their agreeable and "simple" manners, you *never* notice *any* breach of the conventionalities, although you may never detect in them the attitudes of the drill-master or the ways of the mistress of deportment. The truth is, they have passed through all that long ago, and have it so thoroughly at their fingers' ends that they trouble their heads no more about it. These simple-mannered persons, nevertheless, see in *you* the slightest infraction of etiquette—and note it too—without your being aware of the circumstance.

Forms of etiquette and codes of ceremonial, therefore, also serve as a sort of freemasonry, by which members of good society in general (or members of coteries claiming to be subdivisions of good society) instantly know whether a stranger who happens to be presented to them is "one of us" or not. Half a word, a slight gesture, the most trifling action, serve to settle all doubt negatively; and as little, or a very little more, will often call forth an affirmative verdict, as in the case of the lady who was allowed to be a lady, simply because she helped lemon pudding with a spoon instead of cutting it with a knife and fork.

But manners vary so much in their details, both in respect to time and place, epoch and country, that the minutiae of

codes become obsolete after a lapse of years, or are strange and foreign if transplanted to another land and practised amidst a foreign race of men. At the same time their grand principles remain the same. Everywhere and at every period the great object of etiquette is to render to every one due observance and to receive the observance that is due to one's self; while good manners are either the natural expression of a kindly disposition or an attempt to gain credit for it in order to secure a favorable reception. Whether natural or artificial, the outward manifestation, the visible result, is exactly the same. Good manners imply consideration for others and abnegation of self, without any loss of proper dignity. For servile behavior is not good manners; on the contrary, any concession you make to others will be all the more highly valued when it is seen that you know what is due to yourself.

To show that the *leading principles* of good manners are invariable at all times and places, we have only to transport ourselves in imagination to an assembly of good company a hundred years (or any other interval of time) ago. Amongst our ancestors thus revived we can easily distinguish, in spite of the by-gone forms and diction, the lady and the gentleman from the vulgar upstart. We have no difficulty in deciding which fop is making himself agreeable and which is presuming to be impertinent—which is a courtly, high-born dame, and which a hoyden and a demirep. We have no need to write to the *Guardian* or the *Spectator*, inquiring to whom we may bow and to whom we may not, on meeting them at Ranelagh or on the Mall.

If we shift the scene geographically instead of chronologically it is equally easy to distinguish good company from bad, the man from the fellow, the emir from the fellah. It is in foreign countries especially that we discover the fundamental principles of good breeding to be everywhere one and the same, while minor points of punctilio vary in almost every different locality. Those local rules are easily learned, and in fact are often forced on the stranger's attention. Thus, at the baths of Leuk, in Switzerland, where ladies and gentlemen simmer together for hours in one common tepid pool, the public are admitted to see on the

double condition of shutting the door and doffing their hats. If any one omits either of those acts of civility he is immediately called to order by shouts from the bathers of "door!" or "hat!" as the case may be.

At courts manners are the same—with a difference. The ceremonial of each court may vary slightly, but it always moves in such a deep wheel-rut of routine, it is so clearly laid out beforehand by programmes, announcements, chamberlains, ushers, masters of the ceremonies, and the like, that none but the most ignorant bungler can commit an error. Self-possession and presence of mind will enable any well-bred novice to avoid awkward blunders. Every sovereign has a peculiar personal character, and every court takes its corresponding tone, which character and tone *could* not be kept secret from the world outside, however close it might be wished to keep it.

People who are destined by their birth and fortune to appear often in the presence of their sovereign will have little need of a code of ceremonial; their parents and friends will give them the required instructions. But it often happens that persons who do not habitually frequent palaces have to be presented to the head of the state. They may be sent for, or they may have reasons for soliciting an audience. In such cases, while awaiting their turn of presentation in the antechamber, they will always find official gentlemen who will kindly supply any information that is asked for.

"As to the respectful forms," observes Madame de Brady, "to be observed on approaching princes, I beg you to remark that they imply no obligation to attribute to them virtues or talents which they do not possess. Affect, therefore, neither the attitude of the timid slave nor the behavior of an insolent demagogue. Either style is in very bad taste, and is the sign of a weak head or of an overbearing temper."

It is customary, on being introduced to a sovereign's presence, to make three bows or courtesies; one immediately on entering, another after two or three steps, and a third when the person presented stops to speak or to wait until spoken to. During the interview the head may be held high without effron-

tery; in short, a modest assurance, a deferential dignity should be maintained. In speaking, a sovereign is addressed as "sire" or "your majesty." To very great ladies, besides their special style of address, "madam" is also applicable—to all ladies, indeed, from an empress to a simple nun or sister of charity, although the latter are more generally addressed as "ma sœur," "sister." An audience granted by a very high personage is never, except in quite exceptional cases, of long continuance. Remembering this, as soon as you have said your say, you will make your bow and, unless retained, retire at once.

"*Pas de zèle*, no zeal, no demonstrativeness, no impulsiveness," is as important a rule in manners as it is in diplomacy. *Nil admirari*, to be astonished at nothing, is almost an imperative maxim. It is even occasionally carried so far as to answer to Voltaire's ironical exclamation, "Quel grand homme! Rien ne lui plait." "What a great man! Nothing pleases him."

It is their quietude, their impassibility, their suppression of all outward signs of surprise, which give the Orientals their reputation for correct behavior. In spite of the discrepancy of their habits with ours, in European society they manifest dignity and ease. They commit no solecism, shock no received observances, and all in consequence of their excessively quiet ways. Madame Tussaud's wax figures offend nobody, nor do they. Oriental stillness and imperturbability can hardly be adopted by Englishmen. We are already accused of being proud, and cold, and all the rest of it, by those who do not know us well. Nevertheless, in any point of manners about which you are doubtful in respect to your own action, a very good test is first to ask yourself what you would think of it if you saw it practised by another. If you *then* hesitate, *do nothing*; keep quiet, remain silent, and watch what others do.

The rules of precedence afford a great assistance in avoiding confusion, misunderstanding, and discontent, not only on many ceremonial but even on many social occasions. When a lady or gentleman is entitled to this place or that by right of birth, alliance, or official position, no one can dispute their occupation of the place, or feel dissatisfied at being put

into an inferior one when that position is assigned to him by the etiquette of the land. No one has a right to feel offended by a form or usage which is neither exceptional nor personal in its application. The American traveller who recorded his displeasure at being seated below a duke at an English dinner-table forgot that precedence is a form of order which prevents many a heart-burning, many a rankling thought, especially as inferiority in regard to precedence implies no inferiority in respect to merit. Whoever has any thought of "moving" in the world will do well to study a "Book of Ranks," and bestow more than a glance on a "Secretary's Assistant."

That codes of etiquette are not laws of the Medes and Persians, but are elastic in their application according to circumstances, is proved by such words "as tact"—the perception of what is right on each occasion—and "savoir-vivre," used as a substantive—the knowing *how* to live, proper behavior. "Good breeding," "well-bred," *bien* or *mal-élevé* (the latter an expression of severe blame in France) imply that there must be practice and training (as well as a fixed code) in order to produce a well-mannered person. To be "all things to all men" requires a considerable amount of versatility. If *omnis Aristippum deicit color, et status, et res*—if Aristippus could accommodate himself to all circumstances of persons, places, time, and things, and yet act gracefully in all—it showed that Aristippus modified *his* code of ceremonial entirely according to the style of individual in whose company he happened to find himself. From all which we conclude that the achievement of good manners and social success depends less on any code and the strictness with which it is followed, than on tact and judicious endeavors on the part of the candidate. It is fully understood, however, not only that there must be implicit obedience to some unwritten, implied, although Protean, code of etiquette (including the old-established ceremonial of the locality), but also that there may be no violation of, nor offence given to, any code of manners whatsoever.

It is clear, then, that the same forms and modes of behavior are not applicable alike to all sorts and conditions of men. You can't cut blocks of stone

with a razor; and when you happen to have a block to deal with, in order to make an impression upon it you must take some less refined tool in hand. We have, for instance, lord mayors of London, York, etc., besides other mayors of lower dignity; but all are, as a rule, *gentlemen* in mind, manners, and education. Any defect that may have occurred in the latter they do their utmost to remedy. With these worshipful officials only contrast the illiterate mayors of scores of French villages, respecting whom stories are constantly told which surpass in absurdity any merely imaginary incident. It is evident that we may regard the latter functionaries with less respectful awe than the former, even if we may not prudently treat them with any lack of outward deference. Thus—

"Hugh, with his head full of pastoral images, was driving along the muddy road, when a heavy-laden cart, whose driver would not budge an inch, nearly upset his light cabriolet. As a matter of course a dispute arose between Hugh and the carter, the latter being backed by his friends and colleagues. In the struggle Hugh received from a rake-handle a blow on the nose, so violent that the said rake-handle was broken.

"At that moment passed the mayor of the village, in wooden shoes, coarse smock frock, and cotton nightcap. Hugh, delighted with that simple costume, confided in his worship's wisdom, and addressed him as he would a patriarch. But the carter's vociferation drowned his voice. The magistrate, after listening *to them*, gave judgment: 'All things considered, a rake has been broken, and you cannot deny that your nose broke it. You will pay three francs, the value of the rake.'

This, certainly, is one of Alphonse Karr's mayors; but there are plenty of others to match. And as are the mayors, so are the *adjoints* or deputy-mayors, one of whom issued the following document:

"We, adjoint, in the absence and by special delegation of Monsieur the Mayor of Pontoise, do hereby authorize the interment, to-morrow, of W. F., born in Paris, aged one month complete, without profession, unmarried, etc., etc."

Aristippus, thrown into the way of illustrious mayors and deputy-mayors

like these, instead of treating them as Conscript Fathers, would have smoked his pipe with them, swallowed his beer or his wine, and gone home to bed at the ten o'clock curfew—unless, to keep it up a little later, Monsieur le Maire had told the *garde champêtre* to stop the pendulum of the public-house clock; in which case, Aristippus would have continued to play interminable games of Jacques and picquet.

Although the "Manuel du Bon Ton" tells us that "persons who do not speak their own language with purity are thereby cut off from all conversation," I do not find in any code that it is a *great accomplishment*—indeed essential to taking a good position in society—to be able to speak your own language with correctness, propriety, and elegance. It is really a matter of the highest importance. "Does she speak English well?" was an inquiry made, abroad, respecting a lady whose position at home it was wished to ascertain. For vulgar speech betrays, if not a vulgar origin, at least vulgar associates; whereas a correct pronunciation, a proper choice of words, and a gentlemanly tone of voice and inflection universally produce a favorable impression.

Still, people who are not gifted with those acquirements must be very cautious about what they do. A person's natural phraseology, even if incorrect, is better far than affectation. Unusual turns of phrase and fine words unnecessarily dragged into a commonplace conversation are simply ridiculous, especially as they have a great chance of being misapplied. Persons who talk of "allegories on the banks of the Nile" and of "falling over the brink of a prejudice," are seen at once to belong to the Malaprop family. Their native dialect would be better far, because less pretentious, and consequently less open to unfriendly remarks.

As to talk and conversation in general, we may record the maxim that, if speech is sometimes silver, silence is often gold. And yet if everybody kept silence conversational intercourse would be at an end. Therefore, after protesting against the infallibility of codes, we will yet consider what they have to say. First, then, let us open the "Manuel du Bon Ton," an unpretending little book which has

"inspired" not a few larger volumes. Respecting politeness in conversation, it tells us:

"Avoid all serious argumentation, especially on politics and religion. How pleasant it would be to hear the 'Alabama' claims argued by Lord Hobart and 'Historicus' at an evening party!

"If you are ever so much in the right, yield with a good grace when you perceive that a discussion is getting warm, and threatens to end in a downright quarrel.

"Talking politics in the presence of ladies is proving at once that you are deficient both in tact and in politeness.

"No one except a fool will obstinately maintain his own opinion.

"He is a still greater fool who tells you, 'If I were minister, if I were the government, I would do this, or that.' He reminds you of Jeannot, the ambitious swineherd, who said, 'If I were a king, I would keep my pigs on horseback.' A man of sense always remains in his proper place. Many a man who cannot govern his servants, his children, or his wife, is absurd enough to believe himself capable of governing the state.

"If you have any strongly pronounced opinion in politics, it is useless to parade it in society, and intolerant to force others to adopt it.

"The true spirit of conversation consists less in displaying one's own cleverness than in bringing out the cleverness of other people. The person who quits your company satisfied with himself and with what *he* has said, is at least quite as satisfied with you.

"To listen well is almost as indispensable as to talk well; and it is by that token especially that you know the man of *bon ton* and of good society. If you wish people to listen to you, you must listen to them, or at least appear to do so.

"However clever a speaker may be, a good listener shows at least an equal amount of cleverness.

"Exercise extreme patience in hearing out to the end the discourse of old people, who are apt to be long-winded in their talk.

"However absurd may be a tale which is told you, if the narrator assures you that it is true, you must appear to believe it thoroughly; that is, you must give no sign of incredulity.

"When any one is speaking, it is absolutely impudent to yawn, to hum an air, to pick your teeth, to drum with your fingers on a piece of furniture, to whisper in a neighbor's ear, to take a letter out of your pocket and read it, to look at your watch, etc., etc."

"It is the height of impertinence to interrupt a speaker, whether to correct an error of facts or dates, or to help his memory, or to suggest a word which he seems to be hunting for. It is almost brutal to take up a story he has begun, with the idea of concluding it better than he could."

"Speak of yourself as little as possible, either for good or for evil. Self-praise is almost idiotic, while self-blame is either transparent hypocrisy, or fishing for compliments, or simply an act of pure stupidity. People will be sure to find out your faults quite fast enough without you telling them."

"Except in case of being requested to do so, never talk of your own private studies nor of your particular and professional occupations—unless you wish to send your hearers to sleep. This is the rock which shipwrecks lawyers, merchants, financiers, etc. Literary men and women, artists, and amiable people leading a life of leisure, have a better chance of avoiding those dangers."

"In a stormy discussion, take care not to side with either party; in fact, do not mix yourself up with the debate, unless you have a hope of calming the disputants."

"Gesticulate as little as you can while speaking, unless you wish to be taken for a fourth-rate actor."

"In a general conversation, never joke with a superior, however innocent your pleasantry may be."

"If not through goodness of heart, at least out of prudence, abstain from any remark which has the slightest tendency to false statement, ill-nature, calumny, back biting—from whatever, in short, can wound or injure absent persons. A very clever woman, not unkind at bottom, but who never could keep within her lips a *bon-mot* or epigram, however hard it might hit her dearest friend, was left without a friend to close her eyes."

"To season your talk with an oath in a drawing-room is to proclaim that you are not in the habit of entering drawing-rooms. It is needless to add that no in-

delicate or even equivocal observation ever issues from the mouth of a well-bred man."

While rendering all justice to French politeness and to French codes of ceremonial, there is one item on the roll of conversational good manners in which I hold we have the superiority—namely, in the habit of interlarding questions with their every-day talk. At the most unexpected times and places, you will be abruptly assailed by the most unlooked-for and (at home) unusual questions."

"Where did you meet with this?" "When did you buy that?" "How much did it cost?" "Are there any more remaining like it?" "Where are you going to?" "What are you going to do there?" "Where did you come from last?" "What hotel did you sleep at?" "What is *your* age?" "What is *her* age?" "Is she your wife or your eldest daughter?" "What is your object in reading that book?" "Where do you reside?" "Why do you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" and other inquiries, capable of as much variation as the patterns in a kaleidoscope, are put, not only without any intention of, but even without any consciousness of possible impertinence. It is mere curiosity, meaning no harm—the inquisitive thought thoughtlessly escaping by the lips—idle talk; no more: often uttered for want of knowing what else to say."

It is as well to know this, on a first visit to the Continent; to avoid taking offence when no offence has been intended. It is a habit—a bad habit, according to some people's notions—which is practised without previous reflection. None of the numerous "*Civilités*" and "*Manuals of Politeness*" which exist in French make any allusion to the fault. Whether you try to ward off the operation of being questioned by serious remonstrance or by treating it jocosely, in either case resistance will prove in vain."

"Excuse me," you will say to a French acquaintance, "but the questions you are putting are what we English consider indiscreet." ("*Indiscreet*" is the word to use, being quite parliamentary, and yet implying blame.) "If you were my father, or double my age—which, according to the present duration of human life, it is not likely you will ever be—or of very superior rank, you *might* put

questions to me, without taking a liberty. (Here your French friend will be certain to open his eyes very wide.) But as I am your equal in every respect—excepting (with a courteous bow) your great acquirements and your brilliant talents—I hold that you have *not* the right to do so without a breach of *convenance* or propriety.”

“I do not think it indiscreet,” he will say, with a surprised air of injured innocence. “There is no harm in the questions I have asked. You may ask me any questions you please.”

“I never do so, as you may have remarked,” you reply. “I don’t choose to do so; for I should feel myself guilty of rudeness in asking questions relating to your private and personal affairs. I was taught in England that, even among equals, it is unpolite to put too many or too pressing questions; and that from juniors to elders, and persons of inferior to those of higher rank, they are quite in opposition to the rules of politeness. Even common and ordinary inquiries are better made in a hypothetical than in an interrogative form. For instance: it is more polite, we hold, for a young person to say to a superior or an elder, ‘I hope you are well to-day,’ than to ask directly, ‘How do you do?’”

“Par exemple!” exclaims your astonished pupil. “That is a little too much like Chinese etiquette.”

“Never mind if it be; all the greater credit to Chinese good breeding,” you plead. “I don’t know how it is at your Imperial Court; but, in England, no one presumes to ask the Queen a question. What would Napoleon III. reply, were a gentleman to ask him, innocently and off-hand, ‘When the Pope was coming to France to crown him?’ ‘What induced him to publish the “Life of Cæsar,” and whether anybody helped him to write it?’ or ‘How he meant to employ his newly organized army, when he had got it?’”

“But you are putting an extreme case,” your friend will remonstrate.

“Of course,” you answer; “the better to confirm the rule that questions, to keep within the bounds of propriety, must be asked with great discretion and forbearance. A questioner, too, who insists unduly, exposes himself to be pulled up sharply, in which case no one pities him.

We had a poet, named Pope; indeed a great poet, but sour in temper and deformed in person. After teasing an acquaintance with annoying questions, the other said something about a note of interrogation. ‘And pray, sir, *what is* a note of interrogation?’ asked Pope. ‘A little crooked thing that asks questions,’ was the pungent reply.”

All which leaves your friend of the inquiring turn of mind just as it found him.

Another mode of rebuking undue inquisitiveness is to answer every question with perfect good-nature, and then to add an overwhelming amount of further information, which you pretend to suppose may be interesting to the inquirer. Some persons may thus be shamed; others not. We have tried the experiment on French interrogators—not of very high degree, certainly. Curiosity having been expressed to learn a few minutiae of an Englishman’s daily ways and doings, we have related all that was wanted, and a great deal more, detailing our hour of rising, how long we took to dress, how we breakfasted, what occupied our mornings, where we took our walks, and accompanied by whom, what we were to have for dinner, at what o’clock, how much it cost, when we retired to rest, and in what form of bed. But this autobiography, gravely related, had the very reverse of the effect intended. Instead of being received as an ironical rebuff, it was taken for a confidential communication, very frank and friendly, fraternal and familiar, as became a *bon garçon* disposed to make himself agreeable, and quite unlike the usual *morgue* displayed by the haughty sons of Albion.

There cannot be a better proof of the want of good taste manifested by asking too frequent or too prying questions in general society, than the dislike we often feel ourselves to answering questions, even to those who have a right to ask them. Sovereigns, for instance, who may not be questioned, enjoy a special privilege of questioning. Not being intimate with many crowned heads, we cannot say how far the present race of monarchs abuse it; but, if too far indulged in, it must make their conversation anything but entertaining. Even kings may question more than is pleasant.

We once had a king, George III., whose interrogative propensities made him the subject of many a ridiculous story. An irreverent rhymester, under the pseudonyme of Peter Pindar, was constantly using him as a laughing-stock; witness the dumpling anecdote. At the sight of an uncooked apple-dumpling, Royalty asks, "What makes it so hard?"—"Please your Majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing indeed! Strange thing!" Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the king. "Strange I should never of a dumpling dream! But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?"

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she. "I never knew."

That folks did apple-dumplings *sew*!"

"No!" cry'd the staring monarch, with a grin; "How, how the devil got the apple in!"

Again, on the occasion of his visit to Whitbread's Brewery—

"To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,

"Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?"

"Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes

The brewer answered; "also, sir, of oats.

Another thing my horses too maintains,

And that, an't please your Majesty, is grains."

"Grains, grains!" said Majesty, "to fill their crops!"

"Grains, grains! that comes from hops! Yes, hops, hops, hops!"

Which mistake being corrected with courtier-like suavity, there soon followed another hailstorm of questions, until—

"Whitbread said inward, 'May I be curst

If I know what to answer first.'"

According to Rochefoucauld, one of the reasons why so few people make themselves agreeable in conversation, is because almost every one thinks more about what he himself has to say than about the answer he shall give to what is said to him. Even well-behaved people think it sufficient to compose their countenance into an *appearance* of attention, while at the same time both their eyes and their general attitude betray that their mind is wandering from the remarks addressed to them, and is occupied only with the observations which *they themselves* wish to make.

We often excuse people whose talk *wearies* us, but we never excuse those whom *our* talk *wearies*; which is another motive for carefully watching our opportunities for expressing what we have to say. It is well to remember that people do not care about admiring

or being pleased *with you*, while they do care about your admiring or being pleased with them. They are much less anxious to gain information, or even to receive entertainment, than to be themselves appreciated and applauded; it is therefore a delicate proof of refinement to indulge those with whom you converse in that desire.

Social talk is like a mountain-stream. Dried up, or scanty, it is unpleasing and useless; moderate in quantity, clear and bright in quality, it is one of the things which bring the greatest solace to man. Immoderate and overflowing, it becomes a detestable tyrant, a mischievous torrent. It respects nothing. It is troubled and unreasoning, carrying along with it sticks, straws, all sorts of worthless rubbish; in short, so far from wishing to follow it, everybody who can runs away from it, as from an unbearable nuisance.

A certain lady, not without talent, was pitiless in her overwhelming flow of speech. When once she opened her conversational sluice-gates everybody else was inundated. You might as well try to stop the rising tide.

Some unkind friends, to have a laugh at her expense, begged permission to introduce to her a young gentleman of very remarkable acquirements. She consented, and received him in the most gracious manner; but before he had time to open his mouth, she went off at full speed, discussing all sorts of topics, and putting hosts of questions without giving him an opportunity to make a reply. At last the gentleman bowed and took his leave.

"Well, what do you think of him?" his introducers inquired.

"A most agreeable man—exceedingly intelligent; it is a long time since I have met so well-informed a person."

"True; you have judged him rightly," they replied. "Poor fellow! he has only one fault—or rather one misfortune. 'Tis a pity such a nice young man should be deaf and dumb!"

We often repent of having spoken: we rarely repent of having held our tongue.

Compliments are permissible; but they require very delicate management. A complimentary reply, therefore, is in much better taste than a set compli-

ment, which may have been prepared beforehand.

One day Chateaubriand, already far advanced in years, happened to meet in a drawing-room Rachel, the tragedian, who, although still quite young, was the object of general admiration.

"What a pity," said the writer, "to be obliged to die when such charming things are making their appearance in the world!"

"In some cases, perhaps," replied the actress. "But, you know, monsieur, there are men who have the privilege of immortality."

Popular Science Review.

ON THE RANGE OF THE MAMMOTH.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S.

Fossil remains of the elephant have attracted the notice of man from the days of Alexander the Great down to the present time. Theophrastus, the son of a fuller of Lesbos and a pupil of Aristotle, was the first to put the discovery of fossil ivory and bones on record, his attention having most probably been given to the neighboring ossiferous deposit of Upper Lydia, whence the country people, some five hundred years afterwards, obtained tusks which Pausanias describes as horns. During the last three centuries many curious stories were framed to account for the presence of the large fossil bones and teeth in Northern and Central Europe. In 1577 Professor Felix Platen of Basel, constructed out of some elephantine remains that were found in Lucerne, the drawing of a giant nineteen feet high, which the Lucernois adopted as a supporter in their coat of arms. This amazing discovery of a nameless giant was excelled by that made in 1613 near St. Antoine. An elephant's skeleton from that place was exhibited in Paris as having been found in a tomb thirty feet long, on which was engraved in Gothic characters, "Teutobochus Rex," and as belonging, therefore, to the Cymbrian chief of that name who fought against Marius. The imposture was exposed by M. Riolan, after a controversy almost as famous as that over the Moulin Quignon jaw. Even so late as 1645 a skeleton of an elephant found near Crems in Austria with "a head as big

as a middle-sized table" and with "the bone of his arm as big as a man's middle," was considered to be of human origin. Dr. Behrens, the quaint author of the "Natural History of the Hartz Forest," argues that this cannot be true, because of its large size; "for the tallest man we know of was Og of Basan, whose bed is said in Deuteronomy, chap. iii., to have been eighteen feet long; now, allowing the bed to be but one foot longer than the man, he was seventeen feet high. But if the head and tooth found by the Swedes had belonged to a regularly proportioned man, he must have exceeded Og by a vast deal; for the tooth is said to have weighed five and a half pounds; and supposing that of a common man to weigh half an ounce, which is too much, then the giant must have had a height answerable to a hundred and seventy-six times the bulk of a middle-sized man." In the eighteenth century the "Ebur fossile," or "Unicornu fossile," was used freely by the German doctors as an absorbent, astringent, and sudorific, until the discovery of the bone caves of the Hartz, when it became too abundant to pass any longer for the true unicorn, and lost much of its repute in the eyes of the common people.

When at last these giant remains were recognized as belonging to elephants, it became fashionable to account for their presence in Europe on the hypothesis that they were introduced by the hand of man. Hannibal was supposed to have imported them into France and the Val d'Arno, during his famous invasion of Italy. In Germany the Romans were held responsible for them as far as the Elbe, while the scattered remains found near Aachen were ascribed to the elephant presented by the Calif Haroun al Rashchid to Charlemagne. In Britain a molar tooth found in Huntingdonshire in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and preserved in the Sloane Museum, was actually quoted by Dr. Küper as that of the identical elephant brought over by Cæsar, to which animal he attributes all the other remains found in our island. But we must pass over the many attempts to grapple with the problem, which necessarily proved abortive from the defective state of the physical sciences. The

great Russian savant, Dr. Pallas, was the first to give a systematic description of the Mammoth; Dr. Blumenbach to assign to it the name of *Elephas primigenius*; and Dr. Falconer to distinguish it from the three other species with which it had been confounded. An inquiry into its range involves considerations of the deepest interest, relating to the climate which its presence connotes, to the causes that led to its extinction, and to the ancient physical geography of both the new and the old worlds. Its distribution through space will first of all engage our attention.

Throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales the Mammoth is the most common fossil in both caves and river-deposits. In Yorkshire, Wales, and Somerset, it formed part of the prey of the hyenas, and was frequently dragged by them, piecemeal, into their dens. The circumstances under which it occurs in river deposits are shown in the brick-field at Ilford in Essex, at least as well as in any other in Britain. In the spring of 1868 the writer of this essay accompanied Mr. Antonio Brady to the Uphall pit. At the top there was the surface soil from one to three feet deep, then an irregularly stratified layer of brick-earth and gravel six feet; and lastly, an irregular layer of flint gravel, underneath which was a fine reddish gray sandy loam, four feet thick. All these had been cleared away, leaving a platform exposed, on which was a most remarkable accumulation of bones carefully left *in situ* by the workmen. On the right hand was a huge tusk of Mammoth, eight feet long, with the spiral curvature undisturbed by the pressure of the superadjacent strata. Across it lay a remarkably fine antler of red-deer. At a little distance was the frontal portion of the skull of an Urus, with its horn-cores perfect to the very tips, while around bones of various animals were scattered—of horse, *Rhinoceros hemitechus*, Mammoth, urus, either brown or grizzly bear, and wolf. As we gazed down on this tableau we could not doubt for a moment that the bottom of an ancient river with all its contents lay before our eyes—a river in which all these animals had been drowned, and by which they had been swept into the exact position which they then occupied.

This inference was confirmed by the examination of the thin layer of sandy gravel on which they rested, for it was full of the shells of *Corbicula fluminalis*, with the valves together just as in life. There were also specimens of the common Anodon of our rivers, and of the *Helix nemoralis* of our hedgerows. On a continuation of the same platform, now cut away, the skull of a Mammoth was discovered in 1864,* perfect, with the exception of the tusks which had been broken away with their incisive alveoli. That of the right side lay twenty feet away from the skull, while the left has not yet been discovered. Owing to the surprising skill of Mr. Davies, the skull and tusk were taken up and reunited, and now constitute by far the finest specimen of Mammoth in the British Museum. In some cases the Mammoth remains have not been deposited by a river. At Lexden, near Colchester, as the Rev. O. Fisher well observes, they were overwhelmed in a bog, the small bones of the feet being found in their natural position, a fact which shows that they sank feet foremost through the peat into the subjacent clay.

The Mammoth remains in Britain exhibit various stages of decay, and for the most part have lost their gelatine. There are, however, some few exceptions that remind us of analogous cases in Siberia. A tusk dredged up off Scarborough was so slightly altered that it was sawn up and divided among the fishermen, to be applied to the ordinary purposes for which ivory is fitted. One segment fell into the hands of Mr. Fitch of Norwich. Dr. Buckland also chronicles a similar discovery on the coast of Yorkshire, where the tusk was sufficiently hard to be used by the ivory turners. In Scotland there are three instances on record of a similar preservation of the ivory. Two tusks were found in 1817 at Kilmaurs, Ayrshire, and a third at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk in 1820. The latter weighed twenty-five and three-quarter pounds, and was sold to an ivory turner in Edinburgh for £2, and sawn asunder for the manufacture of chess-men, but the parts were rescued

* "Geological Magazine," No. 7., p. 241.

from that fate by falling into the hands of Sir R. Maitland Gibson.

The Mammoth is extremely rare in Scotland as compared with England, probably because the greater part of the former country was covered with glaciers at the time that the post-glacial mammals dwelt in Europe. In Ireland also, owing probably to the same cause, its remains have been found but in two places, at Magherry in 1815, and in a cave at Shandon in 1859. Its presence at all in that island implies that, during the post-glacial period, Ireland formed part of the mainland of Europe.

The animal ranged through France, and southwards across the Alps as far as Rome, where it has been identified by M. Lartet and Dr. Falconer in the collection made by MM. Ponzi and Ceselli. Its remains are found in the volcanic gravel bed of Ponte Molle and Monte Sacro, a fact which shows that it dwelt within the Papal dominions at a time when the volcanoes of central Italy were in full play, and the site of the imperial city was occupied by currents of lava and masses of volcanic tufa. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the volcanoes became extinct at a time far away out of the reach of history. In Spain the Mammoth has not yet been discovered. In Germany it is most abundant. At Seilberg near Constadt on the Neckar, a group of thirteen tusks and some molar teeth were found in 1816, "heaped close upon each other, as if they had been packed artificially." A similar discovery was made in the same year in the loam at the village of Thiede, four miles to the south of Brunswick. In a small heap of ten feet square there were eleven tusks, one eleven, and another fourteen and three-quarter feet long; thirty molar teeth, and many large bones, one of which, according to Mr. Bieling, measured six feet eight inches. "Mixed with these were the bones and teeth of rhinoceros, horse, ox, and stag; they all lay mixed confusedly together; none of them were rolled or much broken; and the teeth, for the most part, separate and without the jaws: there were also some horns of stag." In both these cases the great accumulation of remains in one spot, is owing to their having been drifted together by eddies in the

stream in which the animals were drowned at some point higher up, as in the parallel case afforded by the brick pit at Ilford. In European Russia, as in Germany, the Mammoth is very abundant. Its remains in the auriferous gravels of the Urals,* prove that it dwelt in that region at the time those gravels were being deposited. Its headquarters, however, are to be sought in the northern regions of Siberia, where it must have lived in countless herds for a vast period.

The store of fossil ivory laid up in that desolate area is practically inexhaustible, the tusks preserved by the cold having been an article of trade to the Jakuti and Tungusians time out of mind, and exhibit no signs of a falling off in the supply. In 1803 the famous Adams Mammoth was discovered at the mouth of the Lena, with its flesh so well preserved in the ice in which it was imbedded, that it was for the most part eaten up by bears, wolves, and dogs; fortunately Mr. Adams was able to obtain the whole skeleton, now in the museum at St. Petersburg, with the exception of a hind leg, which had probably been dragged away by the bears. He also obtained proof that the animal was clad in hair and wool, and had a long shaggy mane. The eminent Siberian explorer, Dr. Middendorf,† in 1843, met with a second instance of the Mammoth being preserved to such a degree that the bulb of the eye is now in the same museum as the Adams skeleton. It was found in latitude 66° 30' between the Obi and Yenesei near the arctic circle. In the same year he also found a young animal of the same species in beds of sand and gravel, at about fifteen feet above the level of the sea, near the river Taimyr in latitude 75° 15', associated with marine shells of living arctic species, *Nucula pynæa*, *Tellina calcarea*, *Mya truncata*, and *Saxicava rugosa*, and the trunk of the larch (*Pinus larix*). The fourth and by far the most important discovery of a body is described by an eye-witness of its resurrection; so valuable in its bearings that we translate it at some length. A young Russian engineer, Benkendorf by name, em-

* "Geology of Russia in Europe," p. 492.

† Lyell's "Principles of Geology," 9th edition, p. 81.

ployed by the Government in a survey of the coast off the mouth of the Lena and Indigirka, was despatched up the latter stream in 1846, in command of a small iron steam cutter. He writes the following account to a friend in Germany:*

"In 1846 there was unusually warm weather in the north of Siberia. Already in May unusual rains poured over the moors and bogs, storms shook the earth, and the streams carried not only ice to the sea, but also large tracts of land thawed by the masses of warm water fed by the southern rains. . . . We steamed on the first favorable day up the Indigirka; but there were no thoughts of land, we saw around us only a sea of dirty brown water, and knew the river only by the rushing and roaring of the stream. The river rolled against us trees, moss, and large masses of peat, so that it was only with great trouble and danger that we could proceed. At the end of the second day, we were only about forty wersts up the stream; some one had to stand with the sounding rod in hand continually, and the boat received so many shocks that it shuddered to the keel. A wooden vessel would have been smashed. Around us we saw nothing but the flooded land. For eight days we met with the like hindrances until at last we reached the place where our Jakuti were to have met us. Further up was a place called Ujandina, whence the people were to have come to us, but they were not there, prevented evidently by the floods. As we had been here in former years, we knew the place. But how it had changed! The Indigirka, here about three wersts wide, had torn up the land and worn itself a fresh channel, and when the waters sank we saw, to our astonishment, that the old river bed had become merely that of an insignificant stream. This allowed me to cut through the soft earth, and we went reconnoitring up the new stream, which had worn its way westwards. Afterwards we landed on the new shore, and surveyed the undermining and destructive operation of the wild waters, that

carried away, with extraordinary rapidity, masses of soft peat and loam. It was then that we made a wonderful discovery. The land on which we were treading was moorland, covered thickly with young plants. Many lovely flowers rejoiced the eye in the warm beams of the sun, that shone for twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours. The stream rolled over, and tore up the soft, wet ground like chaff, so that it was dangerous to go near the brink. While we were all quiet, we suddenly heard under our feet a sudden gurgling and stirring, which betrayed the working of the disturbed water. Suddenly our jäger, ever on the lookout, called loudly, and pointed to a singular and unshapely object, which rose and sank through the disturbed waters. I had already remarked it, but not given it any attention, considering it only drift wood. Now we all hastened to the spot on the shore, had the boat drawn near, and waited until the mysterious thing should again show itself. Our patience was tried, but at last, a black, horrible, giant-like mass was thrust out of the water, and we beheld a colossal elephant's head, armed with mighty tusks, with its long trunk moving in the water, in an unearthly manner, as though seeking for something lost therein. Breathless with astonishment, I beheld the monster hardly twelve feet from me, with his half open eyes yet showing the whites. It was still in good preservation.

"A Mammoth! a Mammoth!' broke out the Tschernomori, and I shouted, 'Here, quickly! chains and ropes!' I will go over our preparations for securing the giant animal, whose body the water was trying to tear from us. As the animal again sank, we waited for an opportunity to throw the ropes over his neck. This was only accomplished after many efforts. For the rest we had no cause for anxiety, for after examining the ground I satisfied myself that the hind legs of the Mammoth still stuck in the earth, and that the waters would work for us to unloosen them. We therefore fastened a rope round his neck, threw a chain round his tusks that were eight feet long, drove a stake into the ground about twenty feet from the shore, and made chain and rope fast to it.

* Dr. A. von Middendorff's *Siberische Reise*. Band iv. Theil II. Erste Lieferung: *Die Thierwelt Sibiriens*, p. 1082. St. Petersburg. 4to. 1867.

The day went by quicker than I thought for, but still the time seemed long before the animal was secured, as it was only after the lapse of twenty-four hours that the water had loosened it. But the position of the animal was interesting to me; it was standing in the earth, and not lying on its side or back as a dead animal naturally would, indicating, by this, the manner of its destruction. The soft peat or marsh land, on which he stepped thousands of years ago, gave way under the weight of the giant, and he sank as he stood on it, feet foremost, incapable of saving himself; and a severe frost came, and turned him into ice and the moor which had buried him; the latter, however, grew and flourished, every summer renewing itself; possibly the neighboring stream had heaped over the dead body, plants and sand. God only knows what causes had worked for its preservation; now, however, the stream had brought it once more to the light of day, and I, an ephemera of life compared with this primeval giant, was sent here by heaven just at the right time to welcome him. You can imagine how I jumped for joy.

"During our evening meal, our posts announced strangers, a troop of Jakuti came on their fast, shaggy horses: they were our appointed people, and were very joyful at sight of us. Our company was augmented by them to about fifty persons. On showing them our wonderful capture, they hastened to the stream, and it was amusing to hear how they chattered and talked over the sight. The first day I left them in quiet possession, but when, on the following, the ropes and chains gave a great jerk, a sign that the Mammoth was quite freed from the earth, I commanded them to use their utmost strength and bring the beast to land. At length, after much hard work, in which the horses were extremely useful, the animal was brought to land, and we were able to roll the body about twelve feet from the shore. The decomposing effect of the warm air filled us all with astonishment.

"Picture to yourself an elephant with a body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height, and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, thick, and curving outward at their ends, a stout trunk of six feet in length, colossal

limbs of one and a half feet in thickness, and a tail, naked up to the end, which was covered with thick tufty hair. The animal was fat, and well grown; death had overtaken him in the fulness of his powers. His parchment-like, large, naked ears, lay fearfully turned up over the head; about the shoulders and the back he had stiff hair, about a foot in length, like a mane. The long, outer hair was deep brown, and coarsely rooted. The top of the head looked so wild, and so penetrated with pitch (und mit Pech so durchgedrungen), that it resembled the rind of an old oak tree. On the sides it was cleaner (reiner), and under the outer hair there appeared everywhere a wool, very soft, warm, and thick, and of a fallow-brown color. The giant was well protected against the cold. The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild. It had not the shape of our present elephants. As compared with our Indian elephants, its head was rough, the brain-case low and narrow, but the trunk and mouth were much larger. The teeth were very powerful. Our elephant is an awkward animal; but, compared with this Mammoth, it is as an Arabian steed to a coarse, ugly dray horse. I could not divest myself of a feeling of fear, as I approached the head; the broken, widely-open eyes gave the animal an appearance of life, as though it might move in a moment, and destroy us with a roar. . . . The bad smell of the body warned us that it was time to save of it what we could, and the swelling flood, too, bid us hasten. First of all we cut off the tusks, and sent them to the cutter. Then the people tried to hew the head off, but notwithstanding their good will, this was slow work. As the belly of the animal was cut open the intestines rolled out, and then the smell was so dreadful that I could not overcome my nausea, and was obliged to turn away. But I had the stomach separated, and brought on one side. It was well filled, and the contents instructive, and well preserved. The principal were young shoots of the fir and pine; a quantity of young fir cones, also in a chewed state, were mixed with the mass. . . . As we were eviscerating the animal, I was as careless and forgetful as my Jakuti, who did not notice that the ground was sink-

ing under their feet, until a fearful scream warned me of their misfortune, as I was still groping in the animal's stomach. Shocked I sprang up, and beheld how the river was burying in its waves our five Jakuti, and our laboriously saved beast. Fortunately, the boat was near, so that our poor work-people were all saved, but the Mammoth was swallowed up by the waves, and never more made its appearance."

This most graphic account affords a key for the solution of several problems hitherto unknown. It is clear that the animal must have been buried where it died, and that it was not transported from any place further up stream, to the south, where the climate is comparatively temperate. The presence of fir in the stomach proves that it fed on the vegetation which is now found at the northern part of the woods as they join the low, desolate, treeless, moss-covered tundra, in which the body lay buried—a fact that would necessarily involve the conclusion that the climate of Siberia, in those ancient days, differed but slightly from that of the present time. Before this discovery the food of the Mammoth had not been known by direct evidence. The circumstances under which it was brought to light enable us to see how animal remains could be entombed in the frozen soil without undergoing decomposition, which Baron Cuvier and Dr. Buckland agreed in accounting for, by a sudden cataclysm, and Sir Charles Lyell by the hypothesis of their having been swept down by floods, from the temperate into the arctic zone. In this particular case the marsh must have been sufficiently soft to admit of the Mammoth sinking in, while shortly after death the temperature must have been lowered so as to arrest decomposition up to the very day on which the body arose under the eyes of M. Benkendorf, in the unusually warm year of 1846, when the tundra was thawed to a most unusual depth, and converted into a morass, permeable by water. Had any Mammoths been alive in that year, and had they strayed beyond the limits of the woods, into the tundra, some would, in all human probability, have been engulfed, and, when once covered up, the normal cold of winter would suffice to prevent the thaw of the carcasses, ex-

cept in most unusual seasons, such as that in which this one was discovered. Probably, many such warm summers intervened since its death, but as it was preserved from the air, they would not accelerate putrefaction to any great degree. In this way the problem of its entombment and preservation may be solved by an appeal to the present climatal conditions of Siberia. The difficulty of accounting for the presence of such vast quantities of remains in the Arctic ocean, and especially in the Lâchow Islands, off the mouth of the Lena,* is also easily explained by this discovery, as well as the association of marine shells with the remains of Mammoth. The body was swept away by the swollen flood of the Indigirka, along with many other waifs and strays, and no doubt by this time is adding to the vast accumulation in the Arctic sea. It was seen by a mere chance, and must be viewed merely as an example of the method by which animal remains are swept seaward. In all probability the frozen morass, in which it was discovered, is as full of Mammoths as the peat bogs of Ireland are of Irish elk, and have been the main source from which the Arctic rivers have obtained their supply of animal remains.

But the Mammoth, in ancient days, was not confined to the old world. In Eschscholtz Bay, it lies imbedded in a fluviatile peaty deposit, that rests on a summit of a cliff of pure blue ice, from thirty to sixty feet thick, along with the reindeer, bison, horse, and musk-sheep. Thence its remains are scattered through Canada, Oregon, and the Northern States, as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, affording abundant proof of its existence with the mastodon, on the margins of the swamps of Ohio and Kentucky.

Such was the range of the animal in space, in the old world, throughout the vast area north of the Pyrenees, the Tiber, Caspian Sea, and Altai mountains; in the new, from the Arctic ocean down as far south as Texas. Its presence in what are now insulated portions of the earth's surface, proves the magnitude of the geographical changes that have taken place. During its life-

* Wrangel's "Siberia and Polar Sea," trans. by Major Sabine, 1840. Introduction, p. 132, 133.

time, Ireland and Britain must have formed part of the mainland of Europe, and a solid bridge of land must have connected America with Asia, by way of Behring's Straits and the Aleutian Isles. On no other hypothesis can its introduction be accounted for.

We have now to discuss the range of the animal in time. According to M. Lartet, it was living in Northern Siberia during an epoch corresponding to the European pliocene, whence it migrated, westwards and southwards, after the emergence of the drift-covered plains of western Russia from beneath the glacial sea. According to Dr. Falconer, it lived in Europe before the glacial epoch, his opinion being based upon certain remains obtained from the Norfolk coast, by Miss Gurney, the Rev. S. W. Kring, F.G.S., and the Rev. John Gum, F.G.S., none of which were found *in situ*. Their pre-glacial age is assumed from their being incrustated with small patches of peroxide of iron, which strongly resemble those on the specimens of the forest bed. That the presence of this is of no value, I have conclusive evidence before me, as I write, in a fragment of bottle glass, embedded in ferruginous matrix, picked up at Walton, and indistinguishable from that on a jaw of *R. etruscus*, from the forest bed of Lowestoft. The inference, therefore, must inevitably follow, that the peroxide of iron on the Mammoth remains cast up by the wave is no guide to their *gisement*, and consequently that the evidence adduced in favor of the pre-glacial age of the Mammoth in Britain, is altogether valueless. In Britain, as in the continent of Europe, the Mammoth is characteristic of post-glacial times. In Siberia, and America, it is very probable that it lived both before its appearance in, and after its departure from Europe.

The problem of its extinction now comes before us. It abounded in post-glacial Europe, while, before the dawn of the pre-historic epoch, it had vanished away. This cannot be accounted for by geographical changes, by which its habitat became restricted, and by which, consequently, the competition for life between it and the other herbivores grew more severe, because of the vast area left comparatively intact in northern

Asia and America. Nor does an appeal to climatal change help at all, for there is clear proof that the animal possessed a great elasticity of constitution. In the Siberian woodlands it fed on the Scotch fir; in the swamps of Kentucky it was surrounded by the vegetation of the temperate zone, identical with that now living in the same spot. In the valley of the Tiber, also, we cannot suppose that it would be subjected to the severity of an Arctic winter. M. Lartet's explanation, that it disappeared "en conformité sans doute des lois qui, en réglant la longévité des individus, limitent en même temps la durée des espèces," leaves the problem unsolved, and hampered with a very wide question, as to whether the life of a species obeys the same laws as that of an individual. It is, however, by no means difficult to be grappled with. The same cause that has banished the brown bear and wolf from Britain, the bison and urus from Germany, the *dinornis* from New Zealand, is adequate, also, to destroy the Mammoth. The large size of the animal would preclude its concealment, and the increase of man would imply a corresponding destruction of animals for food. That it was hunted by the reindeer folk, in France, is proved by its remains, and especially by the rude drawing in outline, in the caves of the Dordogne. It is therefore extremely probable that it became gradually extinct, because it was hunted down for food by man. No other explanation will satisfy all the conditions of the case.

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London Society.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

LONG as is the list of remarkable women to whom has been ceded the rôle of giving the tone to court and society in France, none has reigned with a firmer power, and none has had wider or more lasting influence than the Marquise de Pompadour, née Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson.

It is a curious and not uninteresting history, that of the Pompadour.

Her father was an army contractor, disgraced, rehabilitated; as would seem, not rich; vulgar, uneducated, altogether insignificant. Her mother—well, scandal, when it wished to wound the daughter,

ter, spoke ill of the mother in various ways; but whether truly or not it is perhaps too late to ascertain, and is hardly worth while to inquire. But for her daughter she would not have been spoken of at all, and her memory may be allowed to rest in its natural obscurity. It is pretty certain, however, that whether educated or, as is more likely, comparatively illiterate, she was clever and clear-headed, without being over-scrupulous; saw her daughter's capabilities, and employed all her skill and shrewdness in training la belle Poisson to make a more conspicuous figure in the world than she had made herself.

Jeanne-Antoinette was born at Paris in 1720 say the earlier accounts, in 1723 insists her latest and most devoted biographer: and it is only fair to give a lady, and especially a French lady, the benefit of a doubt in so important a matter as three years in the date of her birth. Beauty, cleverness, and industry were early developed in her. When a mere child she charmed all who saw her by the grace of her movements, her skill in drawing and song, her lively and intelligent talk. Her mother, acting under the advice, and assisted by the purse, of M. Lenormand de Turneheim—a wealthy fermier-général, a family friend whom we shall meet again—determined to give her the education of an artist, without as yet deciding whether she should follow art as a profession. She was little more than twelve when she began to paint and to engrave on copper, and somewhat later she even learnt the difficult and tedious process of gem-engraving. At the same time she studied singing, the lute, and the harpsichord. In music her master was the famous Gélotté; in design she had the counsel of the equally famous Vien.

These varied and, as might be supposed, conflicting studies led neither to disgust with all or neglect of any. Though credited with brilliant talents, the young Antoinette was docile, industrious, and persevering, and had then, as ever after, her feelings and inclinations under strict control. In each of her studies she met with equal success and applause. Her own predilection was for engraving, and she soon acquired so much facility in the use of the etching-needle as to give promise of a respectable

if not an eminent career, if engraving were selected as her profession.

But Madame Poisson was now brooding over new schemes. Antoinette's beauty, talents, and fascinating manners were attracting so much notice that she felt sure a more rapid and brilliant road to fortune lay open to her than the burin would supply. "C'est un morceau de Roi," said the sage matron, and her training must be adapted to her noble ambition. Engraving would endanger the beauty of her hands, and must be abandoned. The chief aim at present must be to cultivate the personal graces. For a while dancing was made the principal pursuit; acting in the little operas and comedies, which it was the fashion to perform in the salons, was the chief relaxation. In the grand salons of Paris the leading actors and actresses—and Grandval and Mlle. Clairon were of the number—took a share in these performances. Yet the play was but a part of the entertainment, the hostess priding herself as much on the spirit and intelligence of the conversation as on the success of the comedy or the music, and taking as much pains to secure the presence of the Voltaires and Marmontels, and other famous conversationalists, as she did to secure the popular actors, dancers, and singers. Mlle. Poisson's beauty, vivacity, and accomplishments opened to her the doors of the most distinguished salons, and she was not slow to benefit by the opportunities they afforded her. It was a maxim with mamma that the mind must be trained to make the right use of beauty, and the daughter was an apt pupil. "Make the most of your beauty while it lasts," said Madame, "but it will be over at thirty, and then, unless you have something better to fall back upon, your power is lost and you are nothing." In this case the "something better" was provided. "She has received all the education possible," wrote of her the Avocat Barbier, when she was emerging into notoriety. If she had not received all the education possible, she had received all the education necessary for her purpose. She knew little or nothing of books; she had none of the ologies; was ignorant of every language but her own. But she could design with the facility of an artist; her touch on the harpsi-

chord was enchanting; she could take a part with Clairon in a little comedy, or dance in a little ballet, when a ballet was vehicle for the display of pantomimic grace; sing exquisitely ("and she knows a hundred amusing songs"); ride on horseback *à merveille*; tell a story piquantly; was apt at repartee; extremely handsome; a charming dresser; in short, a mistress of all the coquetties, and—on the sunny side of seventeen. So armed and trained for conquest, she could hardly fail to conquer.

An old fermier-général, the wealthiest of his class, fluttered after her, but he had hardly singed his wings when he drooped and died. Madame was at a loss how to dispose of her daughter, and M. Lenormand de Turneheim again came in as *deus ex machinâ*. He had a nephew, M. Lenormand d'Etoilles, sous-fermier général, wealthy, amiable, just made for Mademoiselle. They were married, January, 1739, the lady being in her fifteenth (or was it her eighteenth?) year. Ah, but she was happy now! Had her own salon, where she could gather some notables about her, and play and sing; her country house, her carriage; moved in good society, and, to crown all, within the year a little daughter was added to the family group.

Yet to be only Madame Lenormand d'Etoilles—was this a sufficient result of so much loveliness, such wit and patient culture? Madame could hardly think so. She had cherished that saying of *maman*. The king often came to hunt in the forest of Senart, in the neighborhood of which was her country house; might she not possibly fascinate him? She addressed herself resolutely to the trial. Sometimes she drove her phaeton through the allées, sometimes she mounted on horseback and rode into the thickest parts of the forest or showed herself foremost in the chase. She caught the eye of the king, and received a passing notice; but no more. The king—Louis the Well-beloved—was at this time under the sway of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, who would brook no rival. It was hard to bear—but at length the duchess died, and majesty needed consolation. At a grand hunt Madame d'Etoilles appeared habited as Diana, and, approaching the King, made as though she would despatch a shaft at

the royal heart. His majesty gallantly stooped to deprecate the wrath of the goddess, was charmed with the esprit of her reply—and on his return could think of nothing but the fair huntress. He begged an interview. M. d'Etoilles was complaisant. Mon oncle, the good M. Lenormand de Turneheim, lent his house for the meeting. The king was more pleased than before. The husband retired to a post in the country. A judicial separation was obtained in order to satisfy the pious scruples of majesty, and in the early months of 1745, Madame d'Etoilles—d'Etoilles no longer—was created Marquise de Pompadour, and formally presented to the queen and the royal princes and princesses.

She had at last scaled the height—could she maintain her footing there? Her intellect was too penetrating, her mind too passionless for her to conceal from herself that the task was far more difficult than that she had achieved. But she addressed herself to it with rare skill, and was rewarded with entire success. For nineteen years she was the virtual ruler of France. Despite of open enmity and secret intrigue, of growing years and failing health and fading beauty; of the exertions of the royal family and the execrations of the people, she maintained to the day of her death her ascendancy over the mind of the king, though she had long lost her hold on his passion. Once only was her reign seriously imperilled. When Damiens made his mad attempt upon the life of Louis, the king, terribly frightened at his wound, made over the exercise of the regal authority to the Dauphin, one of whose first acts was to order the Marquise to withdraw from Versailles. But the wound proved slight; the king quickly recovered; the minister who had advised the measure was disgraced; and the Pompadour was in greater favor than ever.

The system by which the Pompadour swayed her sovereign was simple. Louis XV. was indolent, sensual, egotistical; indifferent to the sufferings of his people, unlike his predecessors, indifferent even to glory; believing that France was created only for him, yet averse to the consideration of public affairs, a man wholly given up to self-indulgence. The Marquise saw that her part was to pro-

vide for him constant amusement, gratification. It was a hard and wearisome employment, but she made the best of it. The reign of the Pompadour was a period of rampant vice, but over what might have been merely base and ignoble she threw an outer garb of refinement.

Never did the French court wear such an air of voluptuous yet elegant gayety as during the nineteen years of her reign. Louis lavished houses and land upon the Marquise, but they were insufficient to meet her expenses; and it was not till she was able to make almost unlimited calls upon the national exchequer that her genius for splendor found free scope. Of her houses, Choissy, "seat of soft delight," was that to which the king most loved to resort without the trappings of royalty. Here, surrounded with every appliance of luxury, she gathered about her the proudest of the nobles, statesmen, and soldiers, the most brilliant of the men of letters and artists, and the fairest of the ladies of France. Here wits talked their brightest, women looked and dressed their best. The sweetest voices and ablest musicians charmed the ear with their melodies; the choicest flowers loaded the air with their perfumes; the walls were graced with pictures and sculpture. The Marquise had lost none of her delight in theatrical amusements, and at Choissy she repeatedly improvised a little opera, or comedy, or *divertissement*. These pleased the king so well that she had a theatre constructed, Gabriel the court architect furnishing the design, and Boucher painting the decorations. The actors were personages of rank—marshals, dukes, countesses, or one or other of the lions of the hour. Sometimes the Marquise herself performed. Occasionally the king, who was proud of his voice—which Madame assured him was divine—would delight his courtiers by taking part in a *petit concert*, or joining the Marquise and Gélottie in a trio. The Duc de la Vallière was director of the theatre; the Abbé de Lagarde prompter. At the representation of Voltaire's "L'Enfant Prodigue," Marshal Saxe played Euphémon, the Duc de Coigny Lise, and the Pompadour Marthe. The play, we may well believe, was a grand success, the king being foremost to applaud. Pieces

by Crébillon and Rousseau were as splendidly supported.

All this elegant trifling we have come to see was serious work on the part of the Marquise, a welcome means of ridding himself of the weary hours on the part of the king; but how excuse Saxe, the greatest soldier of France, if not, as he was told, of Europe, in the midst of war, and on the shady side of fifty, sharing so actively in these frivolities? We need not take it *au sérieux*. Have not our own marshals, in graver times, taken part in a play? Before us lies a letter written by that fine old Field-Marshal, the Earl of Combermere, in which he says "We are going to play 'Bombastes Furioso' at the Abbey. Sir John Elley (the dashing cavalry officer) plays Bombastes. I am to take the part of Artax-ominous, and Wellington Fusbos." We may excuse Saxe playing Euphémon to the Marthe of the fair Marquise.

It was to follow the plays that the Pompadour invented the famous *petits soupés* of Choissy, where, in a dainty room hung round with the canvases of Boucher, Greuze, Watteau, Vanloo, the king supped with a dozen chosen guests in luxurious privacy. No servant entered the room, even to bring in the viands. A note was laid on a console in a corner of the room; a bell was sounded, silently the table descended, and as silently returned bearing on it, as was ordered, the rarest dishes, fruits, wines, in vessels of plate, or glass, or Sèvres. We are accustomed to these "lifts" as we call them—vulgarizing the name as well as the thing—but when the Pompadour invented them they were regarded as a stroke of genius, and their execution a triumph of Loriot's art. Rumor told of the orgies of which these *petite soupés* were the occasion; but though all that luxury could imagine was expended on them, it may be doubted whether they went beyond a refined voluptuousness.

The king rather affected these select and semi-secret parties, and the Marquise encouraged his taste. Even when her power had reached its highest, and she displayed it most ostentatiously, she reserved for her own apartment its haughtiest exhibition. The King of Prussia, Carlyle's Friedrich, had repulsed her advances, though made through Voltaire when Voltaire was most in

favor—pretending not to know her, whilst he bestowed on the king a nickname on her account—but the Empress of Austria answered her with *empressment*, addressed her as *ma cousine*, and *la petite reine*, and the Marquise made all who approached her treat her as a queen indeed. In her *cabinet de toilette* she received—it was the custom for grand dames to receive during the toilette even in England, as we may see by Hogarth's *Marriage à-la-Mode*—a few of the highest princes, dukes, and ministers of state, to talk over matters of state, and matters of scandal; but no one was permitted to sit down. There was but a single fauteuil in the room, and that she occupied. For the king she would order a chair to be brought, but it was so done as to mark it as an exceptional favor.

Choissy was the most splendid of her mansions, but she was proudest of Bellevue, as her own creation. It was built for her by Landureau; Delisle laid out the grounds; the decorations were executed by Boucher, Vanloo, and Pigalle. "I have made it a pretty place," she told her friends, "but without any kind of magnificence." Without any kind of magnificence! yet 1,500 workmen were occupied for two whole years upon it, and she expended three million livres—say £120,000—upon the decorations alone. Truly, Antoinette Poisson had come to have right royal notions of the magnificent.

Her patronage of literature and art is that which shows the Marquise in the most favorable light, and has cast a halo around her memory in the eyes of her countrymen. Voltaire, Rousseau, Crébillon, Marmontel, the encyclopédistes generally, were welcomed with smiles to her earliest salon, and received in various ways substantial marks of her favor. But writers of a graver character also found in her a generous patron. She gave Quesnay an appointment in her household; Buffon through her influence obtained his place in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and she (doubtless out of the national purse) defrayed the cost of printing the first edition of his "*Histoire Naturelle*." And these are but a few out of a hundred similar acts of munificence.

There is a thin small folio volume,

greatly prized by collectors, but very rarely met with, for but a few copies were struck off, that may be regarded as the most authentic memorial of the Marquise's devotion to the fine arts. It is entitled "*Suites d'Estampes exécutées par Madame la Marquise de Pompadour*," and contains in all some seventy plates. They are chiefly after gems, by J. Guay, but two or three are from carvings in ivory, and half a dozen are mythological and infantile groups after Boucher. Several are dated, and the dates range from 1751 to 1758; they were executed, therefore, during the most brilliant period of her reign. The subjects are classical and allegorical, treated in the fanciful manner of the time. The drawings seem to have been mostly made by Vien and Boucher. Technical critics find a good deal of difference in the handling; and it is possible the Marquise may have had assistance in the manipulative details, but nearly all the prints bear the signature "Pompadour, sculpt." When first published satirists made themselves merry with some of the subjects. In one, Louis XV. figured nude as "Apollo couronnant le Génie des Arts," and it was gravely queried who could have served as the model—the ultimate suggestion being the Abbé Bernis—more remarkable for obesity rather than grace. In other plates the king appears as Hercules; the Marquise as Victory. But the Marquise best loved to see herself as Minerva, either as "Protectrice of the Arts," where, that there might be no mistake in the identification, the goddess, instead of the ægis, bears on her shield the arms of Pompadour; or as the "Protectrice of France," as she is figured on the royal seal, holding in one hand the national escutcheon, in the other the regal sceptre.

Whatever may be thought of the truth or taste of the latter assumption, there can be no question of her right to the former title. Her patronage was, indeed, extended to the whole range of French art. Painting, sculpture, architecture were all encouraged by her with a royal disregard of cost that no sovereign had exceeded and few approached. Boucher, Vanloo, Watteau, Greuze, Pigalle were pensioned or liberally encouraged, and the younger and less

eminent artists found in her a warm friend. Under her auspices the school of Rome was reorganized and extended, the grand prize founded, and the exhibition established. Had she lived long enough, Napoleon III. would hardly have needed to rebuild Paris. She had sent her brother, created through her interposition Marquis de Marigny, to Italy, attended by a staff of professors, to study art; and on his return she procured his appointment to the direction of the national palaces and buildings, and together they devised a scheme for the embellishment of the city on the most magnificent scale. Financial difficulties prevented its accomplishment in its integrity, but boulevards were laid out, the Champs Elysées formed, churches and hotels built. It was during the Seven Years' War—the result of her evil councils—that these works were prosecuted with the greatest energy. The public discontent, the ill-humor of the king, she thought would be best distracted by these undertakings, and at the same time employment be found for many of the unemployed and clamorous Parisian workmen.

But one of the most remarkable of her artistic plans was the foundation of the famous porcelain works at Sèvres. Sèvres was almost entirely her creation. For the factory she set apart a palace, provided with beautiful gardens, fountains, canals, and whatever could add to the charm of the place, or the pleasure of the workmen, for whom she procured various immunities and privileges, including the much-prized liberty of hunting in the forest as well as the *petite chasse*. The manufacture itself she watched over with the greatest interest, frequently visiting the works, suggesting new objects and new designs, sometimes furnishing designs herself, or making alterations in those laid before her, or proposing new combinations of color. Choice works were executed at her desire, and painted by eminent artists in order to present to the king or some favorite prince or minister, or to adorn her own apartments. To purchase costly articles from the Sèvres works was a successful mode of winning her favor, and she soon had the happiness to find the taste for Sèvres, especially her own favorite *pâte tendre*,

become a rage. The true old Sèvres is perhaps as good an illustration of her artistic taste as can be found. Elegant, brilliant, luxurious, you have in it the genuine Art Pompadour, as it was designated by French critics, the art that has colored every subsequent species of French design, and with some little difference of style is the prevalent Parisian art of to-day.

Well would it have been had she been content to direct the arts of France. But she became as much the ruler of the state councils as she was of the ateliers. Ministers were made and disgraced at her bidding, and to her France owed the most disgraceful and desolating of her wars, and much of the misery of her people. "Even the administration of the Duc de Choiseul," the ablest of the ministers of Louis XV., as Villemain has truly said, "subordinated itself to her frivolous and profane influence." It was under this influence that the absolutism of France became at once intolerable and contemptible, and the poverty and oppression of the masses were strained to the utmost. The reign of the Pompadour was the preparation of the Revolution. *Après nous le déluge*, said her ignoble master, and it came quickly.

The last years of the Marquise were full of bitterness. She was constantly ill; always weary. She knew that she was hated by the nation, envied and despised by the Court. No arts could conceal the loss of her beauty, and she had to endure the indifference of her once impassioned lover, and the gibes of merciless and irrepressible satirists. The subjection of Louis to her opinions had grown into a habit; but she found that it was only by incessant exertions, and the utmost complaisance to his ever-growing licentiousness, that she could keep him in good temper, or hope to retain her hold upon his feeble intellect.

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MUSIC IN POETRY.

WHAT is poetry in the common meaning of the word, poetry as apart from ordinary prose, poetry as we understand it in all its manifold shapes, from a psalm of David to an idyl of Tennyson, from Homer's *Iliad* to Browning's

"Dramatis Personæ," from an ode of Horace to "Edwin of Deira?" What is it that distinguishes even third-rate verse from the most poetic prose? Why do we naturally think of Swinburne and Buchanan, let us say, as artists differing in kind from Carlyle and Ruskin? Both the latter have written passages, pages, whole volumes, brimming over with poetic fancy; and yet we never think of classing them among poets proper. Writers of prose poems they may sometimes be called, but poets in the vulgar sense, never.

Of many possible answers to such questions, the most obvious may also be accepted as the most true. Verse after all is verse, and prose prose, though each might sometimes be mistaken for the other. Everything in nature has its own distinctive form, its own outward and visible sign of an existence, otherwise ideal and incomplete. The vague thoughts that brood within us are born into the world through form only, through this or that outward vehicle of artistic, scientific, or mechanical energy. In the world of our daily experience form and essence are found wedded together as inseparably as living soul with living body. In art, as in social life, the style is part of the man, because it is the shape in which his thoughts evolve themselves, the mould into which they have been run. A man's foot, his arm, his facial outlines, all bear witness in their several ways to corresponding features of his inward temperament; a witness to which ancient sculpture was marvellously alive, and which the popular instinct has never entirely overlooked.

In all good verse one feels how largely the form determines the effect produced, how different are the thoughts expressed therein from the same thoughts expressed in mere prose. The poet thinks in musical phrases, the prose-writer in the terms of ordinary speech. The one paints, the other describes. The one sings, the other recites. Poetry is to prose what the Taj-Mahal at Agra is to a London warehouse or a Lancashire mill; what "Israel in Egypt" or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is to an oration by Mr. Mason Jones; what graceful dancing is to graceful walking; what the Belvedere Apollo is to a portrait-bust of the Queen. Music, in one shape

or another, is the natural language of artistic emotion, the language of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician, the poet. A keen sense of melody, whether simple or harmonized, underlies all the arts, suggesting to sculpture its noblest outlines, to architecture its fairest proportions, to painting its softest harmonies of shade and color, to music its most exquisite blending of sweet sounds, to poetry its most graceful turns of phrase and rhythm. All true art in short is uttered music, and music is but another name for poetry.

But is there no poetry in well-written prose, no music in the tones and turns of ordinary speech? Is not all nature alive with melody, from the thunder of waves upon the shore or the sighing of the wind in a pine forest, to the quivering of birds in spring and the buzzing of innumerable bees among the heather? Yes, indeed; but the melodies of nature form, as it were, the raw material for the melodies of art, and the melodies of written or spoken prose are at best but rude outshapings of the subtler melody that breathes in all genuine verse. Art, like the bee, gathers honey from all sweet things of nature; and poetry may be called the quintessence, the concentrated spirit of the roses blowing in the domains of literature. Song, in short, in its twofold aspect of musical verse and rhythmical music, is the fruitful flower and ripe fruit of the tree whose leaves represent the less rhythmical utterances, the *numeri lege soluti* of work-a-day prose. The poet and the prose-writer are fellow-travellers in the same broad realm of nature. Each looks around him with open eyes and ears attentive, swift to discover the things that best suit his genius, hungry to take up within himself all kinds of seminal facts, images, windfalls, waifs, suggestions, which, after due transmission through the power-looms of his mind, shall come forth again in full coherent shapeliness, for the profit and delight of his fellow-men. Each fulfils his proper mission: the one appealing to the mind mainly through the processes of ordinary logic; the other mastering the soul through the "simple, sweet, and sensuous" utterances of a creative fancy.

The prose-writer may also be an ar-

tist; but art is an accident, not the essence of his work. The poet, on the other hand, is nothing if he be not all artist; and as art is eminently rhythmical, poetry, the natural outcome of melodious thoughts, cannot help speaking in phrases more or less rhythmically tuneful. Prose too has rhythmical cadences, a not inaudible music of its own, rising and falling gratefully on the ear like the words of the "clear-toned Pylian speaker." But the freer it is from set musical turns, from regular recurrences of marked rhythm, the less often we strike on passages that look like prose but read very like broken verse, by so much the nearer does the form of it correspond to its inward character, and come up to our instinctive conception of what prose should be.

In all good prose-writing you may catch undoubted undertones of rhythmical harmony. Milton, Clarendon, Jeremy Taylor, Dryden, Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Burke, and Hume, will at once strike the English reader as splendid examples of a fact discernible in all literatures, from the days of Cicero and Livy to those of Emerson, Michelet, Carlyle, and Victor Hugo. Well-fitting words and phrases, fair-flowing sentences, finely modulated periods, paragraphs that sway the mind with a rare succession of long-drawn, noble, satisfying harmonies, such things, all or some of them, are sure to enhance the mental pleasure we derive from reading or hearing a speech of Mr. Bright's, a chapter from a novel by Mr. Charles Reade or George Eliot, a page from the histories of Mr. Froude or Dean Milman, or a calmly reasoned, carefully worded essay by Mr. J. S. Mill. But the undertones here must still be undertones. Prose ceases to be prose, becomes a mere slipshod caricature of verse, when those suggestions of underlying music blend themselves into forms more definite than the roaring of the sea, or the distance-softened voices of a neighboring city. The speaker should never let his audience fancy they are listening to a singer out of place.

Some of our greatest prose-writers have, indeed, been poets, poets often of the first rank. But their works, even while they illustrate the points of family likeness, show yet more clearly the

gulfs of essential difference between verse and prose. Writers like Milton, Campbell, Southey, Moore, were too good artists to ignore that difference; had far too much sense to borrow from poetry her peculiar graces in order to lend prose an air of wishing to be poetry if it could. For each kind of work they reserved the befitting treatment, and their excellence in the field of prose, if largely owing to that gift of expression which prose-writers enjoy in common with poets, was further heightened by a wise forbearance from all attempts to make their homelier utterances ape the music and the imagery of heaven-reaching song. Beer is good, and wine is good, and both contain a certain amount of alcohol and water, but to mix them together in one draught would commonly be deemed the surest method of spoiling each.

Tunefulness and rhythm, rhythmical form and tuneful essence, these are the main distinguishing marks of all good poetry. The same thing may be said of music proper? True, for is not music inarticulate poetry, even as poetry may be called articulate music? In discussing the latter there is no need to draw further distinctions between sisters so nearly alike. Enough, for present purposes, to dwell on the supremely musical origin of verse. The analysis may not be exhaustive: what analysis of things human ever is? But it claims at any rate to lay hold of one indispensable clew to the right appreciation of poetry as apart from prose. In talking of poetry or verse as articulate music, we mean always music in its widest sense. The thoughts that breathe must be musical thoughts; the words that burn must keep fair time and tune with the fancies that inspire them. In other words, verse is or should be the due rhythmical embodiment of the thoughts and feelings conceived by a truly musical soul.

The closer the correspondence between the original thoughts and their outward clothing, between the musical essence and the rhythmical form, the more agreeably on the whole will our minds be swayed, soothed, uplifted by the results produced. When the execution matches the conception, like the marriage of "perfect music into perfect words," then, of course, the pleasure

derivable from the whole reaches its utmost height. It is a perfect pleasure, varying in quality with the quality of the thought conceived. The one will be deeper and more abiding in proportion as the other is fairer, worthier, or more sublime. Like to the pre-eminence of Raphael among painters, of Handel or Mozart among musicians, is the pre-eminence of a Homer or a Shakespeare among poets. In those great masters of their several arts one sees the marvellous union of vast imaginative power with superlative skill in expressing it through worthy forms.

Marvellous union; but for that very reason how much too rare! How sadly common it is to see great conceptions altogether marred by weakness of expression, and strength of expression lavishly squandered on poor conceptions! It is the old story of Socrates and Xantippe; of the fairy who came unasked to the christening; of ill-mated unions everywhere in all times. A Haydon fails to embody conceptions to the height of which an Etty or a Reynolds, for all his mastery of expression, could never rise. Cromwell's speeches fell as much below his best thoughts as those of Cicero towered above his best. Nature seems to take a cruel delight in spoiling her fairest handiwork, yoking together things unequal or inconsistent, jangling her sweetest harmonies into discords, jumbling up good with evil, strength and frailty, wisdom and foolishness, in a strange unreasonable way. Once in a thousand years she produces a Socrates or a Shakespeare, as if to remind us common men of the possibilities latent in her wildest moods. At all other times we are bidden, perhaps in mercy, to gaze on excellences more or less blurred by defects from the faded glories of him who "took all nature for his province" to the grovelling genius of poor Edgar Poe. Even a Shakespeare, if we look more closely at him, sinks on the whole below our sense of his highest powers. He is always greater than his noblest utterances. There are flaws in that outward image of him, his printed plays, which he himself in his brighter moments must have regretted as keenly as the most loyal of his critics could regret for him now. And there

are other flaws which it seems idle to regret, because he does but share them in common with all who wield the two-edged weapon of human speech. It was something more than mere cynicism which prompted Goldsmith's saying about language being given us to conceal our thoughts; for all too certain it is that speech does partially hide or misrepresent too many of the thoughts we strive in the purest faith to utter. It serves at the best of times but as a veil that floats between us and the outer world; and veils, however transparent, have a trick of altering, not always indeed for the worse, the character of the faces behind them.

More plastic than the sculptor's marble, words are also far more uncertain. The despair of sculptor or painter in trying to reach up to the height of his own ideals, cannot be greater than the despair of the poet, to whom language furnishes at once the shifting material, and the roughly fashioned tools of his art. Within limits easy to define, one can imagine the sculptor gazing on his work, and calling it very good. His marble poem may live unchanged, unmarred forever, teaching nearly the same lesson to men of all ages, and almost every clime. To the intelligent Englishman of to-day, the Belvedere Apollo speaks as eloquently as it did to the average Roman of eighteen centuries ago. But with means apparently larger and more manageable, the poet has commonly far fewer chances of fulfilling his aim. His words, however beautiful to the men of one age, may lose half their lustre or their meaning in the next. How many Frenchmen were ever in perfect sympathy with our world-remembered Shakespeare? To how many Englishmen, nay, to how many modern Greeks, does old Homer reveal the fullness of his poetic worth? Byron is only now rising from undeserved eclipse. Moore's sun is gone or going down. Pope lingers in pale twilight, like the shade of Achilles in realms Plutonian. Is Spenser, is Chaucer read, loved, thoroughly digested by readers even of high and varied culture? Even with regard to Shakespeare himself, how vast the number of those admirers who bestow their admiration wholly or mainly upon trust; while of the re-

mainder how very few are likely to grasp the full range of their idol's powers, to follow his every turn of thought and feeling, to weigh in perfectly equal balance his excellences and his defects!

Time and fashion, manifest destiny and seeming chance, the force of habit, of mental associations, the growth of popular misconceptions, changes slow or sudden in national manners and modes of thought; all those regular and irregular processes, which account for the alternate corruption and renewal of a nation's language, add continually fresh folds to the veil originally flung between the poet's innermost ideas and his formal utterances. Look, for example, at the clouds of commentative dust raised by a swarm of rival interpreters round hundreds of doubtful passages in the Bible or in Shakespeare's plays. How are you to extract the pure gold of natural meaning from out that dross of perplexed, and perplexing words? In vain does a Jowett point out the only rational mode of interpreting the one; and a Payne Collier furnish an almost unfailing means for repairing manifest flaws in the other.* Commentators would keep on wrangling, and enforcing their pet conclusions on a puzzled world, even if Isaiah or Shakespeare were to rise from the grave, and bring out an authentic edition, duly annotated, of his own works.

But again, if the lapse of time bears hard upon the poet, not seldom has the poet borne hard upon himself. His attempts to alter, to improve, to remodel his handiwork, too often lead to the marring of its better without mending its worse parts. Byron's poems are among the very few which have gained by after revision more than they have lost. Gray and Campbell pruned away excrescences which some at least of their critics would willingly have spared. Tennyson himself, in one or two well-known instances, notable in the stanzas altered from "The Princess" for his volume of *Selections*, has replaced a beautiful line,

* It seems strange to me how any intelligent, thoughtful, unbiassed reader can doubt the self-evident rightness of all the more important emendations contained in the Collier folio. Whoever put them there, they speak for themselves—even in the case of the "table of green frieze." J

or poem, by one less beautiful. It is dangerous for a poet in after years, or in cooler moments to meddle with the fruits, however faulty, of an inspiration always surest when least conscious of its own workings. Great things are done off-hand, unconsciously, in great moments. Sober criticism may have its uses, may sometimes serve as a beacon to the doing of yet greater things, by the light it throws on this or that shortcoming in the past. But it can never fill the place of true poetic insight. The iron must be heated over again if you would alter its shape or mend its character. Inspiration must be left to judge of inspiration. If you cannot put old heads on young shoulders, neither can you expect the poet's fancy to burn always at white heat. Apollo's bow is not always bent, nor would it be half so powerful if it were. Genius also has its ebbs and flows, its creative and its critical moods; and only on pain of utter failure may it seek to reproduce the one directly through the other. Critical insight and creative power are not indeed always, and altogether foes; for a broad bottom of spiritual sympathy underlies them both, giving to each its proper starting-point, and bearing each as it were to a common goal. But so rare is their perfect union in the same minds, still more at the same moment, that for practical purposes, the contrast popularly drawn between the poet's fancy and the critic's judgment may be accepted as a general truth. The sun and the stars shine together in the same universe; but to the dwellers on this earth, the stars grow visible only when the sun has passed below the horizon.

When the glow of a poet's inspiration dies off, the light of critical reflection gleams bright but cold upon the gathering darkness. At such a time may the poet think calmly over what he has done, measure the distance between the issue and the aim, and store up rare instructions for his future work. But let him beware of tampering over-zealously with his former utterances, lest he succeed in maiming what he only meant to prune. After due pondering, let him wait quietly for the returning sunrise. Even so, he cannot secure himself against the difference between one day's brightness and an-

other's. The old inspiration may never quite return, just as a dream once broken can never be quite renewed. The thought that yesterday, that an hour ago, filled him with its informing energy, may by this time have faded into the pale dim ghost of its younger self. His fancy flickers as his judgment burns clearer; youth wanes and manhood melts into age; Homer nods and Shakespeare droops his wing; the poet of "Paradise Lost" betrays an old man's fondness for his "Paradise Regained;" and the Second Part of Goethe's "Faust" lacks half the dramatic force and fulness of the First. Age hath, indeed, its own autumnal glories; but the poet's prime claims nearest kinship with the teeming freshness of a full-blown spring; and, like the spring, its hours of fairest sunshine are sometimes interspersed with hours of chilling gloom.

Let us grant, then, the too frequent inequality between the poetic thought and its translation into words—an inequality varying with every instance; for if the thought be sometimes greater than the words, the words are not seldom greater than the thought. But the admission makes nothing against our rule. In dealing with the fruits of human genius we have always to allow for the proofs of human imperfection. We must strike a fair balance between theoretic likelihoods and patent facts, between our standards of ideal excellence and our experience of actual results. Within due limits the critic, like the astronomer, will always count on the presence of disturbing forces. Enough for him if the discrepancies between aim and issue be not too marked, if the poet's language prove, on the whole, a fair translation of the poet's thought, if the rhythmical form correspond as nearly as may be with the musical essence.

The closer the correspondence, the more successful will the poem itself be, viewed as a work of art. But closeness of correspondence means something very different from uniformity of treatment. Poetry, like painting, can be tested only by general rules. Two or three great artists will handle the same subject in as many different ways, and yet the work of each, taken separately, shall seem the fittest from its own

point of view. And so of a genuine poet we may say that whatever garb he chooses for the clothing of his thought seems to be the only natural, therefore the fittest garb. His utterances fall naturally as it were into a certain harmony of duly rhythmical cadences, with effect as satisfying as that which follows every movement of a really graceful child. In respect of this wild propriety, this artless seeming unison of form with spirit, very few poets can be compared with Shelley. Wander with him where you will, you feel yourself listening to one of nature's sweetest voices, bodying forth

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"

the quick-springing emotions of a marvellously tuneful soul. Whether he is dramatizing the crimes and sorrows of the Cenci family, or exulting with Prometheus in the overthrow of long-triumphant wrong, or chanting with the Greeks the new birth of freedom and Hellas, or soaring heavenward with the lark in a long burst of lyric ecstasy, or trilling some tender lay in honor of evening and his best beloved, you feel that the poet's fancies cannot help taking the form in which his happy artlessness or his unrivalled art has clothed them. In his case form and essence are supremely one. His poetry may sometimes be too ethereal or too diffuse, some of his graver utterances may lack the coherent force, the lifelike breadth and clearness of more human if not always greater bards; but the magic warble of his many-cadenced verse, and the masterly graces of a diction never forced, never too ornate, severely simple at need as that of Dante, and always tuneful as if Italian, not English, were the instrument he had to play upon, claim for Shelley the poet a close spiritual kinship with the prince of born melodists, Mozart. There is no need, of course, to push the comparison too far, else were it easy to show how widely in many things the poet of "Prometheus Unbound" and the "Revolt of Islam" differs from the composer of "Don Juan," and the "Twelfth Mass." But in the one great gift of musical expression the two are wonderfully and essentially alike.

Colburn's New Monthly.

THE GODDESSES OF LIBERTY.*

SOCIAL results, like other results, rarely arise, except from pre-existing causes which have paved the way for them. The so-called "Goddesses of Liberty" did not spring from the Revolution like so many Minervas from the brain of a new order of things. The fair but frail marchionesses, painted by Greuze, Watteau, and Boucher, had been succeeded in the time of Louis XVI. by a generation of women whose studies and pursuits were of a more serious character, and whose only relaxations were rural or pastoral vocations. The "Nouvelle Héloïse" and the "Emile" of Rousseau, the pedantry of the Genevese Madame Necker, the example of the queen herself at Trianon, all tended in the same direction. Madame de Genlis aided the movement by introducing the educational romance; girls aspired to science and politics, while their religion and morals were being alike undermined. The Abbé Barthélemy made the Greek Hetaira, Aspasia, and Phryne popular by his "Young Anacharsis;" and strong-minded females pretended to imitate antiquity, and, like so many Lasthenias, assumed a disguise that they might be initiated in the lessons of the Platos of the day.

Previous to the epoch of Louis XVI., actresses—albeit always exercising a certain sway in society by their talents, their beauty, and their graces—were not introduced into the world. The homage paid to them seldom extended beyond the stage itself; but in the time of Louis XVI., although himself of serious principles, the actresses assumed quite a new position. Princes, noblemen, and gentlemen vied with one another in the sacrifices which they made to enhance the brilliancy and scandalous profusion of their mistresses. Mademoiselle Guimard was enabled, by the liberality of the Prince of Soubise, to rival the princesses of the blood. She had a quasi-regal château at Pantin, and a hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin, in both of which operas and ballets were enacted in the presence of five hundred guests. Mademoiselle Duthé, who, after ruining the Marquis de Genlis, was protected by the

Duke of Chartres, and then by the Comte d'Artois, having made her appearance at Longchamps covered with diamonds, and in an equipage with six horses, Mademoiselle Cléophile, a mere ballet-girl, to whom the Duke of Amanda made an allowance of six hundred louis a month, must of necessity do the same thing. The king's brother, nay, his very valet-de-chambre, M. de la Borde, who countenanced the extravagances of La Prairie, also set examples which were soon followed by the "grands seigneurs" and the "fermiers généraux," who could best afford such luxurious indulgences, and launch forth in such immoral extravagances. It was thus that the theatre became at this epoch of transition more in vogue than the court. Mademoiselle Arnould, protected by the Duke of Lauragnais, had her literary and philosophical réunions; and the public took a greater interest in the doings of the young Raucourt, of Mademoiselle Maillard, and of Mademoiselle Desgarcins, than in those of the royal family; and when the approach of the Revolution made itself felt, these stage beauties and favorites were among the first to herald the triumphs of the insurgents by songs and poetical declamations. The great comedians were the first goddesses of Reason and of Liberty, the choir of the Opera celebrated the funeral service of Marat, ballet-girls decorated the statues of the republic with garlands; and, ever in pursuit of applause and popularity, these personages were among the first to hold out the hand of fraternity to the Chaumettes and the Héberts, the favorites of the day, and the avowed worshippers of nature.

The contagion of these bad examples spread to the middle classes. Daughters of bankers, merchants, and professional men, hitherto piously educated, were now imbued with philosophical ideas by the works of Diderot and of Madame de Genlis, and they rejected as naïvetés all that they had previously been taught to love and respect. Religious forms were, with many, gone through merely as a matter of habit or etiquette. There was no faith in their inner hearts. Witness Madame Camille Desmoulins, an excellent mother and courageous in the presence of death, yet doubting in her last prayer the very existence of a Deity.

* Les Déeses de la Liberté. Par M. Capefigue. Amyot, Editeur.

The lower classes were the last to be demoralized. The girls of the working classes liked to laugh, to dance now and then at the Porcherons, but still they were faithful to their church. Mesdames de la Halle, proud of their prerogatives and their privileges (they had their entrée at Versailles on the occasion of great festivals, as a marriage or a birth), were zealous in favor of Saint Eustache, where they had their own altar to the Virgin; if their language was bold, still their hearts were in the right place, and up to the epoch of the Revolution they had been devoted to their king and their church.

How, then, was such a change wrought in the spirit of the ladies of the Halles and of the grisettes as to render them accomplices in the atrocities of the Revolution? This demoralization came, according to Capefigue, not from the people, but from the higher classes. It was the fashion in the court, where the evil that ensued was never dreamt of, to deprive Marie Antoinette of her prestige, to deny her good qualities, and to represent her as a deceitful, intriguing stranger. The Comte de Provence and his friends particularly lent themselves to this system of disparagement, and pamphlets and caricatures are still in existence which had no other origin. These calumnies came down the marble staircases of Versailles and from the bosquets of Trianon, and spread among the people, who believed in them, and the queen, who was at first ridiculed as Madame Déficit, was afterwards apostrophized as Madame Veto. The well-known "Carmagnole,"

Madame Veto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris,

was only a vulgar rendering of couplets first sung at the banquets that followed upon the convocation of the States-General. The Marquis de Lameth and De Lafayette never ceased to represent their noble sovereign to the people as an Austrian who was ready to sacrifice France for the sake of her family. The flying sheets and placards which came into vogue with the convocation of notables assisted materially in demoralizing the hearts of the females of the lower classes; emissaries gifted with a rude energetic eloquence, born of evil, did the rest, till the woman of Paris became

step by step transformed into the citizeness, who, with a huge cockade on her breast, was harnessed to a wheelbarrow to celebrate the feast of the confederation on the Champ de Mars. Like the lunatic, whose perversion of intellect leads him to dislike most those whom he has hitherto most loved, so the Parisian became, by the jealousy aroused by cruel misrepresentations, to be most violent against religion, priests, the king, the queen, the dauphin—all that she held previously most in respect; she learned to shout and howl, to sit astride great guns, to carry heads on pikes, nay even to hang à la lanterne! The ladies of the Halle, whose especial privilege it had hitherto been to present bouquets to the king, by a strange perversion of feeling now took a pride in laying their flowers at the feet of Lafayette, of Bailly, and of Péthion; they at last got to strew the guillotine with them. Light wines were at the same time discarded for fiery brandies. Drunkenness became a habit with the women of the Revolution, and alcohol in such times smells of blood.

The religious sentiment in the marriage tie may be said to have been first shaken in the eighteenth century, when it became the fashion to marry for convenience's sake. The law of respect was, however, with a few scandalous exceptions, rigidly upheld. The lady of fortune or family was always the great lady. Divorce was never dreamt of. There were family quarrels and family frailties and scandals, but they were all ultimately swamped in the feeling of an indissoluble tie. It remained for the Constituent Assembly to break up the great family bonds of union. By the abolition of the right of the elder, it annihilated the domestic hearth, scattered the members of one family, and divided the fortune of the patrician into the infinitely little properties of the rural pauper. The Assembly crowned its work by constituting marriage a simple civil contract, which could be dissolved by divorce even in cases of common antipathy, where there was mutual consent. With so capricious a nature as the French, the latter privilege was largely abused. The *Moniteur* for 1792 gives an average of thirty to forty marriages per diem in Paris, and of ten to fifteen

divorces. As Capefigue justly remarks, the result must have been a scandalous chaos of married men and women, and of children the offspring of various alliances.

The salons of certain literary and political ladies abetted almost unintentionally the revolutionary movement. The great lords, converts to the new doctrines, met the writers and journalists of the day at Madame Necker's. Madame de Staël, inspired by M. Narbonne and Benjamin Constant, became the soul of the liberal coterie. The objects of this coterie were simply a constitutional monarchy—an idea abhorrent to a Capefigue. Madame de Genlis embraced with Mirabeau and Bailly the part of the younger branch—the Orleans. So also of Madame de Buffon, de Sercy, and Olympe de Gouges. The latter, by founding the popular society or club of women, and by her publications "*Mirabeau aux Champs Elysées*" and "*L'Entrée de Dumouriez à Bruxelles*," imparted a singular impetus to the revolutionary movement among the sex.

The commune of Paris had assigned an indemnification of two francs a day to such women as attended the meetings of the Convention. They went thither accordingly, some with their needlework, others accompanied by their families. They thought that they looked like the Roman matrons on ancient bass-reliefs. Public festivals likewise became the order of the day, and the women were called upon to assist at first simply as choristers. But a school of materialists had arisen in the very bosom of the Convention, whose idols were nature, as more particularly exemplified in the beauty of the female form, and they proclaimed the worship of Reason and Liberty. In order, therefore, to personify these two ideas, the most perfect beauties were sought out in society or on the stage, and parts were allotted to them to perform in this new paganism. Reason was represented by beauties of a strong masculine and severe character; Liberty, of more youthful date, was assigned to fairer and more graceful charms. No costume, save that of drapery, was allowed to these divinities. Incense and perfumes were burnt in golden vases at the foot of their altars. Such altars were

raised up at many points when the constitution of 1793 was proclaimed on the Champ de Mars. On each of these altars, which extended from the Boulevards to the Military School, young citizenesses, most sparingly attired, represented a generous and beneficent nature. At the Bastille a colossal statue was raised, with the forms of Isis, "the soul of the universe," and from whose bosom flowed milk, which was received in a vase by President Hérault de Séchelles to illustrate the bounties of nature.

But the divinity Reason dominated over the others, and her worship became public and national. The commune of Paris selected the chief altars of Saint Roch and of Notre Dame to honor the new divinity. Her worship was inaugurated at these desecrated altars by a solemn festival. The whole Convention was present at the consecration of the new temples, and serious men, perverted by the writings of Holbach, Helvetius, and Diderot, actually believed that they were rendering a service to humanity by thus aiding to elevate Reason upon the ruins of what they designated as prejudices.

Nor was talent wanting any more than beauty to enhance the influence of the new form of worship. Nature is said to have been represented by the perfection of beauty at Notre Dame, and that in the person of Mademoiselle Maillard, an actress clad in antique drapery. Chaumette worshipped her in idyls, after the fashion of Gesner, assisted by the actor Dugazon. The real tendency of beliefs and the practical passions that were at work under the banner of Reason and Liberty can, however, be best judged of by the couplets of Citizen Valcour:

Sur les autels de Marie
Nous plaçons la Liberté;
De la France le Messie,
C'est la sainte Egalité.
Nos forts sont nos cathédrales,
Nos cloches sont des canons,
Notre eau bénite des balles,
Nos orems nos chansons.

Everywhere the fanaticism of material force and of sensuality was made to supersede a moral and intellectual faith; and Leonard Bourdon, kneeling at the feet of Mademoiselle Maillard, sang odious strophes against the old religion.

Mademoiselle Maillard was an actress,

and she was possibly only playing her part; but it is certain that a considerable number of females were obliged to represent the Goddess of Reason in these pagan pomps under the most odious compulsion. Again, if some of these citizenesses did lend themselves to these theatrical representations through conviction, it is equally certain that many others were forced into such a position by the dread of compromising their families by refusing to give a public testimony of their civicism. At this epoch the slightest movements were closely watched; life hung by a thread stretched across the street; respectable women, young girls of well-to-do families, were reduced for safety sake to transform themselves into Goddesses of Liberty or of Reason, to take a part in processions on the occasion of public festivals and fraternal banquets, or to dance as choristers round trees of liberty. Among the curious stanzas then much in vogue was one which celebrated the fraternity of the wooden bowl (*gamelle*), to the tune of the perpetual Carmagnole:

Savez-vous pourquoi, mes amis,
Nous sommes tous si réjouis ?
C'est qu'un repas n'est bon
Qu'apprêté sans façon.
Mangeons à la gamelle,
Vive le son
Du chaudron !

Madame Momoro claims notice in the category of republican women by conviction. The daughter of a skilful engraver of the name of Fournier, she had wedded, when still very young, the printer and publisher Momoro, who perished on the scaffold in April, 1794. Yet was he the most distinguished leader of the club of Cordeliers, and an exalted fanatic with Hébert and Chaumette in the worship of Reason. It was Madame Momoro who chiefly represented the Goddess Reason in the solemnities of the Revolution, just as Made-moiselle Maillard was the chief representative of Beauty and Nature. She was a handsome woman, well made, with dark luxuriant tresses falling to her waist; on her head she wore the Phrygian cap, and in her hand she bore a pike; whilst a mantle, or pepum, as it was classically designated, with stars on a blue ground, partially enveloped a form said to be of antique perfection.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII., No. 4.

All sorts of vagaries and indelicacies were excused under the plea of abiding by the example of antiquity.

The ephemeral power of certain ladies who had been among the first to enter upon the dangerous decline of revolution soon disappeared before the ardent Jacobinism of these citizenesses. Such was the case with Madame Roland, who had gathered the leading Girondins, moderate republicans, who thought that they could restrain the masses when once let loose, around her person. This graceful and intellectual but misled lady perished on the scaffold, uttering for her last words, in expiation of mischief done and impossible to recall, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Charlotte Corday was another example of the maniacal extravagance to which the female mind was excited by the revolution. Capefigue's version of this remarkable incident is that the anger of Charlotte was directed against the enemies of the Girondists, the advocates of a Federative Republic, and he would deprive her act even of that spark of heroism which an unbiassed history has accorded to it. With him, the Girondins, as the first to undermine the throne, were even more guilty than the Jacobins, who in their turn exterminated their predecessors.

Theresa Cabarrus, Marchioness of Fontenay, had been brought up in the best society; of great beauty, and gifted with a thousand talents, she had, according to Capefigue, "neither the affected pedantry of Madame de Genlis, the savage fury of Theroigne de Mericourt, the sentimental philosophy of Madame Roland, nor the cold fanaticism of Charlotte Corday." Obligated to seek refuge in Bordeaux by the fall of the Girondists, she arrived there at the epoch when that great commercial city was delivered over to the sanguinary lust of two proconsuls of the Reign of Terror—Tallien and Isabeau. Yet Tallien, Capefigue tells us, was "a charming man, addicted to pleasure and the distractions of love," whilst Isabeau took more delight in "the Medoc of exquisite flavor and Château Margot beloved by Richelieu." But the dispatches addressed by both to the terrible Committee of Public Safety were "dithyrambes in honor of the guillotine, and chants of

death over the victims of the conventional policy.

Madame de Fontenay, arrested at Bordeaux as an emigrant, was set at liberty by Tallien, who became so enamored of the charms of her person and mind as even to forget that he had to name victims for the guillotine. The gifted but cruel proconsul held his court at the Château Troupette, and Madame de Fontenay did not blush to occupy a place by his side. She became, indeed, for the time being, by her influence over the latter, the acknowledged queen of Bordeaux. Tallien having been denounced for pusillanimity, Madame de Fontenay returned to Paris, where she was at once arrested and incarcerated in the Prison des Carmes. It is uncertain whether at this epoch she was not the wife of Tallien. "Marriage at that epoch," says Capefigue, "was so slight an affair." It is also uncertain if her arrest was not due to the sudden terror of Robespierre, who, supping with her at the château of Fontenay, became terrified by her energy.

The anecdote is by some attributed to Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, who has also the reputation of having been sacrificed to the terrors of Robespierre. Madame de Fontaine-Tallien became, in the prison of the Carmes, the bosom friend of Madame de Beauharnais, afterward Empress of France, and of the Duchess d'Aguillon. Robespierre's apprehensions in regard to the Spanish energy of character of Madame de Fontenay, and the enmity of Tallien, were not without foundation. Tallien is supposed to have written the famous note to Robespierre: "Listen, and read! This hand which traces thy condemnation, this hand which your terror-stricken eyes seek to discover, this hand which grasps thine with horror, will pierce thy inhuman heart; every day I am with thee, every hour is my arm raised against thy breast." Madame de Fontenay, who was allowed to correspond with Tallien from within her prison walls, never ceased to exhort him to revenge. "Wherefore so much hesitation? Is a tyrant so very difficult to strike?" It was on the receipt of this letter that the ex-proconsul of Bordeaux communicated to his friends his intention to strike Robespierre, were it even in

the bosom of the Convention, and that without further delay. The moment was well selected; the people could no longer tolerate the sanguinary tyranny under which they had lived and suffered so long.

All parties were prepared for a decisive struggle on the 8th Thermidor (27th July, 1794). Robespierre, strong in the support of the Jacobins, of the army under Henrist, with the revolutionary tribunal in his hands, had withdrawn for more than a month to the solitudes of Ermenonville, near Montmc-rency. Here he decided upon a purification of the Convention. His object is stated to have been an amelioration in the condition of things; the expulsion of the more sanguinary Jacobins, and the inauguration of a more moderate republic. If so, his repentance came too late. Presenting himself before the Convention on the 8th Thermidor, with his projected reforms in hand, resistance at once declared itself on the part of the most ferocious of the Montagne. "Robespierre does not know what passes in committee," exclaimed Billaud-Varenne; "he has not been here for forty days." "One man," said the financier Cambon, "paralyzes the will of the National Convention, and that man is Robespierre."

It was a terrible night that of the 8th and 9th Thermidor. Either Robespierre must fall, or the heads of all who had denounced him in the Convention were sacrificed. A coup-d'état was proposed; Robespierre hesitated. There was no sleep on either side, and, when daylight dawned on the Tuileries, Tallien exclaimed, with prophetic verve: "The tyrant has let us live over this night; his cowardice has saved us all; with what ease he could have secured our persons! Citizens, anything can be done with a man who only knows how to threaten!" Tallien had discovered Robespierre's secret weakness. From the moment that he ceased to act with violence he was a lost man.

The morning of the 9th the acts of accusation were read to the Duchess d'Aguillon, to the Viscountess Beauharnais, and to the Marchioness of Fontenay-Tallien. The order for removal to the Conciergerie, the next step on the road to the scaffold, was luckily post-

poned to the ensuing day. At noon of the same day—the 9th Thermidor—the sitting of the Convention was opened by an address by St. Just. This was interrupted by Tallien, who, with contracted mouth and inflamed eyes, exclaimed: “It is time that the veil be lifted!” “It must be torn away!” shouted Billaud-Varenne. Robespierre rose, and claimed to be heard; but his voice was drowned by shouts of “Down with the tyrant!” “Down with the dictator!” Tallien increasing the tumult by agitating a dagger, given to him by Madame de Fontenay, in the air. The dictator of the day before, whose mere glance made countenances grow livid, was handed over to the astonished ushers and hesitating gendarmes, and conducted, in company with his younger brother, Saint Just, Lebas, and Couthon, to the Committee of General Surety.

The combat was won at the Convention by Billaud-Varenne, by Vadier, Amas, and Tallien—the Septembriseurs, as they were called; but Theresa Cabarrus had been the real soul and life of the conspiracy. It was in vain that the Jacobins proclaimed an insurrection from the Hôtel de Ville; the columns of the Conventionals marched against them under the orders of the Count of Barras, and followed by the sections of Paris. Robespierre fell because his system was at an end; the rope, too much stretched, had given way, and the people saluted the execution of the dictator with the same applause with which they had hailed his nomination to power. Yet, according to Capefigue’s view of the matter, Robespierre, neither a hero nor a martyr, was not the incarnation of all that was bad in the French revolution. His efforts were incessantly directed to keeping down hostilities. With a mob, it is necessary to be always ahead of all possible excesses; and the dictatorship of the guillotine was, in a certain sense, a logical result of the revolution. The Committee of Public Safety was instituted as “a conservative institution,” and, according to the same writer, “the Emperor Napoleon I. may be said to have been the heir and the personification of the Committee of Public Safety!”

The 9th Thermidor was a day of delivery—a great national festival.

Every one knew that the victory was in main part due to the influence of the proud and haughty Spanish beauty who was imprisoned in the Carmes upon the somewhat indolent Tallien. One of the first steps taken by the victors was to set her and her companions in jail free: and Tallien publicly proclaimed Madame de Fontenay to be his wife. She reappeared in the “salons” with marvellous prestige, as a divinity invoked by the proscribed. The last of the Goddesses of Liberty, she was publicly received by the Convention amidst thunders of applause. Her own salons were open at Chaillot in an hôtel which had belonged to her father, the Count de Cabarrus, and, with the aid of Madame de Barras, the old nobility once more made their appearance in public, the emigrants began to return, and society took a first step toward a return to more moderate ways. Madame de Staël soon also took a leading position “in this chaos of joy, forgetfulness, and reaction.” The régime of the Carmagnole, the virtuous and philosophical festivals marked with blood in the calendar of 1794, and especially the ominous black cart, with the scaffold in perspective, had had their day—the reaction was at once complete.

The French returned, with a feeling as if a deadly nightmare had been removed from their hearts, to their salons, their theatres, their cafés, and their dances. Talma, Dugazon, and Valcour, the leading Jacobins on the stage, were compelled to recite verses penned by a victorious reaction in order to celebrate the new state of things. Madame Tallien was called “Notre Dame de Thermidor” by her friends, but “Notre Dame de Septembre” by her enemies, the latter in reminiscence of the part played by Tallien in those fearful massacres. The Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Clermont-Tonnerres, all attended the salons of Madame de Tallien, where Garat, the new hero of the day, was received in triumph. The actor Gaveau sang the “Réveil du Peuple;” everywhere the Terrorists and their accomplices were pursued with an implacable spirit of revenge. That portion of the public which was not admitted into the “salons dorés” crowded Frascati, the old Tivoli, and other places of public amusement,

where they could meet to celebrate their newly acquired safety. One of these meetings was called the "Bal des Victimes." No one was admitted who had not lost a relative or a friend by the guillotine. Men and women alike wore their hair cut short behind, in memory of the last toilette.

With the Directory came Talleyrand and Madame Récamier; but Madame de Staël, with the Abbé Sieyès, Benjamin Constant, Chenier, and other Conventionals her friends, became the ruler and founder of the constitution of the Year III. Madame de Staël, "an ugly old woman in a ridiculous dress," could not endure the rivalry of Madame Tallien, still young and beautiful, as well as of cultivated mind and engaging manners; and although the old friend of Theresa Cabarrus, Madame de Beauharnais, had become the wife of General Bonaparte, Madame de Tallien was cast in the background until the nomination of Bonaparte to the Consulship brought with it the fall of her implacable rival, Madame de Staël.

It is strange to think how important a part was played by these female divinities of the revolution at such stirring epochs. If there is a catastrophe, some one said, tell me where the woman is. So it was in reality, at the epoch of the French revolution. Madame de Staël, Madame Tallien, Madame Beauharnais, Madame Récamier, Madame Roland, and others, played almost as influential parts in the revolution as the leading men themselves. "The most strange and depraved aspect of the epoch," says Capefigue, "was the absolute confusion of the woman of the world with the courtesan." Elsewhere he says, "Almost all the goddesses of the Directory lived after the fashion of 'grandes entretenues.'" At no epoch was the corruption of manners greater than in that of the campaign in Egypt. "All these ladies separated from their husbands gave but sad examples; such was the time." The greatest name among them all has not, it is well known, escaped being called in question. As to Madame Tallien, she had three children between 1798 and 1802, who were all borne on the civil list under her family name of Cabarrus. "Strange epoch!" exclaims Capefigue; "the law of divorce

thus gave three families to Theresa Cabarrus." On the 8th of April, 1802, her divorce with Tallien was pronounced, and she wedded, her two husbands being both alive, on the 14th of July, 1805, Count Joseph de Caraman, afterward Prince of Chimay.

♦♦♦
Bentley's Miscellany.

THE COMPANIONS OF DEATH.*

THE good people of Naples held the street called that of the Calabrians in evil repute. The most rash citizen would not have ventured into it after nightfall at the time of our story for a hundred ducats, and yet ducats were scarce enough in the year of misery and slavery, 1647. It was, however, on the last night of February of that year that two men, in doublets of velvet and cloaks of fine cloth, made their way stealthily to a house at the corner of the Place Saint Janvier. True that the foolhardy men who thus risked themselves were artists—a class of persons at that epoch of very venturesome disposition, and not a little given to feats of arms.

The young men knocked at the door, and were answered by a rough grumbling voice and the baying of a hound. When the surly host, Pietro Panoli, opened the door, however, he manifested much respectful surprise at his visitors.

"Fasten it well behind us," was the only observation vouchsafed by the intruders; "they are playing at knives at the end of the street."

"It is our Abruzzi. They brought some Spaniards here to-night, and having emptied their pockets, they are now bleeding them," remarked the cynical host.

The artists seemed to be no better disposed toward the Spaniards, for the first observed:

"No bad work; if not one of them were left in Italy it would not be much harm done. But to business, and in the meantime some of your best Cyprus."

"What can I do for you?" inquired the host, on placing the tankard on the table.

"The Spaniards," continued the first,

* Les Compagnons de la Mort. Révolte de Masaniello en 1647. Par Ch. Ribeyrolles.

"have fine palaces in Naples, while the Princess Sanzio has not a pillow whereon to rest her head."

"Ah! Sanzio! the best and last patriot, my captain too, whom I was destined to see decapitated, like a vile criminal, on the square of Saint Janvier!"

"Well, spare us the details, old fellow; his wife is here, in search of an asylum."

"Here! What, the young person in an artist's dress?"

"Yes, it is me, Pietro," broke in the younger of the two; "we have only your tavern for a place of refuge; and if my companion speaks in my name, he is no safer than myself, for the Spaniards, who spared not Sanzio, would pay a high price for the head of the greatest painter of Italy—of Salvator Rosa."

"Ah, Sanzio!—Salvator Rosa! Great names, familiar from Rome to the most remote village of Calabria. But if you are pursued, you had better down in the cellar at once, for I hear footsteps. It is not a palace, but it is not worse than the caves of the Abruzzi."

Loud knocks resounded at the door.

"In the name of the viceroy, the Duke of Arcos!" shouted out a stentorian voice.

Pietro chained the dog over the trap-door, and then opened to the Spaniards.

Captain Conti, ex-lieutenant in the Abruzzi, and now captain of police under the Spanish viceroyalty, entered at the head of his men.

"Who are the Calabrese who killed the Spaniards on leaving this place, and who are the two strangers who were seen to enter your den an hour ago? Answer these questions at once, leprous dog, or I will have you hung in the square of Saint Janvier."

"How can I tell," grumbled forth Pietro, "who comes in and out of my poor tavern? Besides, you don't care what Calabrian daggers stabbed your two Spaniards. I have more important news for you. You want to know who the two strangers were. They are important personages. I know their secret, and you shall have it for twenty ducats."

"Well, twenty ducats, here they are, but be quick."

"Ah, you are truly the best servant of Spain and the greatest rascal in Italy! I beg your pardon, captain, that is what

those bandits of Calabrese say—it is their way of complimenting you. You remember asking me to keep an eye by night upon the gardens of the Duke of Arcos?"

"I do, and I would give a hundred ducats to find out who it is who has the audacity to enter those gardens."

"Well then, he is here," said the host, pointing over his shoulder at the trap-door.

"Here! How lucky. But who is the other?"

"Chut!" exclaimed the host, as if terrified at the magnitude and importance of the secret confided to him. "The other is the young Duchess Eleonora," he whispered in the ear of the captain of police.

"Scamp! would you have me believe that such people come to your vile den?"

"Vile den or not, the duchess went forth to meet her lover. Your people so surrounded the palace that she could not get back, and she was forced to seek an asylum here. Besides, if you don't believe me, they are here—duchess and lover—and you can capture both at once."

"By all that is good, no such a thing! It must not be known that I was here, or that I knew anything about it."

"Just as you like, captain. Look at this. It is a scarf with the royal arms."

For all answer the trembling functionary kissed the scarf, muttering at the same time: "These noble ladies do not permit their servants to control their fancies. Men, we must away. This house is an oratory—a temple."

"One word of advice, captain, before you go. The duchess is, you know, a lioness—especially in love affairs. If I was you, I would remove my spies from hence, and give her the opportunity of returning to the palace undiscovered."

"Right, Pietro, I am obliged by your suggestion. You rascally bandit, it shall be done. But don't say I was here, and I will make it worth your while to be discreet."

So saying, the captain hurried away with his picket of automata. No sooner were they out of the house than Pietro the Calabrese liberated his guests from the cellar, bending the knee to the Princess Sanzio, the wife of his quondam captain.

"By day or by night," he said, "I am yours, and will strike where you bid me; but you are in danger here; I have made the coast clear, and we must off to the catacombs."

On their way they stumbled upon the body of a youth recently slain, and which they recognized as that of the nephew of the painter Aniello Falcone.

"Ah!" said Pietro, "this is the same person that my Calabrese got the scarf from, that Captain Conti so meanly prostrated himself before."

"That murder," said Salvator, "will make a noise in Naples before the sun is high. Falcone is not the man to put up with such a loss."

Traversing the suburb of Chiaja, the fugitives soon reached the catacombs, and there Pietro left them, as in a place of safety, but, for further precaution, he also left the hound. Instead, however, of returning to his tavern, the Calabrese made directly for the body of Aniello Raggi, and placing it on his brawny shoulders, bore it away to his uncle's, the great painter of battles. The fate of the youth was no secret to him. He knew that he had loved the voluptuous Eleonora; that for her sake he had escalated the walls of the palace garden; that they had wandered together in those gardens; that he had been watched, and that he—Pietro—had also been bribed to watch, but that now they had at length detected him, and rushing upon him four at once, had slain him on the spot where his body lay. Eleonora had witnessed her lover's fall from the terrace, but all she grieved for was the scarf, which she knew was on his person, and which might betray her secret.

Those Neapolitans who were up betimes were not a little surprised on seeing the tavern keeper pass by with his burden.

"The Calabrese has made a bad cast this morning," remarked some of the old fishermen. But Pietro had an object in view. He pretended not to know the body, and went from house to house asking the inhabitants if they knew who the unfortunate youth was.

Mothers and sisters shuddered, and said: "It would be better to stifle our children in their cradles, than to bring them-up merely as victims for the Spaniards." The men muttered, "Ven-

geance," and put their hands to their daggers.

Falcone's house was situated close to the Castle of St. Elmo, but he had also a studio at the extremity of the suburb that extended along the road to Capua, and which he favored most. It was there that the Calabrese bore his melancholy burden after having promenaded it through most of the quarters of the city, followed by a goodly crowd who had not the fear of the Spaniards before their eyes.

"Aniello! Aniello!" exclaimed the painter. And the words were echoed by a group of young artists, pupils and assistants of the renowned artists. All then silently contemplated the fearful spectacle. Falcone was as white as a sheet. Suddenly rousing himself, he said to his pupils:

"Break up these easels, destroy this canvas, obliterate every work of art: there shall be no more painting of battles and landscapes, no more art. Vengeance alone remains. I must slay!"

"We are with you, master. When shall we begin?"

"This very evening. Meet me with your friends by the side of this body." Then tearing his tablets, he marked each with a drop of his nephew's blood. "Let this be the signal," he said; and he handed over leaves to his pupils and to the Calabrese.

The pupils started at once on their errand of insurrection. One of them, Giovanni by name, instructed by Pietro, made his way to the catacombs and delivered a tablet to Salvator. The latter at once understood the nature of the laconic missive.

"We shall be this evening in Naples," said the patriotic painter to the Princess Sanzio. And, indeed, no sooner had the shades of evening come on, than the two were wending their way toward the house of Falcone. The faithful hound still kept by his charge. The house was full of silent personages, who, when Salvator made his appearance, could no longer restrain murmurs of applause. Falcone shook him by the hand. "Ah, brother, you here! Thanks from your old friend. Thanks from Naples." Salvator wept like a child. Recovering himself, he addressed those present at length upon the tyranny and

persecution of the Spaniards. Falcone, and then the Princess Sanzio, followed in language no less decisive and vigorous. There was no possibility, all united in saying, to put off the evil day any longer. The enemy held the strong places, they had great guns and armed legions, it was impossible to make open war against them; they must be destroyed with the dagger—killed in detail. That was the plan of war.

Pietro the Calabrese ventured, however, to throw in a word. The gentlemen conspirators, he intimated, had forgotten one thing—there were the people of Naples ready, he declared, to a man to rise against their persecutors. To-morrow, he said, was market-day, and the fisherman, Thomas Aniello, was to lead the movement.

"We will join them!" exclaimed the assembled patriots. "We will wage war together. Let the Princess Sanzio give us a watchword."

"Brethren," said the Princess, pale but determined, "you shall call yourselves the 'Companions of Death.' May that name of vengeance become terrible to our executioners! May the daughter of Spain forever shudder at it! Swear on this body to remain faithful to your duty."

Each in his turn took the prescribed oath.

"The Company of Death is constituted," said Falcone. "He who shall betray his companion, shall be destroyed by the company; let such be law."

We must leave the companions to prepare for insurrection, and turn for a moment to the young Duchess of Arcos, who was promenading the garden terrace in anxious and disappointed mood. She had lost her lover, and what to her was far worse, her pride was hurt, she fancied that her mishap would be the talk of every tavern in the city. She now awaited the coming of Captain Conti. Nor did the chief of the police allow himself to be waited for long.

"Captain," said Eleonora, "you are not the only bandit, it appears, who has come down from the mountain. You know what occurred last night?"

The ex-bandit shuddered. Full well he knew that the Calabrese had also been in his company under Sanzio.

"Madame," he said, bending his knee,

"last night, as I was going my rounds, I met——"

"The poor foolish youth who comes here to look at the moon from beneath the terrace?"

"I beg your pardon, duchess, but it appears to me——"

"That you acted nobly, did not you, in slaying a school-boy?"

"Illustrious duchess, I really do not know what you allude to."

"You don't know? And you have not got my scarf, then?"

"True that I saw the scarf," muttered the captain.

"And you did not secure it, miserable ass! Is it thus that you do your duty? The fate of Sanzio is too good for you. I give you two hours to get my scarf, and if by that time it is not here, I shall hand you over to the executioner. Gregorio, here," she said to a handsome young page, who was seated on a tiger-skin close by, "go and tell Master Casti to get ready a gibbet."

"Duchess!" said the terrified official, "I have been deceived. A miserable Calabrese has cheated me. He told me it was the Duchess Eleonora, with her little blue-eyed painter, who was in the tavern, when it must have been the Princess Sanzio and her friend Salvator. What an ass I am! But I will have the scarf, or I shall die of grief and shame."

"In a tavern with a painter!" exclaimed the duchess, bounding with concentrated passion. "You infinitely miserable wretch, why did you not kill the man who dared to say so?"

"Madame, he had your scarf in his hand."

"He had, had he? the insolent wretch! Go at once and rescue it, or the gibbet awaits you! Begone, most stupid of men!"

Conti, thus dismissed, unburdened his soul to his lieutenant. The latter shook his head.

"This is an awkward affair. The Calabrese holds by La Sanzio. There would have been a better chance to have fished up the scarf from the bottom of the gulf. There are means, though. You have the strong box."

"Do you think," said the captain, lighting up at the idea—"do you think that a hundred ducats would do it?"

"A hundred ducats! Why, your head was worth that in the Abruzzi. Do you value it less now?"

"Well, take what you like, even if it be a prince's ransom."

"With that," said the lieutenant filling a bag with gold, "I can get the scarf, Sanzio, Salvator, and twenty Calabrese, if you want them."

"Be off, then, and remember I have only two hours."

Fabiano was the worthy lieutenant of a worthy captain. He no sooner entered on his mission than the idea came to him of appropriating the ducats to himself, and leaving his superior officer to his fate on the scaffold. But the duchess was capricious; she might change her mind and not hang the culprit, in which case he would most assuredly take his place. So he deemed it best to compromise the matter by seeing what he could make out of the Calabrese. To do this the more effectually, he took with him a strong guard disguised as fishermen. Pietro received the party with perfect coolness; with one glance he knew whom he had to deal with. Fabiano opened the discussion with an offer of fifty ducats for the scarf.

"Fifty ducats!" replied the Calabrese, "for the honor of a D'Arcos? Why, there is not a citizen of Naples who would not give twice as much for his one-eyed daughter!"

The offers were increased to a hundred, and then to a hundred and fifty. The Calabrese still declining, Fabiano threatened him with imprisonment, torture, and death. At length, as if coming to a decision, the latter said, "Give me a pass to the duchess by the garden, I will give her the scarf, and you may keep your money; but first dismiss the company, that you may not witness our agreement." The project seemed so favorable to the lieutenant, that he dismissed his men and signed the pass. No sooner had he done this, however, than Pietro seized him by the throat, exclaiming, "It is my turn now!" Before the miserable officer could utter a cry he was struggling in the agonies of death, and in another minute the body was cast from the herculean shoulders of the Calabrese down that deep well which was known to his acolytes as "the Fountain of the Spaniards."

"There goes another of them," said the Calabrese, as he disburdened himself of his load, "and he shall be followed by many another, if Heaven grants me life. But now to the palace," he said, securing the gold round his waist; "after the dog comes the lioness!"

Captain Conti remained a prey to the most fearful anxiety whilst this tragedy was being enacted in the tavern of the Calabrese, nor were his apprehensions diminished when the page, Gregorio, came to summon him into the presence of the duchess. What was his surprise, however, when ushered in, at finding himself confronted with the Calabrese. Deeming, however, that he must be there as a prisoner, he attempted to assume the high hand only to have the tables as quickly turned against him.

"Captain," said the duchess, "here is the man with the scarf, and he refuses to deliver it up."

"Oh, if that is all," observed the captain jauntily, "Casti soon makes the dumb speak, and robbers give up their prey."

"Robbers," exclaimed Pietro. "Which of us is the robber? You, who came to me last night, and said, 'Here is the duchess's scarf. I will give you one hundred and fifty ducats to keep it carefully; to-morrow the duchess will give five hundred for the love token.'"

"Impostor!" shouted the indignant officer. "Madame, he lies, and, were it not for your presence, I would chastise his insolence on the spot."

"Who is this man, captain, that you should have relations with him?" observed the duchess. "Is it likely that a poor tavern-keeper should have one hundred and fifty ducats in his possession?"

"An ex-bandit of the Abruzzi, and, if he has one hundred and fifty ducats, it was the price of the secret I disclosed to you this morning."

"A bandit like thyself," interrupted the Calabrese; "the only difference between us is, that you sold your master and became rich, I remain faithful, and am poor. But, madame, here are three hundred ducats, one hundred and fifty for the scarf, and one hundred and fifty for the secret. Am I right, captain?" And, so saying, he unrolled his treasure from his waistband.

The little page, seeing the captain dumfounded, clapped his little hands with joy, but the duchess, looking angrily at him, bade him bring the halberdiers.

"Let that man," she said, pointing with contempt at the captain, "be removed to the castle. As to you," she said to the Calabrese, "you have my word to that effect, and you shall go forth in safety, but to-morrow, I give you warning, Naples shall be ransacked from bottom to top in search of the disaffected."

"Thank you, duchess; you have loyally kept your word. As to the scarf, here it is; no one knows anything about it save the captain and myself."

"Well! well! thank you. But, after all, what does the Duchess of Arcos care about a scarf? Gregorio, show the Calabrese out by the postern."

Pietro bowed low, and went forth accompanied by the page. As he went he carefully examined the path, the shrubs, the walls, every point by which the secret way could be recognized again. The page smiled and said:

"I cannot tell why, but I admire your courage, Calabrese—I almost love you."

"And I know you, too," observed Pietro with affection. "Unfortunate page, you are the son of Sanzio. Gregorio, we shall meet again in better times."

That same night the Calabrese waited upon the leader of the insurrection at his hut in Amalfi, and gave him the details of his interview with the Duchess of Arcos. He also described minutely the position of the postern gate and of the garden approaches, adding, "A sham assault at the grand entrance and a real one effected at the same moment at the postern, and the Arcos would be in our hands."

"And the artists?" inquired the fisherman of Amalfi.

"They are ready for action. Salvator is with them, and will hold fast as a Calabrese."

"Bravo! Bid them meet me to-morrow in my hut in Amalfi."

Several days had elapsed. The city was filled with terror, blood, and mourning. The Companions of Death, faithful to their mission, struck their pitiless blows, and each successive night was marked by its victims. It was in vain that every day the viceroy sent suspected

persons to the scaffold—the destruction of Spaniards went on increasing nightly in numbers. Pietro the Calabrese had been particularly signalized, and he and his hound had been obliged to seek a refuge in other quarters. Disguised as a Spanish soldier, he had however obtained an interview with the Princess Sanzio, and conveyed to her the joyful intelligence that her son, whom they had left in charge of a nurse when she and her husband fled to the mountains, and whom Conti had declared to have been stifled in his cradle by order of the viceroy, was alive, and page to the Duchess of Arcos.

From that moment the princess thought of nothing but to see her son once more. She forgot her persecution, her desire for vengeance; that the miserable Conti had lied, had sold her child, had taken him to witness, and unwittingly indeed give the signal for, the immolation of his father—that Angelo Sanzio was now the page Gregorio—the past was all buried in the mother's burning desire once more to embrace her son. To see him, to press him to her bosom, she was prepared to make all and every sacrifice. Disguising herself as an old gypsy, stick in hand, her back bent with age, and with tottering step, she took her way to the gardens of the palace. People stared at her on the way—none had seen that strange-looking old woman before. Had she come down from the mountains or from some far-off country? they asked one another. The duchess, who was promenading the terrace in anxious mood, also had her attention called to the strange figure that purposely presented itself before her. She bade her page summon her to her presence. The Princess Sanzio's feelings may be better imagined than described when she was thus accosted by her own dear long-lost son, and she dared not acknowledge him.

"So near, and yet so far!" she muttered painfully, as she followed the page.

"Who are you and what do you come to do at Naples?" inquired the duchess.

"I am a gipsy. I come to Naples to do what I have done at Rome, at Milan, at Genoa—reveal to each his destiny, to the rich as well as to the poor."

"Can you tell me whose child that

is?" said the duchess pointing to her handsome page.

La Sanzio replied, with ill-concealed emotion, that she could.

"There is innocent blood in that child," she said, taking its hand. "He was made to give the signal for his father's decapitation, and his name is not Gregorio."

"Silence!" interrupted the duchess—"enough!"

"Why did you bring me here, then?"

"To amuse ourselves for a minute or two. But there are things which must not be repeated."

"There are no secrets to me," said the gipsy, throwing off her hood. "I am the Princess Sanzio!"

The Spaniard was for a moment staggered at the turn that events had taken, but, soon recovering her confidence, she inquired by what fatality the Italian had ventured into her presence. The latter avowed that it was to see her son, who was now before her. The duchess declared that she had been misinformed, but the page wept in the presence of his long-lost mother.

"Let her be removed to the dungeons of the palace!" exclaimed the irritated Eleonora.

"Farewell, my Angelo—my son!" said the desolate mother. "Thy father and I will wait for thee there above!"

"I will go with my mother," said the boy.

"You shall see her to-morrow, and forever," said the duchess. "You have assassinated your child," she observed to the weeping princess.

"I shall know how to die," said the page. "My heart shall be as great as yours, mother."

"Ah!" exclaimed the widow, "that is the blood of the Sanzios that speaks in him. Better the head that falls than the head that bends, is the device of his family."

"It is written," said the duchess, turning to go away, "that that cursed family must be exterminated; and yet I liked the page."

Conti was, at the same time, hurrying away the princess to her dungeon, in which he had no sooner incarcerated her than he exclaimed:

"I have you in my power at last!"

La Sanzio was, however, sublime in her resignation. What mattered it to

her that the Spaniard and Conti held her in bonds, or that she was to be handed over to Casti, the executioner, that she had nothing further to anticipate but outrages and tortures; she had seen her son, her Angelo, and she cast herself down on the damp and noisome straw secretly invoking death.

Whilst the princess lay thus immured in her dungeon, Salvator and the Calabrese had returned, and, discovering her absence, had also detected how she had disguised herself in order to carry out her foolish project. They knew that Conti had been liberated from the castle, would recognize her, and that she would be lost. The two men were for a moment overwhelmed by the blow, but Pietro, arousing his faculties the first, set his hound upon the scent, and followed her. As he expected, she led the way direct to the postern gate, where she scratched and howled piteously.

"She has gone in," said the Calabrese, "and she is lost. Oh! who can fathom the depths of a mother's love?"

"Who goes there?" shouted a sentinel, who was pacing the terrace above.

"A man and a dog," replied the Calabrese. "Ah! is it you, Mendez? Then you know that I keep good wine in store for brave soldiers. I tell you what, when your guard has expired, come and see me; I will stand treat to-day."

"If I am not sent to the dungeon, I shall be relieved in ten minutes, and will be with you," replied Mendez.

The Calabrese awaited the coming forth of the soldier, and, as he led him toward the quarter inhabited by the fishermen and the lazzaroni, he learned from him that a gipsy had been committed to the dungeon, and that she was supposed to be a princess in disguise. She was confined in the dungeon called that of the condemned, and was under the especial charge of Conti himself.

Salvator had, in the meantime, summoned together the Companions of Death. Excited to the last pitch of frenzy by the imprisonment of La Sanzio, he loudly advocated the firing of the city and the assault of the palace by break of day. Falcone seconded his vehement aspirations for immediate action. Leaving the soldier, by that time well inebriated, under charge of the hound, the Calabrese likewise hastened to join

the council, where he mentioned what he had discovered, that the princess was in the condemned cell. Masaniello and his fishermen were also there. Their decision was anxiously sought for by the Companions.

"The people," replied Masaniello, quietly, "are weary of resignation, and the fishermen are ready. Companions of Death, if you so wish it, to-morrow shall be the bloody day. To-morrow the people meet on a festival, for a peaceful tournament in the great square; the two legions, instead of spending their time in idle and empty show, shall march directly on the palace. As to me, they have robbed me of my wife, and I shall not be in the rear. Let the password be, 'Long live the Charter of Charles V.' It is one that the people understand."

Princess Sanzio lay on her miserable couch of straw; the darkness of night had descended even into that abyss of grief and enveloped that royal misery, which shook under the damp moisture dropping from the vault above, and under the terrible blow by which it had been struck. Needless to say that under such afflictions her eyes closed not, and no sooner had dawn broke than the miserable wretch Conti made his appearance, to gratify his revenge by new outrages.

It was at this very moment that a fearful clamor arose, followed by the noise, as it were, of a furious tempest. The very palace seemed to shake under the impulse, and the ring of musketry penetrated into the dungeon. Above all, the sound of heavy catapultic blows at the postern gate made themselves heard. The Companions of Death were at their work, the palace was invaded, the liberation of the princess on the point of being effected. Conti, who had been up to that moment gloating in delight over the anticipated tortures of the princess, turned pale, his pupils were dilated, his hair stood on end.

"Naples is roused!" said the princess, to the stupefied officer; "now, my pretty captain, where are thy torturers and thy worthy brother, Casti?"

The sound of voices approaching soon made itself heard above the well-sustained musketry and the deep murmur of the far-spread clamor without. Drawing his sword, the wretch made an attempt to destroy his victim with his own hand,

ere she should be liberated, but she avoided the blow by retreating into the darkest corner of the dungeon.

"To the condemned cell, friends—to the condemned cell!" was heard shouted without by a lusty voice.

One or two heavy blows of a beam were heard and the massive door gave way. The Calabrese entered with a torch in his hand.

"Alive!" he exclaimed. "She is alive. Thank Heaven!"

Salvator, covered with gore, followed behind, and was in a moment on his knee before the princess. The latter pointed to the captain of police.

"Do not kill him yet," she said; "he knows the secret as to where my son Angelo is."

"Well, he must with us, then," ejaculated the Calabrese; "the work is not done yet; we must take the Spaniards in the rear."

"Alas!" said the princess, "I cannot go with you. I am hot and then cold. I am already in the embrace of Death."

Salvator took her up in his arms, and carried her forth from the dungeon into the open air. He thought that it was only a momentary faintness, brought about by revulsion of feelings; but the princess, terrified at the threats of the miscreant Conti, had taken poison, which she kept secreted in her bosom. All she asked was to see her son before she died. Conti declared he would not tell unless his life was spared. That with so terrible a criminal was impossible, so the Companions of Death, taking hold of the wretch, administered such fearful tortures, that he was soon glad for mere respite to reveal that Angelo was secreted in the oratory of the duchess. In a moment Salvator rushed up the grand staircase, cleaving his way amidst the combatants, who still disputed possession of the staircase, and brought down the page in safety.

"Thanks! kind Heaven, thanks!" exclaimed the dying princess. "I can now go in peace."

And she bathed her son in her tears, while the poor youth endeavored to chase them away with his embraces.

"Ah! mother," he said, "why should you die, now that I am restored to you? They told me that you had lied, that I was not your son."

"Who told you so base, so cruel a falsehood?" asked the princess.

"Captain Conti and the duchess," replied the boy.

"Always that man!" muttered the princess, with a faint voice; and then rousing herself to a supreme effort, she said, "Listen, Angelo; that man betrayed your father, sold his head to the Spaniards, bade you unwittingly give the signal of his death, and now he wished to outrage thy mother, till she was obliged to poison herself to protect her person. That is why I die! Oh! the poison burns me!"

"Son of Sanzio, there is Captain Conti!" said Salvator to the boy.

A flash, as it were of lightning, passed over the brow of the youth as he sprang upon the miscreant like a jaguar, burying his dagger in his bosom.

"Well done!" exclaimed a familiar voice; "the child will be worthy of the father."

That voice belonged to the Calabrese; he had just returned from a final struggle with the Spanish guard, veterans who had fought the wars of Brabant, and whom Masaniello and his followers had twice assaulted in vain at the main entrance to the palace. The host of fishermen and lazzaroni were just about to advance a third time to the assault, when Falcone, Pietro, and their friends fell like an avalanche on the rear of the Spanish column.

"Long live the Companions of Death!" shouted the crowd.

"Forward!" roared Masaniello, his sword in hand. "Heaven is fighting for us!"

A fierce and final struggle then took place. It was in vain that discipline and science opposed itself to the progress of the masses. Numbers fell one upon another before the steady fire of the Spanish guard, but their place was so instantaneously filled up, that the soldiers had no time to load again to destroy their assailants. Full well the Neapolitans knew that all fighting at a distance, all temporizing, would most assuredly entail the destruction of every one of their number; they had, therefore, no alternative but to rush upon their opponents and overwhelm them by sheer physical force. Their ranks closed so upon them, that not only were their arquebuses of no use, but they could not

even bring their long swords into play. Thus assailed, the Companions of Death and the followers of Masaniello soon found themselves face to face upon the prostrate bodies of the Spanish guard.

"Thanks, Pietro!" said Masaniello. "You and your friends have saved many a martyr."

"Finish, brother—finish what has been so well begun. I must go to the Princess Sanzio, who is dying."

But just as he was stepping up the staircase, one of the Spanish guard, who stood there as yet unhurt, discharged his arquebuse right into his breast.

"It is all over with me," ejaculated the Calabrese. "I shall go with La Sanzio." And then, covering his wound with his kerchief to stay the bleeding, he staggered to where the boy Angelo had just done tardy justice to the manes of a father and a mother.

"Ah! it is you, is it?" murmured the dying princess. "Brothers! Avengers! I give you my blessing. As to you, Salvator, I bequeath my son to you. Love him as you would your own child."

"I will, I will!" exclaimed the noble artist; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth ere the ill-fated Italian princess died. When Masaniello and his followers reached that fatal spot, there were three corpses: those of the princess, the Calabrese, and the traitor Conti.

"There are three dead here!" exclaimed Masaniello. "Brethren!" he added, turning round to his excited followers, "respect the dead!"

"Two only to weep for," observed Falcone; "and two, whose loss cannot be replaced. As to the third, it is the miscreant Conti."

"Away with his body to the grand square!" exclaimed the fisherman. "All is not yet accomplished in Naples," he added. "The Arcos have disappeared, but there is still a strong body of armed men in the castle."

"Let us away to the Castle!" exclaimed Salvator. "Boy," he added, "you remain with your mother. To-morrow we will mourn over her. To-day is set aside for action!"

"Let a hundred fishermen remain to keep guard over the palace," shouted Masaniello.

The viceroy, his daughter the Duchess Eleonora, and the plumed and doublet

courtiers by whom they were surrounded, had at first treated the assault made upon their palace with ineffable contempt. "It was enough," said one of the courtly parasites, "for the viceroy to lift his hand to disperse the vile rabble and scatter them like dust." "Was the veteran guard of Spain, trained to feats of arms in the wars of the Low Countries," thought the duke, "going to be humbled by a mob of fishermen and lazzaroni?" Their arrogance and self-confidence was destined, however, to receive a rude check, and but a very brief time of anxious suspense that succeeded to contemptuous indifference was allowed, ere flight became absolutely necessary. Even then, although their evasion was facilitated by the secret of another postern gate, they would not have effected their way to the castle in safety had they not been protected by Cardinal Flamini, who had great influence with the people, and who exerted it upon this occasion to save the blood of the enemies of his country. Scarcely, however, had the court found refuge within the precincts of the castle, than the approach of the mob was heard like the advent of a dreadful storm. The front ranks were seen from the battlements to be provided with ladders wherewith to climb the lofty ramparts. Others bore torches to fire the approaches. The Companions of Death were acting as riflemen, and covering the assailants with well-directed shots. The viceroy had been moved, however, partly by his own apprehensions, and partly by the intercessions of the worthy prelate—the Cardinal Flamini—to spare the blood of the Neapolitans. When the mob appeared at the castle gates, the Duke of Arcos and the cardinal presented themselves before them, and the Spanish ruler announced himself as ready to grant them all their demands. The mob shouted in joyful acquiescence.

"Ah!" said Salvator to Falcone, "we may go now; the game is over!"

"Yes, all is over now," replied the latter. "There is nothing more for us to do here; let us leave the mob to fraternize with the foreigners—that is not the part for the Companions of Death to play!"

And so saying, the companions withdrew, headed by Salvator and Falcone. The fate that befel the leader of the in-

urrection has been handed down by history as the madness and intoxication wrought by success and sudden elevation; but there are not wanting those who have sought for a more rational explanation in the arts of the Duchess Eleonora, who is said to have poured out into a silver-gilt cup, with her white hand, the Florentine potion which sealed the fate of the newly-elected "Captain-General."

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The Saturday Review.

THE FASHIONABLE WOMAN.

AMONG the many odd products of a mature civilization, the fashionable woman is one of the oddest. From first to last she is a thoroughly amazing spectacle; and if we take human life in any earnestness at all, whether individually, as the passage to an eternal existence the condition of which depends on what we are here, or collectively, as the highest thing we know, we can only look in blank astonishment at the fashionable woman and her career. She is the one sole capable member of the human family without duties and without useful occupation; the one sole being who might be swept out of existence altogether, without deranging the nice arrangement of things, or upsetting the ordained balance. We know of no other organic creation of which this could be said; but the fashionable woman is not as other creatures, being, fortunately, *sui generis*, and of a type not existing elsewhere. If we take the mere ordering of her days and the employment of her time as the sign of her mental state, we may perhaps measure to a certain extent, but not fully, the depth of inanity into which she has fallen, and the immensity of her folly. Considering her as a being with the potentiality of reason, of usefulness, and of thought, the actual result is surely the saddest and the strangest thing under heaven.

She goes to bed at dawn, and does not attempt to rise till about noon. For the most part she breakfasts in bed, and then amuses herself with a cursory glance at the morning paper, if she has sufficient energy for so great a mental exertion; if she has not, she lies for another hour or two in that half-slumberous state which is so destructive to mind and body,

weakening both fibre and resolution, both muscle and good principle. At last she rises languidly, to be dressed in time for luncheon and her visitors, if she receives generally; or for the one or two intimates, if she is at home only to the favored. Somewhere about four she dresses again for her drive—for the first part of the day's serious business; for paying visits and leaving cards; for buying jewellery and dresses, and ordering all sorts of unnecessary things at her milliner's; for this grand lady's afternoon tea, and that grand lady's afternoon at home, with music; for her final slow parade in the Park, where she sees her friends as in an open-air drawing-room, makes private appointments, and carries on flirtations, and hears and retails gossip and scandal of a fuller flavor. Then home, to dress again for dinner; to be followed by the opera or a concert, a *soirée*, or perhaps a ball or two; whence she returns toward morning, flushed with excitement or worn out with fatigue, feverish or nervous, as she has had pleasure and success, or disappointment and annoyance. This is her outside life, and this is no fancy picture and no exaggeration. After a certain time of such an existence, can we wonder if her complexion fades and her eyes grow dim? and if that inexpressible air of haggard weariness creeps over her, which ages even a young girl, and makes a mature woman substantially an old one? It is then that she has recourse to those foul and fatal expedients of which we have heard more than enough in these latter days. She will not try simplicity of living, natural hours, wholesome occupation, unselfish endeavor, but rushes off for help to paints and cosmetics, to stimulants and drugs, and attempts to restore the tarnished freshness of her beauty by the very means which further corrode it. Every now and then, for very idleness, she feigns herself sick, and has the favorite physician to attend her. In fact the funniest thing about her is the ease with which she takes to her bed on the slightest provocation, and the strange pleasure she seems to find in what is a penance to most women. You meet her in a heated, crowded, noisy room looking just as she always looks, whatever her normal state of health may be; and in answer to your

inquiries she tells you she has only two hours ago left her bed to come here, having been confined to her room for a week, or so many days, with Dr. Blank in close attendance. If you are an intimate female friend she will whisper you the name of her malady, which is sure to be something terrific, and which, if true, would have kept her a real invalid for weeks instead of days; but if you are only a man she will make herself out to have been very ill indeed in a more mysterious way, and leave you to wonder at the extraordinary physique of fashionable women, which enables them to live on the most friendly touch-and-go terms with death, and to overcome mortal maladies by an effort of the will and the delights of a ducal ball. The favorite physician has a hard time of it with these ladies; and the more popular he is the harder his work. It is well for his generation when he is a man of honor and integrity, and knows how to add self-respect and moral power to the qualities which have made him the general favorite. For his influence over that idle woman is for the time almost unlimited—like nothing so much as that of the handsome Abbé and the fascinating Director of Catholic countries; and if he chooses to abuse it, and to turn it to evil issues, he can. And, however great the merit in him that he does not, it does not lessen the demerit of the woman that he could. Sometimes the fashionable woman takes up with the clergyman instead of the physician, and coquets with religious exercises rather than with drugs; but neither clergyman nor physician can really change her mode of life, or give her truth or common sense. Sometimes there is a fluttering show of art patronage, and the fashionable woman has a handsome painter or well-bred musician in her train, whom she pets publicly and patronizes graciously. Sometimes it is a young poet or a rising novelist, considerably honored by the association, who dedicates his next novel to her, or writes verses in her praise, with such a fervency of gratitude as sets the base Philistines on the scent of the secret, and perhaps guessing not far amiss. For the fashionable woman has always some love affair on hand, more or less platonic according to her own temperament or the boldness of the man—a love affair in

which the least ingredient is love in any real or wholesome sense ; a love affair which is vanity, idleness, a dissolute imagination and contempt of such prosaic things as morals ; a love affair not even to be excused by the tragic frenzy of earnest passion, and which may be guilty and yet not true. The physical effects of such a life as this are as bad as the mental, and both are as bad as can be. A feverish, overstrained condition of health either prevents the fashionable woman from being a mother at all, or makes her the mother of nervous, sickly children. Many a woman of high rank is at this moment paying bitterly for the disappointment of which she herself, in her illimitable folly, has been and is the sole and only cause. And, whether women like to hear it or not, it is none the less a truth that part of the reason for their being born at all is that they may in their turn bear children. The unnatural feeling against maternity existing among fashionable women is one of the worst mental signs of their state, as their frequent inability to be mothers at all is one of the worst physical results. This is a condition of things which no false modesty or timid reserve should keep in the background, for it is a question of national importance, and will soon become one of national disaster unless checked by a healthier current and more natural circumstances.

Dress, dissipation, and flirting make up the questionable lines which inclose the life of the fashionable woman, and which inclose nothing useful, nothing good, nothing deep or true or holy. Her piety is a pastime ; her art the poorest pretence ; her pleasure consists only in hurry and excitement, alternating with debasing sloth, in heartless coquetry or in lawless indulgence, as nature made her more vain or more sensual. As a wife she fulfils no wifely duty in any grand or loving sense, for the most part regarding her husband only as a banker or an adjunct, according to the terms of her marriage settlement ; as a mother she is a stranger to her children, to whom nurse and governess supply her place, and give such poor makeshift for maternal love as they are enabled or inclined. In no domestic relation is she of the smallest value, and of none in any social circumstance

beside the mere adorning of a room— if she is pretty—and the help she gives to trade through her expenditure. She lives only in the gas-light, and her nature at last becomes as artificial as her habits. As years go on, and she changes from the acknowledged belle to the *femme passée*, she goes through a period of frantic endeavor to retain her youth ; and even when time has clutched her with too firm a hand to be shaken off, and she begins to feel the infirmities which she still puts out all her strength to conceal, even then she grasps at the departing shadow, and fresh daubs the crumbling ruin, in the belief that the world's eyes are dim, and that stucco may pass for marble for another year or two longer. Or she becomes a Belgravian mother, with daughters to sell to the highest bidder ; and then the aim of her life is to secure the purchaser. Her daughters are never objects of real love with the fashionable woman. They are essentially her rivals, and the idea of carrying on her life in theirs, of forgetting herself in them, occurs to her only as a forecast of death. Even from her sons she shrinks rather than not, as living evidences of the lapse of time which she cannot deny, and awkward at fixing dates ; and there is not a home presided over by a fashionable woman where the family is more than a mere name, a mere social convention loosely held together by circumstances, not by love. Closing such a life as this comes the unhonored end, when the miserable made up old creature totters down into the grave, where paint and padding, and glossy plaits cut from some fresh young head, are of no more avail ; and where death, which makes all things real, reduces her life of lies to the nothingness it has been from the beginning. What does she leave behind her ? A memory by which her children may order their own lives in proud assurance that so they will order them best for virtue and for honor ? Or a memory which speaks to them of time misused, of duties unfulfilled, of love discarded for pleasure, and of a lifelong sacrifice of all things good and pure for selfishness ? We all know examples of the worldly old woman clinging to the last, batlike, to the old roofs and rafters ; and we all know how heartily we despise her, and how we

ridicule her in our hearts, if not by our words. If the reigning queens of fashion, at present young and beautiful, would but remember that they are only that worldly old woman in embryo, and that in a very few years they will be her exact likeness, unhappily repeated for the scorn of the world once more to follow! The traditional skeleton at the feast had a wonderfully wise meaning, crude and gross as it was in form. For though its *memento mori*, too constantly before us, would either sadden or brutalize, as we were thoughtful or licentious, yet it is good to see the end of ourselves, and to study the meaning and lesson of our lives in those of our prototypes and elder likenesses. The pleasures of the world are, as we all know, very potent and very alluring, but nothing can be more unsatisfying if taken as the main purpose of life. While we are young, the mere stirring of the blood stands instead of anything more real; but as we go on, and the pulse flags, and pleasurable occasions get rare and more rare, we find that we have been like the prodigal son, and that our food and his have been out of much the same trough, and come in the main to about the same thing. This is a time of extraordinary wealth and of corresponding extraordinary luxury, of unparalleled restlessness, which is not the same thing as activity or energy, but which disdains all quiet, all repose, as unendurable stagnation; hence the fashionable woman of the day is one of extremes in her own line also, and the idleness, the heartlessness, the self-indulgence, the want of high morality, and the insolent luxury at all times characteristic of her were never seen displayed with more cynical effrontery than at present, and never called for more severe condemnation. The fashionable women of Greece and Rome and of the age of Louis XIV. have left behind them names which the world has made typical of the vices naturally engendered by idleness and luxury. But do we wish that our women should become subjects for an English Juvenal? and that fashion should create a race of Laïses and Phrynes out of the stock which once gave us Lucy Hutchinson and Elizabeth Fry. Once the name of Englishwoman carried with it a grave and noble echo as the name of

women known for their gentle bearing and their blameless honor—of women who loved their husbands, and brought up about their own knees the children they were not reluctant to bear and not ashamed to love. Now, it too often means a girl of the period, a frisky matron, a fashionable woman—a thing of paints and pads, consorting with dealers of no doubtful calling for the purchase of what she grimly calls "beauty," making pleasure her only good, and the world her highest god; it too often means a woman who is not ashamed to supplement her husband with a lover, but who is unwilling to become the honest mother of that husband's children; it too often means a hybrid creature, perverted out of the natural way altogether, affecting the license but ignorant of the strength of a man, alike as girl or woman valueless for her highest natural duties, and talking largely of liberty while showing at every turn how much she fails in thatco-essential of liberty—knowledge how to use it.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"THE SPANISH GYPSY."

In the case of an admittedly great writer and consummate artist, the critic does well to distrust his own first impressions of a new work. They are pretty sure either to be overcharged with enthusiasm, or to be improperly weakened and distorted by the disappointment of special preconceived expectations. And the latter of these two states of feeling is especially likely to possess us where the artist has chosen a new form and a new instrument. We cannot help measuring performance in the new medium by standards and ideas moulded from the study of achievements in the old; and George Eliot has such unrivalled mastery in prose that to equal herself she must be nothing short of transcendent in verse. The finest passages in her prose stories are so vibratory and tremulous with depths of suppressed emotion as to be in the highest sense poetic in every respect save form. The imposition of poetic form has not deepened or widened this emotion; the noble opening of "Romola," indeed, seems to surpass in imaginative breadth and force anything in the "Spanish Gypsy," in spite of the advantage which the latter might be ex-

pected to draw from its stately rhythm. To put this in another way, the poetic form appears to have been added from without, and not to represent the shape spontaneously assumed by the writer's thought in the course of its growth within her own mind. This is not incompatible with splendid poetic work, as the example of Wordsworth, of whom something of the same account is true, might suffice to prove. But, then, to one remembering the vibrating cadences of the prose of "Romola," and of many parts of the "Mill on the Floss," it is some disappointment at first to find that the new form has not quickened the beat, nor much heightened the pitch, nor given anything new of sweep and fire and intensity. If we had no memory for the grave and lofty emotion that pulsates and shakes through all her best prose work, we might not perhaps have sighed for some added heat and quickness of passion in her poetry. It is, possibly, the mellow fervor of her prose that makes the verse, from which we expect something yet higher and more passionately melodious, ring as with a less inspired harmony on the listener's ears.

A word upon the form. Its prime and weightiest fault—one that we cannot as yet in its unfamiliarity see any means of one's ever becoming reconciled to—is the constant interspersal of long narrative passages. We have pieces of epical description followed by dramatic dialogue with stage directions, so to speak. For example, the finest meditative passage in the poem, if it is not even the subtlest and weightiest the authoress has ever written—Don Silva's night-watch among the gypsies in the fourth book—is immediately followed by a dozen lines of such stage direction, thus:—"The Moorish Hall in the Castle of Bedmar; the morning twilight dimly shows stains of blood on the white marble floors," etc.; and then forthwith a dramatic scene between Zarea and Sephardo. Not to be conscious of the jar and incongruity of this intermixture is, in our very humble judgment, to manifest an absolute insensibility to the elementary rights of form and to all artistic fitness of things. Repugnance to the pedantries and pettinesses of the critical schools which have so often made men ready to sacrifice all

truth of effect in worship of rule, should not blind us to the indisputable fact that there are such laws as those of unity of composition, coherence of texture, distinct and mutually excluding classes of form and artistic framework. It is possible, though we venture to think not at all probable, that use may breed a tolerance or enjoyment of the intermixtures of form which the authoress of the "Spanish Gypsy" permits herself; meanwhile they affect us very much the reverse of agreeably.

George Eliot is most deeply impressive where she brings forth from her treasures the fruits of prolonged moods of brooding and religious meditateness. This quality, more than any other, lies at the root of her greatness as a writer. But is it a quality likely to coexist with the vivid, fresh, many-sided, creative force requisite for a perfect and capacious dramatic poem? Is it not the sign of an artistic temperament of a kind not favorable to the presentation of that rapid play and swift-moving conflict of passion and motive and object which constitutes the matter of true poetic action? In telling a story the author is privileged to play the part of chorus, and to instruct his readers of the deeper moral meaning of this and that, in reflective aside or meditative episode. We find no monotony in the impress of a single ripe and ever-brooding intelligence, thus marked upon each chapter of ever so long a story. But in a dramatic poem these widely meditative moods can only embody themselves in character, and they have such predominant mastery in the authoress's mental constitution, that they insist on finding expression not in one personage but in all, to the grave detriment of the dramatic variety of the poem. It is true that both thought and expression are often noble almost beyond comparison; and hence one feels it churlish and ungracious to complain that a Jew astrologer, a gypsy chieftain, a Spanish duke, and a gypsy maiden bred in a Spanish palace, should all habitually manifest moral tempers or mental modes so nearly identical. Still, the impression which results from this is unmistakable: a strong sense of insufficient play, diversity, flexibility, antiphony, call it what you will. And it may be worth

remark that those profound and luminous general reflections which impart such size and deep color when they figure as the inwrought comment of a mind surveying the action of fictitious characters from without or above, seem to lose something when they come from the lips of the actors themselves. They no longer sound as the large and impartial utterances of some sympathetic oracle of human destiny. They have become personal; and though this does not impair by ever so little the intrinsic value of the sentiments, yet they come into our minds less weightily laden with serene fulness of meaning.

Again, one misses resting-places of thought. The actors, as we have said, are too much east in a single mould. Their spirits travel too much in the same plane. Their speech moves too exclusively along the grooves of a solemn and uniform eloquence. And the lyrics scattered, with tolerably liberal hand, through the work fail to afford an adequate relief. The intense concentration requisite for vigorous lyrical composition of this relieving order is not easily gained by minds that are essentially and characteristically meditative and philosophic. The predominant key of the poem is emphatically intellectual, and it may well be that the intellectual aspects of a subject thus strongly conceived have mastered and overshadowed the lyrical impulse. In the lyrics less even than elsewhere do we perceive any marks of the poetic form having been the spontaneously assumed robe of poetic thought and emotion. We have more than one fine lyricist among us, and with the echo in our ears of their strains, now of storm, and now of tenderness,—

"The long notes lingering on the trembling air,
With subtle penetration entering all
The myriad corridors of the passionate soul,"

we find a certain want of pulse and harmonious swell in the lyric pieces of the "Spanish Gypsy." We are possessed with a fatal notion that the poetry is not much more than verbal, and experience the sensations that are stirred by speech, and not such as are born of impassioned music; we are neither swept away by impetuous surgings from the tidal depths, nor transported high into the bright spaces of some upper ether. In grace and delicacy of phrase they abound;

nothing can be more gracefully plaintive than the four stanzas beginning, "The world is great; the birds all fly from me," or than the tender trifle, in the same passage, opening—

"Bird that used to press
Thy head against my cheek,
With touch that seemed to speak,
And ask a tender 'yea.'"

But the solemn movement of the tragedy demands a more vehement lyrical relief than this.

We do not overlook the relief which the poet designs to furnish in the humorous interludes of character and incident—in the scene with Blasco, Juan, Lopez, Roldan, and the Host; in the scenes near the close of the second book, between Don Amador and the pages of Don Silva's household; and between Blasco and Lorenzo; or last of all, as things are mounting to their climax, when Juan and the mischievous gypsies make sport,—admirable as are the various strokes of humor and of true wit, yet here, as elsewhere, if we may be forgiven for a phrase which savors of the pedantry of criticism, there seems to be some lack of room and atmosphere. The figures are full of cleverness, quaintness, and truth, like the best art of the century in which the action of the poem is placed, and, like the figures of that art, they show forth without distances and varied interspace. One fancies that there are certain signs of want of ease in the handling; and if we recall the marvellous nicety, finish, and breadth with which scenes of this sort were executed in the same author's novels,—in the Florentine piazza for example, or in the ale-house of the English village in "Silas Marner," in the parlor of the Tullivers and Dodsons, and in other not less memorable places,—it is impossible not to feel that the condensation demanded by poetic purpose has been hostile to the ease and perfection of touch that were conspicuous when she was working in another medium. One of these minor personages, Juan, we ought to say, strikes us as the most vividly and distinctly drawn character in the poem, if, indeed, he be not the only one to whom these epithets would unqualifiedly apply. There is about the rest not only a want of outline, of which, in such a composition, we should have no right to complain, but a want of clear

and intelligible personality. Juan, on the contrary, stands out with defined traits, fresh and bright in color, full of gayety, yet deeply touched with that unrepining sadness that goes along with gayety in the finest natures,—loyal, tender, playful, musical, "shimmering bright, as butterfly or bird, with quickest life." Juan moves, too; circumstance works on him, sheds its alternative of lights and shadows over his mobile nature, with quick and ever-shifting effect. In other words, he is a truly poetic character and creation. The others are hardly characters. They are a philosophy.

And when we turn to this philosophy it is so sublime, so admirably human, that at thought of it one feels half-ashamed of having lingered even for an hour peddling among the lesser things of criticism. The story by this time everybody is familiar with, and we may assume that every reader knows what it was that Fedalma gave up, and why she was driven to give it up in obedience to hard circumstance; who Duke Silva was, and how he strove to avoid circumstance, and in what fashion circumstance after all wrought too direly for him to overcome it; and how Zarca, the rare centre of boundless and unknown possibilities, fell, and all the possibilities enwrapt in his life came to an end, strangled in the web of two pettier existences. Such is the rich and sombre tissue of the author's story, finely interwoven from the strands of these three lives. It gives us a warning and a precept, a monition of relentless fact, and an enduring solace to them who will understand it, and are large enough of soul to be able to accept it; the statement of great laws, the conditions of wise compliance, and the grievous penalties that haunt evasion. Like Romola and Tito, the Spanish Gypsy and her lover represent two types; but Tito came gradually, by long habit of preference for his own ease and pleasure, to be very base and vile; while Don Silva, having in a single act sacrificed the larger interests of race and nature to the narrower interest of his own affection, itself a self-devoting passion, brings tragedy and ruin to noble causes and noble lives, and sheds a blight on the remnant of his own stricken days. The close of Romola, as we all remember, consists of a few grave and lofty and

tender words from Romola to Tito's child: "We can only have the highest happiness, and such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good." And compare the speech of Savonarola, in which fervor and pathos and remonstrance are fused in words of unsurpassed elevation, where he warns Romola that in fleeing from suffering she shows herself "below the life of the believer who worships that image of the Supreme Offering, and feels the glow of a common life with the lost multitude for whom that offering was made, and beholds the history of the world as the history of a great redemption in which he is himself a fellow-worker in his own place, and among his own people." Here is the theme and key-note of the "Spanish Gypsy;" and, whatever may be the defects and errors which even a reverent critic may own that he is sensible of in the form and composition, we can admit that the new work passes the old in the vigor with which this cardinal idea is presented, in the strength and compactness of phrase in which it is set forth and urged upon us, and, most of all, in the new completeness which unseals the source and discovers the foundations of this sense of supreme obligation owed to the multitudes of our fellows, all working in our own place, and among our own people. It is the mighty, over-spreading inheritance from the past of our race, nation, family, and birthplace, which is at once the starting-point of our individual activity, and the spring and reason of our duty. "The dead rule the living more and more," as a great philosopher has said; in other words, each successive generation is more indebted than the other to the ever-deepening impress of those who have gone before; the constantly accumulated force of their efforts is steadily preserved, and works irresistibly in the lives of all who shall follow them; and it is only when men see the tremendous share of the past in their own lives, that they can understand, and with religious energy and devotion respond to, the claim of new generations

yet to come upon their constant duty and faithful self-denying service. These, then, are the two pregnant ideas at the centre of the poem; the overwhelming grasp which past circumstance of race and family and creed has upon our physical sense, and thence upon the moral nature, and its all but decisive share in defining the direction of our duty; and second, it is only by recognizing this largeness and depth of great interests in our lives, by harmonizing all our aims with them, and by subordinating the yearnings of fleshly affections and personal desires to them, that we attain the single kind of happiness worth having, or worthy of the name. The competent student of the poem will perceive that it is thus the highest morality is transformed, and becomes identical with the highest religion and faith.

Sephardo says, in a remarkable scene, which perhaps contains too much close-packed philosophy to be as dramatically effective as it is profound:

"Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory
And some Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving cheek, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp."

Duty, that is to say, receives the lineaments of Memory or Tradition; and these are gradually and ever increasingly illumined and modified by the inward diffusion of Reason. Perhaps to be complete, hopeful anticipation for some remote future, when cruelty shall not be the dire law for sentient beings, ought to be one of the seeds of virtue and high living. But this is an element on which the author places little reliance; it is one, indeed, which she might be thought deliberately to exclude, as savoring, if ever so faintly, of that mean and gross doctrine which lets men hold, that to rob virtue of the association of comfort, immediate or prospectively assured, would be to rob the world of virtue. As Zarca—a non-Christian Savonarola—says, when Fedalma deprecatingly asks, "Will these sharp pangs buy any certain good?"—

"No great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good.

The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high tradition of the world."

And when Fedalma eagerly responds:

"I will seek nothing but to shun base joy,"

we are conscious of the same resolution in the poet to leave no lurking-place for hope of ultimate recompense in indirect and future joy for present pain, and to press men to embrace the grim truth that joy is not the test nor measure, the aim nor the fulfilment of duty, nay, is thinnest and unworthiest of states, so long as "all fatness here snatches its meat from leanness—feeds on graves."

Sephardo tells Don Silva, that:

"Though Death were king,
And Cruelty his right-hand minister,
Pity insurgent in some human breasts
Makes spiritual empire, reigns supreme,
As persecuted faith in faithful hearts."

There are those—perhaps the poet is among them—who, looking over the universe of created things with the capacity for enduring anguish, from the wild beast robbed of her young up to the subtly-organized man or woman crushed by poignancy of remorse for irreparable ill done to another, ask after all whether Death then is not king and Cruelty his right-hand minister, and whether pity, with all the pain that abides in pity, must not remain the nearest approach to joy permitted to noble natures. This at any rate is something like the tone in which George Eliot, deliberately or otherwise, encourages her readers to conceive life.

When Fedalma has been wrought up to the climax of sacrifice by the Bossuet-like fervor of her gypsy sire, she is made to speak thus:

"Father, my soul is weak, the mist of tears
Still rises to my eyes, and hides the goal
Which to your undimmed sight is clear and
changeless.
But if I cannot plant resolve on hope,
It will stand firm on certainty of woe.
I choose the ill that is most like to end
With my poor being. Hopes have precarious
life.

But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment. Trust in me!

If it were needed, this poor trembling hand
Should grasp the torch—strive not to let it
fall
Though it were burning down close to my
flesh,
No beacon lighted yet: through the damp
dark
I should still hear the cry of gasping swimmers."

However unattractive the story may be to the light folk whose palates have been ruined by the wild extravagances of modern fiction and some contemporary verse, its structure is, with the exception of a single point, eminently suited to the tragic laws of life which it illustrates. Persons inured to vulgar comfort, especially if they be of English or American stock, cannot endure to be made to think that there are knots of tragic circumstance, evil concurrence of iron facts, which no amount nor strength of resolve can touch. But the wiser few, who know that there is after all a destiny ready made for the sons of men, even while they lie waiting in their swaddling-clothes,—the destiny of foregoing circumstance,—will more justly appreciate such a presentation and such a solution as the "Spanish Gypsy" suggests. They will enter too with full zest into the reconciliation between this overmastering destiny and the power of the human will in the face of it, as propounded in the scene, already referred to, with the Jew astrologer:

"No horoscope makes slaves.
'Tis but a mirror, shows one image forth,
And leaves the future dark with endless 'ifs.'"

Divested of its technical astrologic phrase, Sephardo gives us in the best form the most satisfactory modern solution and summary of the old Free Will controversy; and if we substitute sociology for the speaker's science, now outworn, his words have still a closely modern bearing:

"What our science tells
Of the stars' influence hath contingency
In special issues. Thus the loadstone draws,
Acts like a will to make the iron submiss;
But garlick rubbing it, that chief effect
Lies in suspense; the iron keeps at large,
And garlick is controller of the stone.
And so, my lord, your horoscope declares
Naught absolutely of your sequent lot,
But by our lore's authentic rules sets forth
What gifts, what dispositions, likelihoods.
The aspects of the heavens conspired to fuse
With your incorporate soul. Aught else
Is vulgar doctrine. For the ambient,
Though a cause regnant is not absolute,

But suffers in determining restraint
From action of the subject qualities
In proximate motion."

The single point in which the structure appears to us less nicely conformable to the rigors of fact and the often tragic demands of duty, is the nature of the circumstances that draw Fedalma away from her love. She was gypsy by birth and blood, it is true, but we cannot forget that she had been bred from earliest infancy among Spanish associations and Spanish comrades; it was these, therefore, which formed the moulding antecedents of her character, as they too made the first claim upon the allegiance of her duty. Is it compatible with what experience teaches us of the known probabilities of character, that the suddenly awakened sense of kinship should instantly suffice to overthrow the long and solidly reared fabric of training and the common life; that the apparition of Zarea should in a moment steal all their color and force from the traditions of young and of riper days, and immediately choke up the streams of thought and affection that had their beginnings from the earliest conscious hours? As Don Silva with far vision is made to tell us—

"The only better is a Past that lives
On through an added Present, stretching still
In hope unchecked by shaming memories
To life's last breath."

The question arises whether it is true or ethically sound to assume that in the past of a maiden of twenty summers all that has befallen her from childhood may be taken to count for nothing in the sum of influence and duty. In other words, do not the instincts popularly and falsely supposed to have their only firm roots in blood and kin, spring up with amplest strength and tenacity from adoptive or other association? And if this be so, as it undeniably is so, how should the simple sight of Zarea, of whom heretofore she had known nothing, at once turn irrevocably aside so steady a current? It is surely, too, as ethically doubtful as it is ethologically unreal. The Jew Sephardo says, in lines as admirable for their truth, as they are nervous and vigorous in expression:

"There's no such thing
As naked manhood. If the stars look down
On any mortal of our shape whose strength

Is to judge all things without preference,
 He is a monster, not a faithful man.
 While my heart beats it shall wear livery—
 My people's livery, whose yellow badge
 Marks them for Christian scorn. I will not say
 Man is first man to me, then Jew or Gentile;
 That suits the rich *marranos*, but to me
 My father is first father and then man."

This is excellently said as against the disguised selfishness of a cosmopolitan philosopher, who, vowing love for men in general, shirks his service due to men in particular; yet there is serious question of the precise measure of the claims of a father whom Fedalma had never seen or heard of until after her nature and purpose had taken root in the Spanish palace.

The picture of Don Silva in his night-watch after his desertion of the faith of his race and order is a powerful and penetrating analysis of the man who yields to his own passionate affection in this thing or that, and then cloaks his conduct to himself by assumed superiority to the liveries of the ordinary human heart, and by a fancied strength to judge all things without preference. There is no finer piece of thought, few finer pieces of verse, than the passage (pp. 291-294), beginning:

"Well, this solitude,
 This company with the enduring universe,
 Whose mighty silence, carrying all the past,
 Absorbs our history as with a breath,
 Should give him more assurance, make him strong
 In all contempt of that poor circumstance
 Called human life—customs, and bonds, and laws,

Wherewith men make a better or a worse,
 Like children playing on a barren mound,
 Feigning a thing to strive for or avoid.

Thus he called on Thought,
 On dexterous Thought, with its swift alchemy
 To change all forms, dissolve all prejudice
 Of man's long heritage, and yield him up
 A crude fused world to fashion as he would.
 Thought played him double; seemed to wear
 the yoke
 Of sovereign passion in the noonday height
 Of passion's prevalence; but served anon
 As tribune to the larger soul, which brought
 Loud mingled cries from every human need
 That ages had instructed into life."

And so on down to the lines:

"Such revenge
 Is wrought by the long travail of mankind
 On him who scorns it, and would shape his life
 Without obedience."

The only thing to be said against this, is that on the whole the obedient instinct in man is, as a rule, infinitely strong, without further encouragement, and that some, if not most of the world's deliverers have been great, and handed over great gifts to them that came after, by shaking off ancestral gods, ideas, laws, just as Don Silva did.

But the limit of our space is reached. The "Spanish Gypsy," it may pretty safely be said, even now, will be loved not by the crowd but by the select few, and this not for its general structure but in the strength of select passages.

How far this is a success, in so deep-reaching and noble-minded an artist, it is not for us to determine. J. M.

POETRY.

[THE following poem, heretofore unpublished and unheard of, was sent to the *London Examiner* by Henry Morley, of University College, London, who claims, and with great show of reason, that it is the production of John Milton, and as found by him in the poet's handwriting.—ED. OF ECLECTIC.]

"AN EPITAPH.

"He whom Heaven did call away
 Out of his Hermitage of clay
 Has left some reliques in this Urn
 As a pledge of his return.

"Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
 The loss of this their paramour,
 With whom he sported ere the day
 Budded forth its tender ray.
 And now Apollo leaves his lays,
 And puts on cypress for his bays;
 The sacred sisters tune their quills
 Only to the blubbing rills,
 And while his doom they think upon,
 Make their own tears their Helicon:
 Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
 To turn votaries to his shrine.

"Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That Bee was happier far than men,
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which, from the Amber-weeping tree,
Distilleth down so plenteously;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

"In this little bed my dust,
Incurtained round, I here intrust;
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entombed in every heart.

"Then pass on gently, ye that mourn;
Touch not this mine hollowed Urn;
These Ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant, though entered into dust,
In its Ashes rest it must,
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and ætifer fire,
And in her fostering arms unfold
This heavy and this earthly mould.
Then as I am I'll be no more,
But bloom and blossom [as] before]
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.

"J. M., O'ber, 1647."

TWILIGHT VOICES.

I.

Now, at the hour when ignorant mortals
Drowse in the shade of their whirling sphere,
Heaven and Hell from invisible portals
Breathing comfort and ghastly fear,
Voices I hear;
I hear strange voices, flitting, calling,
Wavering by on the dusky blast,—
"Come, let us go, for the night is falling;
Come, let us go, for the day is past!"

II.

Troops of joys are they, now departed!
Winged hopes that no longer stay!
Guardian spirits grown weary-hearted?
Powers that have lingered their latest day?
What do they say?
What do they sing? I hear them calling,
Whispering, gathering, flying fast,—
"Come, come, for the night is falling;
Come, come, for the day is past!"

III.

Sing they to me?—"Thy taper's wasted,
Mortal, thy sands of life run low;
Thine hours like a flock of birds have hasted
Time is ending—we go! we go!"
Sing they so?
Mystical voices, floating, calling;
Dim farewells—the last, the last?—
"Come, come away, the night is falling;
Come, come away, the day is past?"

IV.

See, I am ready, Twilight Voices;
Child of the spirit-world am I;
How should I fear you? my soul rejoices.
O speak plainer! O draw nigh!
Fain would I fly!
Tell me your message, Ye who are calling
Out of the dimness vague and vast?—
Lift me, take me,—the night is falling;
Quick, let us go,—the day is past!

W. A.

EVERLASTING NOW.

I.

Everlasting Now,
How beautiful art thou!
Through the ferny greenwood dells,
When the oaks were golden,
Hyacinths rang their bonny bells,
A tune of music olden;
Sorrow and care had swept away
That melody so light and gay:
Why did it wake once more that day?
I do not know. But once again
Thoughts long dead and buried,
Shook their wings, a sunny train,
And o'er my spirit wearied
Poured a fresh and childish song,
One I had forgotten long,
Nay, not one, a flock, a throng.

II.

Everlasting Now,
How wonderful art thou!
In a dingy, noisy street,
A pure, white lilac growing,
Showered down odors to my feet,
And mingled with their flowing,
Sounds and sights of long ago,
Roses which have ceased to blow,
Winters of forgotten snow.
Stranger faces passing by
Saw I then no longer,
Visions of the inner eye
Ever are the stronger:
Came a face quite close to me,
One I here no longer see,
Smiled, and vanished suddenly.

III.

Everlasting Now,
How terrible art thou!

Wandering by the river side,
 When the sun was setting,
 Whispers came from far and wide,
 "There is no forgetting,
 Past is present, Now is vast,
 What is future will be past,
 All will be but Now at last."
 Then there shot a keen regret
 For a harsh word spoken,
 Glistening still with tear-drops wet,
 Love's fair flowret broken,
 Years long past had seen that wrong,
 But of bitter thoughts a throng
 Sprang to life all fresh and strong.

IV.

Everlasting Now,
 How bitter-sweet art thou!
 Soul! who never can forget,
 Thou must live forever!
 Eyes! with tears of penance wet,
 Ye must wake forever!
 Canst thou face the Eternal Now?
 Or, as mortal things laid low,
 Dost thou crave an end? Not so!
 Thou! who wakest memory's ear,
 By such subtle blending
 Of the present and the near,
 With the life unending,
 Tune us to that perfect key,
 Giving life its unity,
 Life, which hides itself in Thee!

A. F. C. K.

ORESTES.

How tranquil is the night! how calm and deep
 This sacred silence! Not an olive leaf
 Is stirring on the slopes; all is asleep—
 All silent, save the distant drowsy streams
 That down the hillsides murmur in their dreams.
 The vast and sky all breathless broods above,
 And peace and rest this solemn temple steep.
 Here let us rest: it is the hour of love,
 Forgetting human pain and human grief.

But see! half-hidden in the columned shade,
 Who panting stands, with hollow eyes dismayed,
 That glance around as if they feared to see
 Some dreaded shape pursuing? Can it be
 Orestes, with that face so trenched and worn—
 That brow with sorrow seamed, that face for-
 lorn?

Ay, 'tis Orestes! we are not alone.
 What human place is free from human groan?
 Ay, 'tis Orestes! In the temple there,
 Refuge he seeks from horror, from despair.
 Look! where he listens, dreading still to hear
 The avenging voices sounding in his ear—
 The awful voices that, by day and night,
 Pursue relentless his despairing flight.
 Ah! vain the hope to flee from Nemesis!
 He starts—again he hears the horrent hiss
 Of the fierce Furies through the darkness creep.
 And list! along the aisles the angry sweep,
 The hurrying rush of trailing robes, as when,
 Through shivering pines asleep in some dim
 glen,

Fierce Auster whispers. Yes, even here they
 chase
 Their haunted victim—even this sacred place
 Stays not their fatal footsteps. As they come,
 Behold him with that stricken face of doom
 Fly to the altar, and there falling prone,
 Strike with his brow Apollo's feet of stone.
 "Save me!" he cries; "Apollo! hear and
 save;
 Not even the dead will sleep in their dark grave.
 They come—the Furies! To this tortured
 breast
 Not even night, the calm, the peaceful, can give
 rest.
 Stretch forth thy hand, great god! and bid them
 cease.
 Peace, O, Apollo! give the victim peace!"

See! the white arm above him seems to wave,
 And all at once is silent as the grave,
 And sleep stoops down with noiseless wings out-
 spread,
 And brooding hovers o'er Orestes' head;
 And like a gust that roars along the plain
 Seaward, and dies far off, so dies the pain,
 The deep remorse, that long his life hath stung.
 And he again is guiltless, joyous, young.
 Again he plays, as in the olden time,
 Through the cool marble halls, unstained by
 crime.
 Hope holds his hands, joy strikes the sounding
 strings,
 Love o'er him fluttering shakes his purple wings,
 And sorrow hides her face, and dark death
 creeps
 Into the shade, and every Fury sleeps.
 Sleep! sleep, Orestes! let thy torments cease!
 Sleep! great Apollo grants thy prayer for peace.
 Sleep! while the dreams of youth around thee
 play,
 And the fierce Furies rest.—Let us away.

W. W. S.

NELLY.

ONLY a little child,
 Who sings all day in the street,
 Such a tuneless song
 To an idle throng,
 Who pity her shoeless feet;
 A poor, pale, pretty child!
 With clothes so ragged and mean,
 And a wild weird face,
 On which ne'er a trace
 Of childhood's joy can be seen.

Out in the damp, wet fog,
 Out in the sleet and the rain,
 Out when the cold wind
 Sends its blast unkind
 Through her again and again;
 Out in the dreadful night,
 By the hinge of the tavern door,
 In hope as she sings
 Of the pity that flings
 Some pence on the beer-stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by
 Shudder with terrible fear,

Praying her fate may
Never be some day
That of their little ones dear;
Children who hear her sing
Stare at her features so wild,
O'er her life ponder,
Thinking with wonder,
"What, can she too be a child?"

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again,
Brought up in Satan's school,
Hell's abyss falling in;
Is there no pity
In this great city
To save her from shame and sin?
—*St. James's Magazine.*

NOTES ON BOOKS.

On the Heights. Boston: Roberts Brothers. It is ever more grateful to the critic to commend than to condemn, but even commendation becomes a task when such a work as "On the Heights" calls for adequate judgment. Genius is to be revered, not brought under the scalpel of the anatomist, and to subject the productions of genius to stereotyped rules or to filtrate it through the sieve of "the unities" savors of sacrilege. We would much rather lay this book aside and think of it as of a strain of mournful music whose tones ever linger on the ear, while returning off to drink at the fountain of its noble philosophy; but the critic is the wine-taster for the public and must pronounce on the merit of whatever is offered.

There can be but one opinion as to the position which the work before us must occupy in the field of literature. It is the greatest German novel since Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and as a philosophy of life must be placed on an equality even with that immortal work.

Every fundamental question, every problem with which the human intellect can grapple which is not purely local or sectarian, is passed in review before a mind which seems to have measured the moral, social, and political world. No obstacle is ignored or evaded; but, with the penetrative wisdom which characterizes the profound intellect of the Germans, M. Auerbach dissipates every idle doubt and leads man even in Time to tranquil meditation upon "the Eternal." He himself, borne aloft on the wings of philosophy, contemplates life as a panorama spread out below him, and, as if immortal, passes generations in review. With the inspiration of a poet and the insight of a sage he attempts the explanation of immortality. "The human mind is a part of the divine mind. From the ever-agitated sea, there emerges a drop; it is a second of time—they call it seventy years, illuminated and illuminating with sunlight, and then the drop sinks below again. The individual man, such as he is born and cultivated, is as it were a thought, entering on the threshold of con-

sciousness of God; he dies and sinks below again beneath the threshold of consciousness. But he does not perish; he remains in eternity just as each thought remains in its after effect."

The object of the book seems to be to contrast the two extremes of life—the palace and the hut. King and Queen, ministers and dignitaries pass before us with peasants and foresters, beggars and outlaws, their fates interwoven by a subtle and invisible chain.

The range of character is unusually comprehensive, and some are carried out with remarkable fidelity; but all the more elevated ones, the Physician, Bronnen, Count Eberhard, and even Irma, the wayward but noble child of impulse, are but shadows of the same ideal, and partake of the individuality of the author.

Walpuoga the peasant is one of the best sustained characters in imaginative literature—her love, her impulsiveness, her superstition, and her self-sacrificing devotion when "tried as by fire," are a noble illustration of the foibles and virtues of the lower classes. The scene where Hansel wanders about at the birth of his child, aimless from pure joy, and deems it incredible that he can "actually be the father of a crying baby," and the reflections on mother and child, are the simple and unaffected touches of a great artist. But to mention all its perfections would be to transcribe the whole book. The only defect in the author's mind is his inability to cope with the passions, or strongly to awaken the sympathies. The death of Baum at the hand of his brother, and the immediate suicide of the latter, with the stormy life and tragic fate of their sister, utterly fail in pathos. Even the death of Irma, though inexpressibly mournful, makes no dramatic appeal to the emotions. His mind is rather reflective than active, and he challenges meditation rather than feeling.

Alas the dreadful expiation! Alas the beautiful Irma! As we close the book and meditate upon the shadowy life and untimely end of this noble nature, we are tempted to wish that she, too, in the innocence of youth, had died like the moth "a beautiful death in the summer night, amid singing, in the light of the fiery calyx."

The Spanish Gypsy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. In lieu of an editorial notice of this great poem, which must necessarily have been cursory and inadequate, we refer our readers to the very able critical review to be found in our letter-press of this month.

When a work like this of George Eliot is given to the world, it is highly repugnant to our first generous impulse of profound admiration to see it melted down in the crucible of fault-finding analysis and the dross alone held up to view. But the critic must appeal to his judgment rather than to his impulses, and it is his province to point out the niche in the Pantheon of the future to which the author will be assigned when she shall have received her apotheosis at the hands of a more dispassionate posterity.

On this as on every other great work, the opinions of different reviewers are widely divergent, but it is conceded unanimously that the "Spanish Gypsy" is the greatest poem yet produced by a woman.

"Aurora Leigh," in conception and in execution, was a failure. "The Spanish Gypsy" is a success in both. The glowing landscapes of the "sweet South," the noble and impassioned "Don Silva" and the devoted "Fedalma," the sombre destiny which brooded over these young lives, plunging them finally with an irresistible fatality into the blackest gulf of despair, and the awful pall which mantes the scene as the tragic muse sweeps by, hold the heart with a convulsive fascination; while the sonorous and mellifluous cadences of the inimitable verse linger in the mind like "a whispered dream of sleeping music."

Such faults as the critic may detect in the "Spanish Gypsy" are pointed out in the article referred to, and if they seem serious and even fatal, it must be recollected that they are the defects of a poem of more than three thousand lines, and of a loftier aim and wider compass than almost any other of modern times.

As a whole the "Spanish Gypsy" may be forgotten by future generations, but in every section are those

"Jewels five words long,
Which on the stretched forefinger of All Time
Sparkle forever.

Suggestive Commentary on St. Luke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This is rather a different plan from that pursued by the old commentators. Instead of isolating words and assigning an arbitrary meaning to each of universal application, Mr. Van Doren takes every verse, resolves it into its component parts, and gives the history and meaning of every important word, with its bearing on the sentence in which it is found. The work is not theological simply, but contains a vast amount of historical information presented in a very concise form. Very few questions connected with Christian doctrines are left untouched. The author thus explains the objects which he had in view in the compilation of his commentary: "Our aim in these volumes has been to state and print the teachings of the Bible in their simplest form. There are very many, in our busy age, who have but little leisure and few books. To such in family worship, the Bible-class, and the lecture-room, such a series, we believe, will be welcome. The Critical Notes, rays of the many-sided divine gems, may remind the student of previous exegetical researches, and suggest parallel trains of thought. . . . The work possesses the results of the author's travels in Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, etc., where they illustrate the text."

Every theological student, and indeed every Christian, will find this analysis of St. Luke, the most complete of the four gospels, valuable as well as "suggestive."

Loring, Publisher, of Boston, sends us "Lucy; or, Married from Pique," a translation from the German; and "Medusa and other Tales," by Mrs. Adelaide Kemble Sartoris.

The high place to which German imaginative literature has risen in the estimation of the reading public has led publishers to snatch up anything which may have the good fortune to appear in the German tongue, and present it to the

public in translation. The public naturally supposes that a tale to be worthy of translation must be of exceptional merit.

"Married from Pique," when read under these auspices, is very likely to cause disappointment. It is no better and no worse than the dozens of light stories which float around the market in our own monthly periodicals.

Mrs. Sartoris (a sister of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler) writes very charming stories, and "Medusa and other Tales" are among her best.

Both books belong to the "Tales of the Day" series, and serve very well to relieve the monotony of railway travel and summer resorts, which is probably the principal object they are intended to subserve.

Kingdom of Satan. New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. Under this rather sensational title the author enters the vexed questions of speculative theology, and propounds a new theory of the origin and existence of moral evil.

He takes issue *in toto* with Strauss, Renan, and Schleiermacher, and on several knotty points with every commentator up to the present time, Doctor Lange included. The personality of Satan, the literal fact of satanic influence, or in other words possession by devils, and the swift-coming triumph of Christianity over "the powers of darkness" are among the theorems laid down for demonstration. His theory is probably satisfactory to the author himself, and this is about all that any theory on the same subject can hope to be, but the book nevertheless will be a valuable contribution to theological literature.

It is bold and audacious, and if the premises are granted the logic is too lucid and perspicuous to permit an evasion of the conclusions.

Though we fully believe that the existence of moral evil is one of the mysteries which the human intellect will never harmonize with our conception of God, yet every new speculation on the subject must be read with interest by all reflective Christians.

We examine the work from advance sheets. The publishers announce its appearance on the 1st proximo.

SCIENCE.

Astronomy.—Motion of Sirius in Space.—Mr. Huggins has led the way in a process of inquiry which promises results of the utmost value and interest. It will be remembered by many of our readers that M. Doppler suggested, several years ago, the possibility that the colors of the fixed stars, and more particularly the colors of the double stars, may be partly due to motions of recess or approach which these stars may have with respect to the earth. He pointed out that the waves of light proceeding from a star would be apparently shortened if the star were approaching the earth very rapidly, and *vice versa*. In other words, the spectrum of a star would be shifted from the red towards the blue end of the spectrum in the case of a star rapidly approaching the earth, and from the blue towards the red end of the spectrum in the case of

a star rapidly receding from the earth. But Doppler failed to notice that no effect could be produced upon the color of a star by changes of this sort. For at either end of the visible spectrum there exists an invisible prolongation, due to waves longer or shorter than those which the eye is able to appreciate as light. Hence the rapid motion of a star, either towards or from the earth, would in reality produce no effect on the several appearances of the spectrum, since one or other end of the visible spectrum would become invisible, while a corresponding portion of the invisible part beyond the other end of the spectrum would be rendered visible, the apparent colors remaining unchanged. And further, the rate of motion required to produce a change of color, even in the imaginary case of a monochromatic star, would be far greater than we are justified (on any evidence we have) in assigning to the fixed stars. A velocity of 100 miles per second may be looked upon as absolute rest, in comparison with the enormous velocity of light; and a velocity ten times as great would probably be required to produce any appreciable change of color in monochromatic light.

But Mr. Huggins has applied M. Doppler's principle in a far more satisfactory manner. The presence of dark lines in the spectra of the fixed stars and of bright lines in several of the nebulae, and the known fact that these lines correspond to those of certain terrestrial elements, suggested the possibility of ascertaining whether any minute variation in the position of certain well-known lines might not be found to give evidence of stellar or nebular motions of recess or approach.

After a long process of experiment and observation, Mr. Huggins has succeeded in solving the difficult problem we have indicated above. He has made use of a spectroscope having a dispersive power seven times as great as that of a single equiangular prism of crown glass. This powerful instrument failed to indicate any signs of motion in the great Orion nebula and some others of the gaseous nebulae which Mr. Huggins examined by its means. But he was more successful with the bright star Sirius. Having satisfied himself that a well-marked line in the spectrum of this star really corresponds with the bright line r of hydrogen, he brought the spectra of Sirius and of incandescent hydrogen into direct comparison. He found that the line r of Sirius was separated by about the 250th part of an inch from the corresponding line in the spectrum of hydrogen. The displacement was towards the red end of the spectrum, indicating a motion of recession between Sirius and the earth. When this motion has been reduced by the amount of motion which the earth had from Sirius at the time of observation, it results that Sirius has a motion of recession from the sun at the rate of no less than 930 millions of miles per year. Still further reducing this result, on account of the sun's estimated motion towards the constellation Hercules, we obtain a proper motion of recession of about 780 millions of miles per annum. The star's observed proper motion, which amounts to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds annually, when combined with the best estimates of the star's distance, indicates a proper transverse motion, at the rate of 450 millions of miles per annum. Hence the actual motion of the star in sidereal

space is readily shown to be about nine hundred millions of miles per annum.

There is nothing to prevent this mode of inquiry from being applied in time to all the more conspicuous stars, or even to all the lucid stars, so that, instead of the vague notions we have been hitherto able to derive from the stars' apparent proper motions, which only enable us to determine roughly their real transverse motions, we shall be enabled to judge of the amount and direction of their actual motions through sidereal space.

Brorsen's Comet.—The re-discovery of Brorsen's comet has been hailed with more interest than would otherwise have been due to it, on account of the fact that Biela's comet was not seen on the occasion of its last return; so that a certain amount of dubiety had begun to be attached to the returns of the members of that family of periodic comets to which Biela's and Brorsen's belong. Brorsen's comet will now be visible for several months, as it will traverse the northern constellations Ursa Major and Boötes, drawing gradually nearer to the earth until August, after which it will recede from the earth. Mr. Huggins has examined this comet with the spectroscope. The spectrum consists of three bright bands, on a background formed by a very faint continuous spectrum. In one of the bands two bright lines appear. From the breadth of the bands at right angles to the length of the spectrum, it is evident that their light comes from the coma as well as from the nucleus. On the other hand, the two bright lines appear to belong to the nucleus alone. The conclusion to be drawn from these observations would appear to be, that the comet shines, for the most part, by its own light, the outer parts only of the coma shining by reflected light. In this respect the comet differs from the two which Mr. Huggins had before analyzed, whose comae, it will be remembered, shone by reflected light, the nucleus alone being self-luminous.

Antiquarian Discovery.—An interesting antiquarian discovery has just been made in the bed of the Clyde at Bowling. In a curved indentation of the shore the surge caused by passing steamers laid bare two curious-looking objects, which, on being dug out, were found to be ancient log canoes, in a very good state of preservation. They lay abreast of each other, about two yards apart, with their prows pointing to the south-west. The larger canoe is of very rude workmanship, consisting of an undressed oak tree, $23\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, and with a girth of 11 feet, hollowed out so as to form a huge trough. At the prow end is a projection about two feet long, which would be under water when the craft was afloat, and which is pierced with a vertical hole, apparently intended to receive a mooring rope. The other canoe measures 13 feet in length, with a breadth of 3 feet, and a depth of 2 feet. It is symmetrical in form, and appears to have been carefully finished, forming in this respect quite a contrast to its uncouth companion.

Can Electricity travel through a Vacuum?—This is answered in the negative by the results of recent inquiries. M. Alvergiate, of Paris, has constructed a new apparatus for proving that electri-

city cannot pass through an absolute vacuum. Two platinum wires are inserted into a tube so that their free ends are within about one-eighth of an inch of each other. The air is then exhausted from the tube by means of a mercurial column, after which the electric spark will not pass from one wire to the other.

Polar Magnetism.—An essay on Polar Magnetism was recently read before the American Institute, and has been reprinted by the author, Mr. John S. Parker, who has favored us with a copy. This pamphlet is a very clear exposition of a very difficult subject. Mr. Parker thinks that the cause of the variations of the compass, which some have attributed to the oscillation of the earth, is really due to the revolution of the magnetic pole around the north pole, a revolution which is generally completed in about six hundred and forty years. There is one point in Mr. Parker's paper to which we would make exception, and that is his attempt to explain gravity. This is trying too far.

The Strength of Rattlesnake Poison.—Dr. Mitchell, who has conducted numerous experiments upon the strength and properties of this poison, states the following conclusions:—1. One-fourth of a drop of the venom is fatal to pigeons under the age of four months. One-eighth of a drop is frequently a fatal dose. 2. The venom is absolutely harmless when swallowed, because (a) it is incapable of passing through the mucous surfaces; (b) it undergoes change during digestion, which allows it to enter the blood as a harmless substance, or to escape from the digestive canal in an equally innocent form. 3. Twenty-four hours after it has been swallowed, the contents of the bowel contain no poison. 4. The rectum of the pigeon does not absorb the venom, and it causes no injury when placed on the conjunctiva of animals. 5. The venom passes through the membranes of the brain, and more swiftly through the peritoneum and pericardium. 6. When the venom passes through the peritoneum it so affects the walls of the capillaries as to allow of their rupture, and of the consequent escape of blood. The same phenomena appear on the bare surface of muscles thus poisoned.

Hydrophobia.—A correspondent of the *Connaisances Médicales* writes from Smyrna, where he has lived three years, that not a single case of rabies has come under his cognizance, or that of the medical men of that large city, which numbers 200,000 inhabitants, although large numbers of dogs roam about with perfect freedom and impunity. On the other hand, it appears that 200 persons annually die in France from the bite of mad dogs. The editor of our medical contemporary complains that no less a person than the director-general of the home ministry in France, M. de St. Paul, has published in the *Figaro* of the 8th inst., a specific against hydrophobia, which that high functionary proclaims infallible, if resorted to within forty days of the bite. It consists of an infusion of rue, sage, fennel, sweet brier, etc. Dr. Caffé stigmatizes the professed infallibility of this nostrum as an unwarrantable falsehood, and reiterates that cauterization only prevents infiltration of the virus into the blood. He remarks, at the

same time, that on only two-thirds of the persons bitten by mad dogs does the poison take effect; and that when those who escaped had taken quack remedies, their immunity was attributed to the efficacy of these preparations.

How to make Diamonds.—From time to time we hear of projects for the production of diamonds by artificial means. In *Les Mondes*, of the 11th of June, we are told that M. Calixte Say (*peut-être nous extrayons le nom*) had discovered the true means of fabricating the diamond by vaporizing the iron of a blast-furnace, and that M. Tessie, of Motay, proposed to furnish the heat necessary for the operations by the combustion of oxy-hydrogen gas! We are now told that M. Saix is the author of the process, and that it consists in forcing through a blast-furnace a current of chlorine, by which the iron in fusion would be converted into a protochloride of iron, which would be volatilized, leaving the carbon intact—"Dans ces circonstances, la cristallisation du charbon pourrait s'effectuer!" Surely, in this present depressed state of the pig-iron trade, our iron-masters might turn their blast-furnaces to account, and by establishing diamond-manufactories in the black country, in Cleveland, and elsewhere, give a brilliant turn to a great native industry.—*Athenæum*.

Winnecke's Comet.—Mr. Huggins has recently communicated to the Royal Society some observations of the spectrum of the comet discovered on the 13th of June by Winnecke, which appear to reveal the true nature of cometary matter. The spectrum of this comet is resolved by the spectro-scope into three broad, bright bands, which agree in position on the spectrum, and in relative brightness with the three bright bands, of which the spectrum of carbon consists, when an indication-spark is taken in olefant gas. The very close resemblance of these spectra, which was ascertained by the direct comparison in the instrument of the spectrum of the comet with that of the indication-spark in a current of olefant gas, necessarily suggests the identity of the substance by which, in both cases, the light was emitted. The lines of hydrogen were not present in the spectrum of the comet. These observations would appear to show that the substance of which this comet consists is carbon.—*Athenæum*.

Interesting Antiquarian Discovery.—A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* states that on Friday last there was discovered on the farm of Arniebog, in the parish of Cumbernauld, on the line of the old Roman wall of Antoninus, which runs across that farm, a large stone, on which was sculptured in *alto relievo*, within a square moulding, a naked figure bending on one knee in a suppliant attitude, with the hands tied behind the back. The figure is about ten inches in height from the lower moulding, upon which the knee rests, and from the foot to the other knee of the figure about 3½ inches. The stone is a hard coarse-grained freestone, and is evidently a portion of an altar erected to commemorate some conflict or skirmish between the Roman soldiers employed on the wall and some of the Caledonian tribes.

Photographing the Eclipse.—Next month will be signalized by a total eclipse of the sun, of almost

the greatest possible duration. Astronomers are looking forward to this with considerable interest in connection with arrangements taken for photographing it. Major Tennant, of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, assisted by Captain Brandreth and three non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, passed some time with Mr. Warren de la Rue, at his observatory at Cranford, practising to perfect themselves in Astronomical Photography before their departure for India. The expedition, originated by the Astronomical Society, will use a telescope constructed for the occasion by Mr. Browning, F.R.A.S. It is a reflecting telescope of the Newtonian form, by which the image is thrown out at the side of the tube, and is furnished with a mirror of silvered glass 5 feet 9 inches in focus, and closely resembles that used by Mr. de la Rue. This instrument, set up at Guntoor or Masulipatam, will concentrate the light to an enormous extent, and as no attempt to magnify the image by interposing lenses between the mirror and the plate will be used, great rapidity may be expected in the exposing of the plate. It is calculated, as the totality will last nearly five minutes, not less than six negatives will be obtained in that time. Micrometric wires and other devices will be adopted to secure accurate register when putting the plates in position, and extraordinary care used to guard against possible chemical defects. The collodion, iodized with iodide of cadmium only, on the recommendation of Mr. de la Rue, will be sensitized in a bath of 30 or 35 grains of silver to the ounce, developed with aceto-pyrogallie acid, and the image fixed with hyposulphite of soda.

Artificial Gems.—The *Chemical News* states that the base of these gems, as patented by the superintendent of the Royal Porcelain Works at Berlin, is a flux obtained by melting together 6 drachms of carbonate of soda, 2 drachms burnt borax, 1 drachm saltpetre, 3 drachms minium, and 1½ ounces of purest white sand. To imitate in color, but of course not in composition, the following minerals, add to the flux the ingredients named in connection with each gem:—Sapphire, 10 grains carbonate of cobalt. Opal, 10 grains oxide of cobalt, 15 grains oxide of manganese, and from 20 to 30 grains protoxide of iron. Amethyst, 4 to 5 grains carbonate of peroxide of manganese. Gold topaz, 80 grains of oxide of uranium. Emerald, 20 grains protoxide of iron, and 10 grains carbonate of copper.

Sweden.—Shafts are being sunk on the Osmund Mountains, in Sweden, for the working of certain petroleum springs which have been discovered. According to the report of Captain Lundborg, a depth has been reached of 253 feet. A determination has been come to that the boring shall be carried to 600 feet, where the real petroleum is presumed to lie in great abundance.

Dr. Copland says: "The habit of smoking tobacco has given rise to the following ill effects, which have come under my observation in numerous instances, and that of all the medical men with whom I am acquainted.

"1. Smoking weakens the digestive and assimilating functions, impairs the due elaboration of the chyle and of the blood, and prevents a healthy

nutrition of the several structures of the body. Hence result, especially in young persons, an arrest of the growth of the body; low stature; a pallid and sallow hue of the surface; an insufficient and unhealthy supply of blood, and weak bodily powers. In persons more advanced in life, these effects, although longer in making their appearance, supervene at last, and with a celerity in proportion to the extent to which this vile habit is carried.

"2. Smoking generates thirst and vital depression; and to remove these, the use of stimulating liquors is resorted to, and often carried to a most injurious extent. Thus two of the most debasing habits and vices to which human nature can be degraded are indulged in to the injury of the individual thus addicted, to the shortening of his life, and to the injury and ruin of his offspring.

"3. Smoking tobacco weakens the nervous powers; favors a dreamy, imaginative, and imbecile state of existence; produces indolence and incapability of manly or continued exertion; and sinks its votary into a state of careless or maudlin activity and selfish enjoyment of his vice. He ultimately becomes partially, but generally paralyzed in mind and body—he is subject to tremors and numerous nervous ailments, and has recourse to stimulants for their relief. These his vices cannot abate, however indulged in, and he ultimately dies a drivelling idiot, an imbecile paralytic, or a sufferer from internal organic disease, at an age many years short of the average duration of life. These results are not always prevented by relinquishing the habit, after a long continuance or a very early adoption of it. These injurious effects often do not appear until very late in life."

VARIETIES.

Garrick's End.—He was brought up to London by easy stages. He arrived at the Adelphi on the evening of the 15th of January. The next day he sent for his apothecary, Laurence, who found him dressing and apparently better. Young O'Keefe, then newly come to London, a raw Irish lad, recollected seeing him walking briskly up and down in front of his house on the Adelphi terrace. Yet the end was not far off. There were some alarming symptoms, which made the apothecary advise sending for Dr. Cadogan, who, when he came, pronounced the matter so uncertain and serious, that he recommended him to settle his affairs at once. Garrick answered him calmly, that nothing of that kind remained to be done, and that as for himself, he was ready to die. From that hour his malady made steady way, bringing on a sort of dulness for want of circulation, which increased into stupor. There was a picture during that illness which must have long haunted his wife. Weary with ceaseless watching and attendance, she made an agreeable friend stay and dine, expecting to find some distraction in his society. As they were talking, Mr. Garrick came in, in a sort of rich dressing-gown, but fearfully changed; his face yellow and shrunk, his eyes dim, and his gait slow and tottering. By a strange association he seemed to the guest like Lusignan, one of his old favorite characters, of

the old, old years, when he wore just such a dress. He sat down on the sofa wearily, remained for more than an hour, and never spoke a word. He then went back to his room, which he never left again. But greater physicians were now called—Drs. Warren and Heberden, Johnson's doctor. Many more came late, all friends, eager to give their aid by advice. When the sick man saw the face of Dr. Schomberg he put out his hand, and, with one of his old, sweet smiles, said, "Though last, not least in love." Though the stupor was gaining on him, he could at times talk calmly and cheerfully. He told one of his friends that he did not regret his having no children, for had they turned out unkind or disobedient he could not have supported such a trial. On the last day of his life a letter was brought in—the last he ever received, and it ran to the old, old story—acknowledgment of his kindness. It was from young Miss Farren. As at times the film cleared from his mind he saw the room filled with figures, and asked who all those people were; he was told they were physicians. With a sense of the grotesque he shook his head, and muttered from "The Fair Penitent"—

"Another and another still succeeds,
And the last fool is welcome as the former."

For that day he was quite composed, and talked at intervals with exceeding tranquillity. Early the next morning, 20th January, about eight o'clock, the dreary scene of this life shifted, and he passed gently away from this human stage where he had played so often, and always played with such dignity.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Caution to Wits.—Three of our most popular burlesque writers have recently been presented with twins by their loving wives. This triple-double coincidence has created much sympathy and amusement in the literary world, and it has been suggested that, as a souvenir of the event, the three "wags" should join in the production of an *à propos* burlesque, taking as a title *Allez Bébé, or the Pas de Deux*. It will be seen that burlesque writing is not all profit, and that it has its dangers.—*Court Journal.*

Safety Envelope.—This is a new invention for furnishing the long sought desideratum of an envelope which cannot be violated without mutilation. The dexterity and perfect impunity with which letters in ordinary envelopes are opened and resealed during their transit through the mail, and the melting of the sealing wax on foreign letters while passing through the tropics, have rendered the transmission of anything valuable exceedingly precarious. The Safety Envelope can be used as an ordinary one, or by a very simple contrivance can be impenetrably sealed. It will be of peculiar value to mercantile men whose business necessitates constant and important correspondence.

A Caution to Practical Jokers.—The following amusing story appeared in the *Moniteur* on Friday: A lugubrious practical joke was lately played at a hamlet called Yseron, in a mountainous district near Lyons. In this hamlet there lived a harmless idiot, of herculean stature, who habitually did a good day's work in the fields, but was

a standing butt for village pleasantry, and was commonly called the "Innocent." One day some young men told the "Innocent" that a neighbor was dead, and that he would have to join with others in sitting up all night to watch the corpse. He made no objection, and was introduced into a cottage where a man simulating death was stretched on a bed. The outline of his face, seen through a sheet thrown over it, formed a ghastly spectacle, which, when once seen, is never forgotten. Two candles and some pots of incense were placed at the head of the bed. The party sat round for some time in solemn silence, the idiot behaving with as much propriety as any one else. But one by one the others slipped away, and the "Innocent" was left alone in the death chamber. The intention was that the corpse should jump up, walk about, and frighten him out of his poor stock of wits. The conspirators remained within a few yards of the cottage to watch the working of the plot. In less than a quarter of an hour they heard piercing screams, and, holding their sides already with anticipated laughter, they rushed to the cottage to mock at their victim. But as they neared the door they found, to their surprise, that the howling voice was not that of the "Innocent," but of their comrade, who had agreed to personate the dead man. When they entered, they found the "Innocent" beating the "corpse" with a broken flail, and, but for timely succor, the part which he had undertaken to play in joke would have been sadly earnest. When he jumped up from his grave-clothes, the "Innocent," instead of being frightened, said coolly, "Dead man, lie still," and proceeded to belabor him with a force which the joker was utterly incapable of resisting.

Louis Philippe.—"He was a prince and a Bourbon; he was born and educated in the bosom of the old French monarchy, at the court of its kings; he was not a stranger to the maxims and traditions of the monarchies of Henry IV. and of Louis XIV.; he knew and comprehended them, not as a history we study, but as we know and comprehend facts we have witnessed. Very enlightened as to the vices and weaknesses of the old system, he was also well aware of the principles of government which long duration had introduced into it, and he judged it without animosity as without ignorance. Associated on the other hand from his youth with the ideas and events of the Revolution, he was sincerely attached to its cause, but also strongly impressed with its wanderings, faults, griefs, and reverses, and greatly mistrustful of the revolutionary passions and practices which he had seen in full play. All these spectacles, all these reminiscences, so many impressions and observations so variously heaped together in the short space of his life, had left him sadly perplexed as to the issue of such a great social crisis and the success of his personal efforts to put an end to it. He believed at the same time in the necessity of free government and in the difficulty of its establishment. We were talking one day alone in a small drawing-room at Neuilly; the king was in one of his moments of doubt and discouragement—I in my usual habit of optimism and hope. We were arguing with animation. He took me by the hand. 'Listen, my dear minister,' said he; 'I wish with all my heart you may

be right, but do not deceive yourself. A Liberal Government in face of absolute traditions and the spirit of revolution is very difficult; we want Liberal Conservatives, and we have not enough. You are the last of the Romans."—*Guizot*.

The Robber Crab.—In the island of Niné, as in Samoa, the large robber crab (*Birgus latro*) is found in great numbers, and the natives are very expert in catching them. The sagacity of these crabs is surprising. A young man in my family, in Samoa, saw one up a cocoa-nut tree twenty-five feet high push down (not twist off as the natives do) a dark brown cocoa-nut; that is a nut in just such a state of ripeness as to be easily detached from its stalk; just such a one as a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoa-nut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut and tear off with its strong claws the fibrous husk; then it reascends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and lets it fall upon a stone or rock to break it. It then again descends, either to feast upon the broken pieces or to carry them away to its hiding place. Sometimes, instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a stone, it will gnaw, with its strong nipper-like claws, a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye. If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs and claws, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately endeavor to escape; or if discovered near a precipice they roll down it. They feed on other fruits beside the cocoa-nut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when thus found basket loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon, just before she rises.—*Savage Island*, by Rev. F. Powell, F.L.S.

Tennyson's Mad Lucretius.—Insanity may look well in a picture or as it sweeps across the stage—that is, so long as it appeals to the mere outward sense; but when it is presented to the imagination with all the details of a sympathetic analysis, when we are expected to lose ourselves in the chaos of a ruined intellect, we are afflicted with a pain which in the region of imagination is the counterpart of that aversion with which the smothering of Desdemona or the strangling of the Duchess of Malfi would afflict our senses. We shudder from the task of following the motion of reeling intellect. Those who have to do much with lunatics get accustomed to the play of lunacy, as men can accustom themselves to walk at ease on the housetops. But as most men are apt to get dizzy on a height, so it is a common remark that they are distressed by a first interview with mad people, and begin to feel almost as if their own minds were off their balance. And therefore, although disorder of the brain, being one of the great facts of human life, is not to be excluded from the imaginative world of the poets, we may say with some assurance that none but our greatest can have a right to draw us into the vortex of a lost and tossed intelligence.—*The Times*.

A Canadian Cave.—In Ottawa county, Quebec, recently, a cave, said to rival the mammoth cave of Kentucky, was discovered. The mouth is in the face of a cliff, overlooking a small lake. A visitor in describing it says: "One chamber ascended rapidly to a height of 30 feet, and the scene that now presented itself on elevating the lamp filled us with admiration. The roof of this chamber was in the form of a pointed Gothic arch, rising to the height of 50 feet, the surface presenting beautiful stalactites. Through a crevice at the further extremity of this chamber we entered by a narrow passage to another chamber similarly arched, and even more beautiful from the character of its stalactites; by a gradual descent this communicated with the first chamber from the main passage already described. Besides this, still another communicated with the first chamber, differing in character from all the others, and still more beautiful. Its walls were as white as snow, and the roof was connected with the floor by large columns, principally composed of carbonate of lime. The length of this chamber was 25 feet. We spent a couple of hours making the examination of the cavern, and doubtless some of its labyrinths escaped our examination, but it certainly was a rich treat, and will well repay a journey from those fond of inspecting natural objects."

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—Captain Higgins, of the ship *Goldfinder*, which sailed from Rangoon on Feb. 27, and arrived at this port on Wednesday last, makes the following report: On the 29th April, when to the westward of Cape Recife, in 31 S., 35 E., saw a very remarkable phenomenon (the land being plainly visible at this time round from NNE. to W.) in the south and south-west—viz., all the land to the north and north-west was most distinctly seen reflected in the south and south-west, but inverted, as was our ship and another Hamburg ship named the *Aline*. Both were distinctly seen to the southward in an inverted form; the smallest of the sails were at times perfectly visible. Whether there were any more ships besides ourselves, we do not know—at all events, there were none within range: yet we distinctly saw four, and sometimes six ships quite plain, according to the state of the atmosphere. So perfect was the reflection of the ships when I first saw it in the morning, I began to think that by some unaccountable means or other I had got into Algoa Bay, and that the vessels I saw were at anchor. This phenomenon was seen throughout the whole day, even after the sun had set. For about ten minutes many of my crew would not believe but that they were ships in reality; and some came aft the same night and asked the mate if it was so, and said they thought the captain was joking. All through the night the water was intensely bright, and sparkled as if full of animalcules of some sort or other.

Two Serpents and a Cat.—A Singular Case.—The *Messenger Algerien* relates the following curious story: A very singular occurrence took place in the warehouse of the Messageries Impériales at Stora. A large case containing two serpents directed from Batna to the superintendent of the

Zoological Garden in Marseilles was deposited in the warehouse for shipment. Whilst there a cat, ignorant of what the case contained, got into it. No sooner had it done so than the reptiles sprang at it with the rapidity of an arrow, and squeezed it to death in their immense coils. They then relaxed their hold, and commenced the process of swallowing. The male serpent seized the dead cat by the head end, the female swallowing the tail end. It is well known that when serpents take into their mouth a substance of a certain size the conformation of the teeth and jaws is such that they cannot let go their hold. In the present case both snakes were thus brought face to face, the process of deglutition was arrested, and it became doubtful how the matter would end. At length the female snake made a desperate effort to swallow the other, and in doing so was choked. In corroboration of the above facts the animals have been preserved in spirits of wine. The directors of the Zoological Garden at Marseilles are going to bring an action against the Messageries Company for the loss of the serpents, whilst the owner of the cat demands that its skin at least should be given up to him as a matter of curiosity.

The Pope and his Army.—A letter from Rome of the 3d instant says: "Yesterday the Pope paid a visit to his army on the plateau of Monte Cave, arriving at Rocca di Papa in a carriage at eight o'clock in the morning. As his holiness entered the camp, rain began to fall, and was driven on by furious gusts of wind, which rose to a storm when the Holy Father reached the temporary chapel, erected at great cost in the midst of the camp. In this fabric the troops assembled to hear the Pope say mass, which he accomplished under great difficulties, for at that elevation the air was extremely cold, obliging him to wear his *camauro*, or red velvet cap, and, as the rain pierced the thin roof of the chapel, a red umbrella was held over his head. The white linen for the altar was retained in its place by the weight of bullets, and the Host was placed under a glass clock-shade, to prevent its being carried away by the tempest. In spite of these discomforts, the Holy Father went through all the services of the mass with his usual deliberation. The troops then gathered in the middle of the camp, where the Pope mounted a scaffold, and, regardless of wind and rain, bestowed upon them his solemn benediction. General Kanzler wished him to wait for the troops to march past, but His Holiness was too fatigued, and hastened away, intending to accomplish the descent from the mountain in a litter. This operation, however, proved even more fruitful of discomfort than the celebration of mass in the camp chapel, and the cover of the litter so cramped the knees of the Holy Father that he insisted on alighting. But he found it equally painful to walk, as the ground was sodden with rain, and the mud ankle-deep; and he could only proceed by catching at the rifles of the soldiers who lined the way. Finally the jaded Pontiff reached his carriage, and was conveyed to Grottoferata. This journey, which has been a true martyrdom for the old man, and has already produced a bad effect on his health, is said to have cost, in all its accompaniments,

60,000 francs. Fortunately the Italian government has just paid into the Pontifical exchequer 3,000,000 francs, and promises another instalment of its debt next week."

ART.

Littlefield's Grant.—We have received from the publisher, J. H. Littlefield, of Washington, D. C., a copy of this superb line engraved portrait of the General of the Army. The likeness is positively startling, and we draw back involuntarily as the unrolling of the paper discloses the life-like features. A recent number of the *Art Journal* has the following discriminating notice:

"Last but not least among the novelties which this fine establishment contains, is J. H. Littlefield's superb engraved portrait (line engraving) of General Grant. To speak briefly of the merits of the original, of which this is a most faithful copy, it is the result, in the first place, of an extended and intimate personal acquaintance with the original, affording opportunities for a study of features and character. Secondly, that point of view has been selected which alone combines harmony with the characteristic expression of strength. Thirdly, the common-place expression which the superficial associate with Grant's face is not to be seen; but, instead, the evidences of character, force and capacity are given, which the careful observer sees in the lines of the forehead when the General is engaged in thought or engrossed with the cares of office. To 'smooth away' these is to rob the face of its most characteristic expression. These merits of the patriot have been admirably transferred to the engraving, which was executed by H. Gugler. This gentleman has had experience in all departments of engraving—portrait, historical and landscape. He has for years, in the prosecution of a well-known art publication, made the reproduction of all the great artists a careful study, and has naturally caught much of their vigor and accuracy of method—constituting precisely the experience necessary to the successful execution of a work so exacting as the present. The result of all the artist and engraver have done is a portrait of Gen. Grant that will wear, that will grow upon one."

We understand that Mr. Littlefield is also engaged in the preparation of an engraving of the late President Lincoln, which will be the standard historical portrait. It is being engraved by Gruger in the very best style of the art, and will take about a year longer to complete. The head will be life size, and there will be 825 square inches of engraved surface. Mr. Littlefield writes us: "It is being engraved from a cartoon by myself. I was personally and intimately acquainted with Lincoln, both here and in Springfield, and devoted myself to art for the express purpose of bringing out a true representation of Lincoln as well as the heroes of the war."

The completion of this picture will be looked for with interest. It is to be hoped that something may be produced to supersede the gross caricatures of the late President which disfigure so many windows and walls.



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FROM A PHOTO BY ROCKWOOD.

CHARLES ELLIOTT, S. A.

